

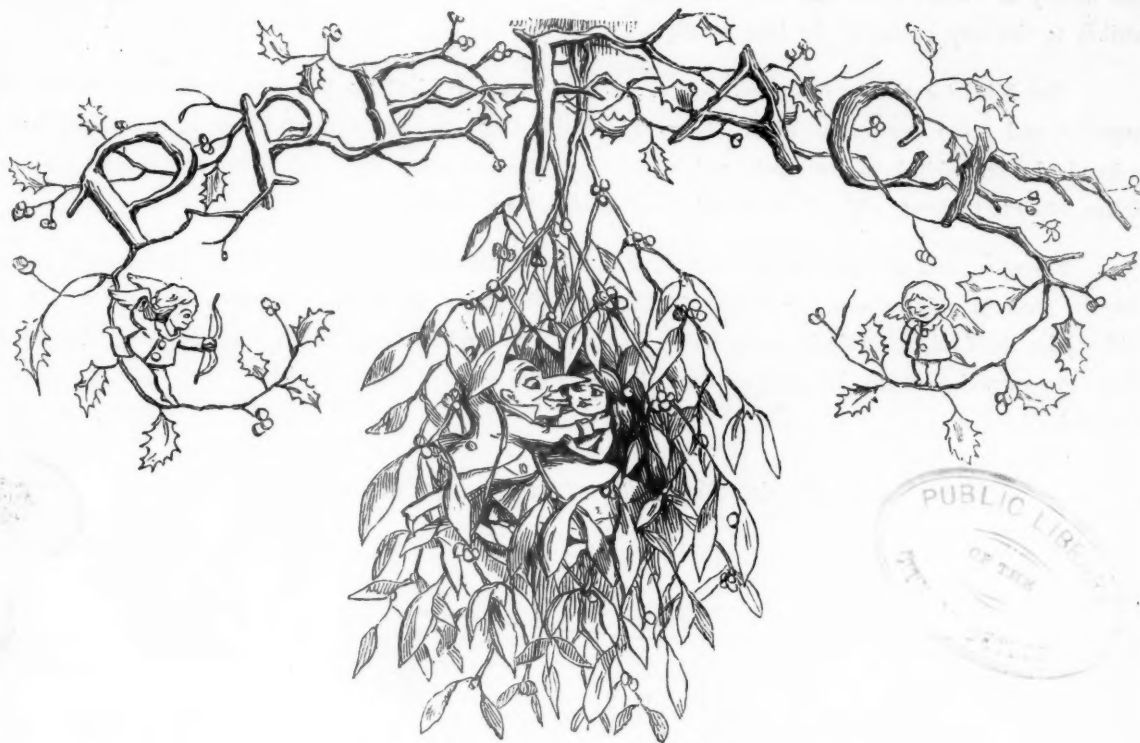


LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1849.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



MR. PUNCH, the embodiment of Christmas, stands in the Christmas market-place with his SEVENTEENTH VOLUME. His leaves, like the leaves of seasonable and mysterious Mistletoe, are—*Mr. Punch* would modestly observe—suggestive of many kindred delights. They tell of holyday and good humour, though of a somewhat different sort to the dim Mistletoe age, when *Punch* lived with the Druids, and cut his Mistletoe bough with knife of virgin gold; by no means the sort of knife that has since nibbed goose-quills.

Mr. Punch is warmed to the very core of his heart to feel that his Christmas Volume, like aforesaid Mistletoe, is everywhere a bit of household bravery—an indispensable illustration of the genial time. There is a pretty, even a touching resemblance, between the book and the plant (the latter only being parasitical).

As the wood-dove is the especial sower of the Mistletoe, so are the quills of the wood-dove the quills of all others with which *Punch* delights to set forth his leaves.

As the Mistletoe will grow anywhere, and come out under any stress of place or circumstance, so have the leaves of *Punch* been put forth in strangest, and, except to eagles, inaccessible whereabouts.

Punch always strikes to the centre of his object—so does the Mistletoe. "A number of seeds," says Learned DOCTOR LINDLEY, discoursing of the Mistletoe, "a number of seeds were glued to the surface

of a cannon-ball; all the radicles were directed to the centre of the ball." Is not this faculty wonderfully the faculty of *Punch*? Put him upon the surface of anything, even of a cannon-ball; and, unerringly, he strikes to the very centre of the iron cruelty.

The Mistletoe that grows upon oak is of every sort of Mistletoe the best; possessing virtues of superior and more mysterious kind. Now, the British Oak—the particular tutelary oak that has been a hundred times felled to the earth, and with it all England—that very oak is the roof-tree of *Punch's* Office, 85, Fleet Street. (See "*Ye Handboke of London*" by PETRUS CUNNINGHAMUS.)

Therefore, and for the above parallels is it, that *Punch* puts in a claim that his Christmas Volume may be received only as so many leaves of Christmas Mistletoe. Therefore is it, that the spirit of *Punch* will rejoice itself ubiquitously in every bough in every room and in every Hall; therefore is it, that alike from the mantel-piece of the poor, as from the walls and roofs of the rich and the well-to-do, he wishes one and all

A Merrier Christmas and a Happier New Year!



CAUTION!

MR. PUNCH, desirous of combining the best counsel with the best mirth, is tremblingly anxious to inform the Young—especially Young Ladies—that, of those very Mistletoe Berries that seem so bead-like and so innocent, BIRDLIME IS OFTEN MANUFACTURED, wherewith unconscious Birds of Paradise are frequently caught, and—what is dreadful to reflect upon—caged for the natural term of their life!

VOLUME THE XVII

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

GREAT AND LITTLE DINNERS.



IT has been said, dear BOB, that I have seen the mahogonies of many men, and it is with no small feeling of pride and gratitude that I am enabled to declare also, that I hardly remember in my life to have had a bad dinner. Would to Heaven that all mortal men could say likewise! Indeed, and in the presence of so much want and misery as pass under our ken daily, it is with a feeling of something like shame and humiliation that I make the avowal; but I have robbed no man of his meal that I know of, and am here speaking of very humble as well as very grand banquets, the

forsaking the *entrées* which the men in white Berlin gloves are handing round in the Birmingham plated dishes. Asking lords and ladies, who have great establishments of their own, to French dinners and delicacies, is like inviting a grocer to a meal of figs, or a pastrycook to a banquet of raspberry tarts. They have had enough of them. And great folks, if they like you, take no count of your feasts, and grand preparations, and can but eat mutton like men.

One cannot have sumptuary laws now-a-days, or restrict the gastronomical more than any other trade: but I wish a check could be put upon our dinner-extravagances by some means, and am confident that the pleasures of life would greatly be increased by moderation. A man might give two dinners for one, according to the present pattern. Half your money is swallowed up in a dessert, which nobody wants in the least, and which I always grudge to see arriving at the end of plenty. Services of culinary kickshaws swallow up money, which gives nobody pleasure, except the pastry-cook, whom it enriches. Everybody lives as if he had three or four thousand a year.

Somebody with a voice potential should cry out against this overwhelming luxury. What is mere decency in a very wealthy man is absurdity—nay, wickedness, in a poor one: a frog by nature, I am an insane, silly creature, to attempt to swell myself to the size of the ox, my neighbour. Oh, that I could establish in the middle classes of London an Anti-*entrée* and Anti-Dessert movement! I would go down to posterity not ill-deserving of my country in such a case, and might be ranked among the social benefactors. Let us have a meeting at WILLIS'S Rooms, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the purpose, and get a few philanthropists, philosophers, and bishops or so, to speak! As people, in former days, refused to take sugar, let us get up a society which shall decline to eat dessert and made-dishes.*

In this way, I say, every man who now gives a dinner might give two; and take in a host of poor friends and relatives, who are now excluded from his hospitality. For dinners are given mostly in the middle classes by way of revenge: and MR. and MRS. THOMPSON ask MR. and MRS. JOHNSON, because the latter have asked them. A man at this rate who gives four dinners of twenty persons in the course of the season, each dinner costing him something very near upon thirty pounds, receives in return, we will say, forty dinners from the friends whom he has himself invited. That is, MR. and MRS. JOHNSON pay a hundred and twenty pounds, as do all their friends, for forty-four dinners of which they partake. So that they may calculate that every time they dine with their respected friends, they pay about twenty-eight shillings per *tête*. What a sum this is, dear JOHNSON, for you and me to spend upon our waistcoats! What does poor MRS. JOHNSON care for all these garish splendours, who has had her dinner at two with the dear children in the nursery? Our custom is not hospitality or pleasure, but to be able to cut off a certain number of acquaintance from the dining list.

One of these dinners of twenty, again, is scarcely ever pleasant, as far as regards society. You may chance to get near a pleasant neighbour and neighbouress, when your corner of the table is possibly comfortable. But there can be no general conversation. Twenty people cannot engage together in talk. You would want a speaking-trumpet to communicate from your place by the lady of the house (for I wish to give my respected reader the place of honour) to the lady at the opposite corner at the right of the host. If you have a joke or a *mot* to make, you cannot utter it before such a crowd. A joke is nothing which can only get a laugh out of a third part of the company. The most eminent wags of my acquaintance are dumb in these great parties; and your *raconteur* or story-teller, if he is prudent, will invariably hold his tongue. For what can be more odious than to be compelled to tell a story at the top of your voice, to be called on to repeat it for the benefit of a distant person who has only heard a part of the anecdote? There are stories

which I maintain are, when there is a sufficiency, almost always good.

Yes, all dinners are good, from a shilling upwards. The plate of boiled beef which MARY, the neat-handed waitress, brings or used to bring you in the Old Bailey—I say used, for ah me! I speak of years long past, when the cheeks of MARY were as blooming as the carrots which she brought up with the beef, and she may be a grandmother by this time, or a pallid ghost, far out of the regions of beef;—from the shilling dinner of beef and carrots to the grandest banquet of the season—everything is good. There are no degrees in eating. I mean that mutton is as good as venison—beef-steak, if you are hungry, as good as turtle—bottled ale, if you like it, to the full as good as Champagne;—there is no delicacy in the world which MONSIEUR FRANCAPELLI or MONSIEUR SOYER can produce, which I believe to be better than toasted cheese. I have seen a dozen of epicures at a grand table forsake every French and Italian delicacy for boiled leg of pork and pease pudding. You can but be hungry, and eat and be happy.

What is the moral I would deduce from this truth, if truth it be? I would have a great deal more hospitality practised than is common among us—more hospitality, and less show. Properly considered, the quality of dinner is twice blest; it blesses him that gives, and him that takes: a dinner with friendliness is the best of all friendly meetings—a pompous entertainment, where no love is, the least satisfactory.

Why then do we of the middle classes, persist in giving entertainments so costly, and beyond our means? This will be read by many a man and woman next Thursday, who are aware that they live on leg of mutton themselves, or worse than this, have what are called meat teas, than which I can't conceive a more odious custom: that ordinarily they are very sober in their way of life; that they like in reality that leg of mutton better than the condiments of that doubtful French artist who comes from the pastrycook's, and presides over the mysterious stew-pans in the kitchen: why then on their company dinners should they flare up in the magnificent manner in which they universally do?

Everybody has the same dinner in London, and the same soup, saddle of mutton, boiled fowls and tongue, *entrées*, champagne, and so forth. I own myself to being no better nor worse than my neighbours in this respect, and rush off to the confectioner's for sweets, &c.; hire sham butlers and attendants; have a fellow going round the table with still and dry champagne, as if I knew his name, and it was my custom to drink those wines every day of my life. I am as bad as my neighbours; but why are we so bad, I ask?—why are we not more reasonable?

If we were very great men or ladies at our houses, I will lay a wager that they will select mutton and gooseberry tart for their dinner;

* MR. BROWN here enumerates three *entrées*, which, he confesses, he can-not resist, and likewise preserved cherries at dessert: but the principle is good, though the man is weak.

of mine which would fail utterly, were they narrated in any but an under tone; others in which I laugh, am overcome by emotion, and so forth—what I call my *intimes* stories. Now it is impossible to do justice to these except in the midst of a general hush, and in a small circle; so that I am commonly silent. And as no anecdote is positively new in a party of twenty, the chances are so much against you that somebody should have heard the story before, in which case you are done.

In these large assemblies, a wit, then, is of no use, and does not have a chance: a *raconteur* does not get a fair hearing, and both of these real ornaments of a dinner-table are thus utterly thrown away. I have seen JACK JOLLIFFE, who can keep a table of eight or ten persons in a roar of laughter for four hours, remain utterly mute in a great entertainment, smothered by the numbers and the dowager on each side of him: and TOM YARNOLD, the most eminent of our conversationists, sit through a dinner as dumb as the footman behind him. They do not care to joke, unless there is a sympathising society, and prefer to be silent rather than to throw their good things away.

What I would recommend, then, with all my power, is, that dinners should be more simple, more frequent, and should contain fewer persons. Ten is the utmost number that a man of moderate means should ever invite to his table; although in a great house, managed by a great establishment, the case may be different. A man and woman may look as if they were glad to see ten people: but in a great dinner they abdicate their position as host and hostess,—are mere creatures in the hands of the sham butlers, sham footmen, and tall confectioner's emissaries who crowd the room,—and are guests at their own table, where they are helped last, and of which they occupy the top and bottom. I have marked many a lady watching with timid glances the large artificial *major-domo*, who officiates for that night only, and thought to myself, "Ah, my dear madam, how much happier might we all be if there were but half the splendour, half the made dishes, and half the company assembled."

If any dinner-giving person who reads this shall be induced by my representations to pause in his present career, to cut off some of the luxuries of his table, and instead of giving one enormous feast to twenty persons, to have three simple dinners for ten, my dear Nephew will not have been addressed in vain. Everybody will be bettered; and while the guests will be better pleased, and more numerous, the host will actually be left with money in his pocket.

UNTRUTH VERSUS UNFAIRNESS.

AN INCOME-TAX SONNET.

WITH disappointment, lo! the Statesman's eye
Scans the amount, ridiculously small,
Of last year's Income-Tax, as raised on all
Trades and Professions. Wherefore this, and why?
'Tis clear that Government cannot rely
Upon the statement, under Schedule D,
Made of its gains by British industry.
But pause, ye Legislators, ere ye call
This same deception fraud. Confess,—you must,
If ye with aught of conscience are endowed—
A tax unequal is a tax unjust.
Men deem not Truth to cozeners' questions owed—
Few to mislead a rogue would hesitate
Who asked them where they kept their cash or plate.

LORD STANLEY'S LAPUS LINGUÆ.

IN a magniloquent after-dinner speech the other evening at the Mansion House, delivered in acknowledgment of the toast, "LORD STANLEY and the House of Peers," the noble Lord whose health had been coupled with that of his Order, is reported to have made the following inconsiderate assertion:—

"From whatever sphere men may seek to win their laurels, whether from the church, the army, the navy, or the bar, it is to the House of Lords that they will look, as to the place which is to witness the enthronement of their genius, and the final consummation of their ambition."

We had no idea that the Church was a "sphere" from which anybody sought to win "laurels." We always imagined that the palm, not the laurel, furnished the reward of merit in that institution. We never thought that the candidates for the crown of the Church, looked forward to any such honour as the "enthronement" of their "genius;" still less that they expected the House of Peers to witness the final consummation of their ambition. We supposed that they had renounced ambition, with all other mundane pomps and vanities, and that a Bishop had an eye to something beyond a Bishoprick, even though accompanied by a seat in the House of Peers. We had, indeed, heard opinions contrary to these expressed by certain persons, whom we had always been accustomed to regard as low revolutionists—violent, misguided men. It is a sad pity that the Conservative LORD STANLEY should have un-

warily confirmed the allegations of such people, by letting fall the foregoing remark. We might not have been surprised to hear such an observation at the "Square and Compasses," after a bread-and-cheese dinner in an atmosphere of beer and pipes; but we are astonished that it should have been made, and by LORD STANLEY of all men, at the LORD MAYOR's banquet, in one redolent of venison and turtle, and the *bouquet* of Burgundy and Claret.

WITTY ANTICS AND ANTIQUITIES.

OUR old friends the Archæologists, seem to be driven up into a corner for fresh subjects of research, and having exhausted almost every barrow in the kingdom, till it is as empty as that of a sold-out fruit-woman on a Saturday night, there is scarcely anything now-a-days—not even a bone—into which the pickaxe of inquiry can be thrust, in the hope of being able to pick a bit.

One of the fraternity of Archæologists allowed his veneration for antiquity to carry him to such wild extremes, that from the very old, he has pounced upon the very young, and quitting the encampments, fortifications, &c., &c., he has taken refuge in the Nursery songs of our most tender-aged juveniles. He has actually seized the infantine ditty of "High diddle diddle," and made a clutch at the fabulous "cat" whose vague connection with "the fiddle," has been the subject of Nursery song. He then rushes off to mount the imaginary "cock-horse" on which infants are suffered to ride to Banbury Cross in pursuit of a beldame on a milky nag—the aforesaid beldame having bells on her toes, and no doubt a most effective clapper in her mouth, to say nothing of the rings on her fingers, a fact suggestive to us of the propriety of wringing her ears for her folly and absurdity.



If the archæologists are so fearfully at a loss for themes of a dignified class, some attention might at least be paid to the substantiality of the subjects selected, and it would be desirable to abandon the apocryphal "cat and fiddle," for the more easily intelligible "shoe," lived in by the "old woman" of antiquity. There would at least be something more lofty in the pursuit of the elevation of the abode in question, than in sounding the depth of the feline artesian to which grimalkin was happily consigned, and even a survey of the ground on which the shoe is supposed to have stood, might throw open to the observation an extensive area.

The same spirit of research might be made to take a physiological turn if applied, not simply to the houses of nursery lore, but to the builders and architects of such dwellings. The house that JACK built, would be a fine study, but JACK himself would be a still nobler subject for the antiquarian to dwell upon.

It might be asked who was JACK,—was he the same JACK that went up the hill with JILL? Did he originate the popular measure which bears his name? Was the fracture of JACK's crown, simple or compound, or merely one of those vulgar fractions which carry little interest? The above will be sufficient to show the great mine of inquiry that lies unexplored, if the Archæologists are disposed to go into the better class of nursery traditions, and leave their cats, cock-horses and other inferior animals, for JACK, JILL, and the rest of the great family of fabled humanity.

Definitions.

By One of the "Council."

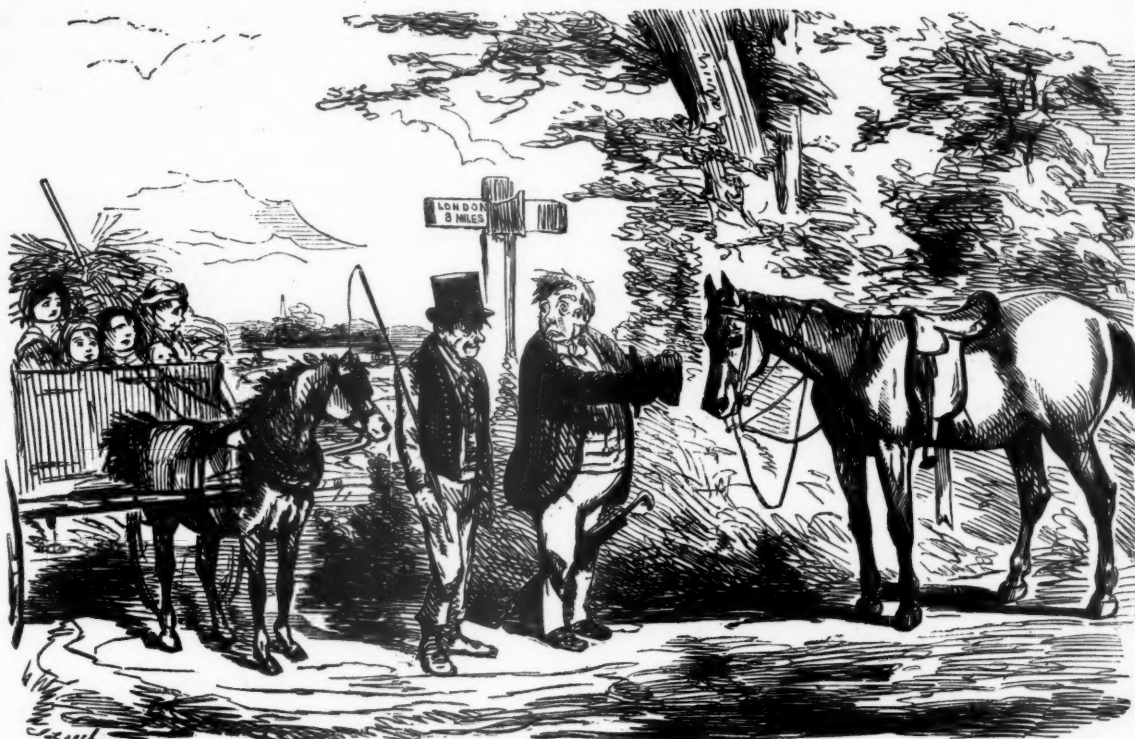
PRISON.—A cage for birds of unfashionable feather.

MEMORY.—A bundle of dried time.

CASTLE IN THE AIR.—A structure which usually consoles the architect for a hovel on earth.

DARK AGES.—A long night, with many thieves and few policemen.

PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



MR. BRIGGS (at an alarming sacrifice) GETS RID OF HORSE NO. 1, AND GOES OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY UPON NO. 2.

Carman. "FELL DOWN, HAS HE, SIR! AH! HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULD BE WERRY CLEVER AT THAT.—WERRY ORKED THING, SIR, FOR A OSS TO FALL DOWN, SIR. OSSSES COSTES A GOOD BIT O' MONEY—LEASTWAYS, GENTLEMEN'S OSSSES DOES.—NOW, JIST LOOK AT MY LITTLE OSS, SIR, AND HE'S A POOR MAN'S OSS, HE IS. HE DON'T GO FALLIN' ABOUT." (Exit.)

The Excursion Mania.

THE mania for excursions on a wholesale plan is becoming very prevalent. We have lately heard of an enthusiastic speculator, who has chartered one of the fleet of Twopenny steamers, which has got the name of the *Twopenny Buster*, and who proposes an excursion to Chelsea and back, *via* Hungerford. A quarter of an hour will be allowed at the Suspension Bridge to examine the wonderful chain of circumstances, as well as the circumstances of the chains forming that astounding triumph of enthusiasm over prudence, which led to the throwing of this bridge over the river. The return tickets will be available for two successive hours, and a Cicerone will be in attendance at the Old Swan, for the convenience of parties waiting to engage with him.

HANWELL EXAMINATION PAPER.

If you had a hypochondriac under your care, why would you send him to MR. WYLD, M.P., (Map-publisher)?

Because he would try to make him *happy* (him happy). Let the Grand Old One of Bad'un Bad'un beat that if he can!



MR. BRIGGS RIDES (!) HOME, AND WONDERS WHAT MRS. BRIGGS WILL SAY!

The British Lion once more.

AT the Drury Lane Protectionist Meeting, a MR. BOSANQUET, who is also, according to the *Times*, called in the agricultural tongue, BUS-SINKY, is reported to have obliged his audience with the subjoined bit of natural history:—

"The British Lion is a loyal lion, but he is a bold one; and when you do put him upon his legs he may be easy to put up, but he is an awkward animal to deal with when he is awake."

The loyalty of the British Lion is not of a very active nature, since he displays it in nothing but in being a supporter of the Royal Arms. No doubt he is bold as brass, the material of which he is very often made. It is less than the truth to say that "he is an awkward animal to deal with when he is awake." He is awkward at all times; but his awkwardness would never be discovered if it were only shown in his waking moments. The truth is, that he is always asleep and it is no use for BUS-SINKY to try to wake him.

Q. E. D.

A. ROTHSCHILD has papered London with placards.—As he must be returned, what makes the man do it?

B. Why, don't "Manners make the man?"

THE BANSHEE OF DRURY LANE.

THROUGH the lone pit-benches sighing, moaning from the boxes dim,
Wailing up the gallery staircase, shrieking in the lobbies grim,
Flits the Banshee of old Drury—Drury dusty, Drury dreary—
Dumb, where SHAKESPEARE's words once echoed; dark, where gas-
lights once shone cheery.

Now no more from maiden voices those deserted benches hear,
"Apples, oranges and biscuits—soda-water, ginger-beer;"

Now no more on boxing-nights the gallery-whistle pierceth shrill,
Costermonger costermonger greeting, with hoarse—"Halloo, BILL!"

Débardeurs and gents no longer quaff their gooseberry Champagne;
JULLIEN's waistcoat, wig, and wristbands hold no more orchestral reign;

Now no more with caracoling CAROLINE the sawdust stirs;
Chirpeth AURIOL no longer, bound no more the voltigeurs.

Opera banished—horses vanished—SHAKESPEARE laid upon the shelf,
A weary time hath Drury's Banshee had the building to herself.

Till last week, old keys were turning in old locks all stiff with rust,
With a sweeping of old cobwebs, and a raising of old dust;

And the Banshee heard the sweepers talking, in their besoms' pause,
Of the meeting that was summon'd thither in Protection's cause:

How there would be, if not seven, at least one RICHMOND in the field,
Until CORDEN's hash was settled, and Corn-Law Repeal repealed.

Came at last the time appointed; through the dusty panes the day
Shot some thin blue beams of sunshine, sunshine that had lost its way;

In the flies the puzzled Banshee heard the speechifying flow,
From the entry of the chairman, till reporters rose to go.

"Hark," she said, "Old Farce reviveth—LISTON on that stage we've
heard:

But your BOSANQUETS and BOOKERS are than LISTON more absurd.

"Tragedy," she said, "reviveth—what were KEAN's and KEMBLE's
tones,

To LORD MALMESBURY's oration o'er the British Lion's bones?

"What the witches' cauldron steaming to wild DOWNSHIRE's 'hell-
broth' slab?

What the raving of *Ophelia* to the madness of McNAB?

"Opera," she said, "reviveth—BALFE or WALLACE proud might be
Thus to make two thousand flats accordant in a single key.

"What are JULLIEN's monster concerts to the orchestra below,
When in YOUNG's mouth PEEL's the serpent, and when Dukes their
trumpets blow?

"E'en the *Cirque*," she said, "reviveth—what is AURIOL's grace or
strength,

To the way that BOOKER jumpeth to conclusions, any length?

"What was CAROLINE to ELLMAN—on his hobby as he flies,
Ever moving in a circle, throwing dust in people's eyes?

"What, thro' hoops or over garters, fair ANATO's leaping acts,
To a BERESFORD's or RICHMOND's leap o'er figures, and through facts?

"Ancient glories kindle round me—old renown reseeks the Lane—
Farce and music, play and horses—Drury is herself again."

THE OBSEQUES OF AN OLD NUISANCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the devoted attentions of the Attorney-General,
SIR FREDERICK THESIGER, and other professional friends, the poor
old Palace Court is sinking rapidly, and, indeed, under such attacks as
have rapidly succeeded each other lately, cannot survive much longer.
All is arranged for the sad event of a dissolution, now, certainly,
impending. The poor old sufferer has made the following brief will:—

I, Palace Court, being weak of body, and much troubled in mind, do
hereby make my last will and testament.

Item. My quirks, quibbles, and quiddits, all and sundry, wheresoever
situate, I bequeath to my unnatural relation, New County Court, hearing
he is much in want of the same, and cannot boast a decent pleading to
his back. I hereby forgive my said relation for his wicked attacks on
me, and for the unpleasant comparison between me and himself of which
he has been the author, and to which I partly attribute this my
sore sickness.

Item. My curse I bequeath to my prothonotary, in trust, to lay it
at the door of JACOB OMNIUM, and the author of a ballad called "JACOB
OMNIUM'S OSS."

Item. My bills of costs, I bequeath to my attorneys, and I wish they
may get them.

Item. My sinecures I bequeath to the nation, for such compensation
as Parliament may be pleased to give.

Item. My memory I bequeath to universal odium and contempt.

This Will has been duly attested by the four attorneys and six
barristers who have so long shared the shelter of the testator's roof,
amidst a most affecting scene of partings and regrets. The sufferer
dies hard, and rallies at moments for the most desperate struggles, but
is growing hourly weaker.

Every arrangement has been made for the funeral, of which we owe
the following programme to the courtesy of the Chief Usher, so long a
confidential servant of poor P. C.:—

Two Attorney's Clerks carrying Attachments.

Clerk in tears, serving a Declaration. An Attorney of the Palace Court Clerk in tears, offering a Plea.

A Barrister blowing his own Trumpet in Morning Gown, and tearing his Wig.

Prothonotary and Registrar, with sinecures reversed.

Judge of Court smashing his last Demurrer.

Deputy Prothonotary Usher of Court bearing rolls of Court with Banner, Deputy Registrar in a strait waistcoat.

"These rolls were our bread."

SIR FREDERICK THESIGER as Chief Mourner.

THE COFFIN OF THE COURT.

(The Four Barristers of the Court holding up the corners of the Bill of Costs.)

Attornies of the Court, two and two, with their families, in deep mourning of Ink, weepers of red tape, and pounce strewed upon their Heads.

The Public rejoicing.

The *cortège* will start from Southwark, near the Mint, and deposit
its sad burden in the immediate neighbourhood of the Superior Courts,
where arrangements have been made for its reception.

OMNIBUS REFORM.

"SIR,—In your valuable No. 414, I threw out certain suggestions
for the improvement of Omnibusses. I recollect babies were amongst
them. No less vitally important than babies are gentlemen's neckcloths.

"Nothing so becoming as a well kept neckcloth and an orderly collar;
show me a thousand men, and I will pick out the gentleman at once
and seize him by the neck.

"Now our Omnibusses are so badly ventilated, that I defy your best
starched gentleman to preserve either the one or the other. His neck-
cloth drops from exhaustion, long before he has reached Starch Green,
and his collar falls down, loses its colour, and turns black, as if it had
got a sudden attack of the black jaundice.

"Look at me, sir; I send you two neckcloths; one is a spotless
pattern of the one I wear every day, the other is the miserable thing



No. 1.



No. 2.

I tore from my bosom, with indignation, after leaving a Bayswater
'Bus yesterday. Did you ever see such a chop-fallen or a hang-dog
look as it has? How bold and erect is its brother? I call them Rectitude
(No. 1), and Shame (No. 2).

Our Omnibusses MUST be ventilated. I give notice I shall ride in
Cabs till they are.

"Talk of foul air in the mines! Why it is nothing to the atmosphere
we breathe in an Omnibus: I call them vehicles for apoplexy; it takes
away my breath to think of it.

"I hope there will be nothing heard in London shortly but 'Ventilate
our Omnibusses.' I shall go to the Botanical Gardens next Wednesday,
and start the cry myself. Hoping you will be there to assist me, Sir,

"I remain, Yours, as before,
(only with my collar considerably less up)

"A CONFIRMED BACKLASH."

"My washerwoman will call for the collars on Saturday."



THE MODERN ORPHEUS.

I.
FAMOUS old ORPHEUS from regions celestial
Late dropped his lyre and his bright laurel crown,
And with them the voice that came human and bestial
Led by the nose, early Greece up and down.
"Here, *Mr. Punch*," he said, "take 'em, make
much of 'em,

Chords and cadenzas that charmed brutes and men—
Be it yours to give back to the world the old touch
of 'em,
Till Echo announces, 'Here's ORPHEUS again.'

II.
Punch swept the baritone—gushing sonorously,
Crowded the notes 'neath his hands' rapid play;
Gay lending life to grave ever decorously,
Grave ever tending to purpose in gay.

High from his column he, joyously, solemnly,
Sent forth a decant so truthful and glad;
All things carnivorous (*WOMSWELL* deliver us!)
Gather'd about him, stark melody mad.

III.
The Great Bear of Russia, the Eagle of Prussia,
The Austrian Vulture, two-headed and black;
The Great British Lion, with jaw that would crush
you a

Nest of such birds, as a silbert you 'd crack.
The White Horse of Hanover eagerly ran over;
The pert Gallic Cock crow'd a chorus of praise;
And the Bird of the Yankees, he guessed out his
thank yes,
And reckon'd "that nothin' can't mend that no ways."

IV.
Then his musical battery, deigning no flattery,
Punch opened point-blank on each beast of the row:
"Think," he sang, "Mr. Bruin, *Rosier's* bear came to
ruin
By thrusting his nose where he 'd no right to go.
You, Lion of Britain, methinks show small wit in
The way that you save and the way that you spend;
Money's worth prize and bless, sir; of money think less, sir;
And know, true Protection's on self to depend.

V.
"You, Austrian vulture, abandon the culture
Of vice as an opiate for those that you rule;
Behold of brute forces how brutal the source is;
You sheathed the last sword when you oped the first
school.

VI.
You, Eagle of Berlin, had better be furling
The far-spreading wing that to Europe you show
Who in lust of dominion open too wide a pinion,
But leaves broader mark for the archers below.
Thus to each brute in season, with musical reason,
The new ORPHEUS a lesson proceeded to show;
Wit, wisdom, so tempered, that e'en those who
whispered,
Felt the tickling make up for the smart of the blow.

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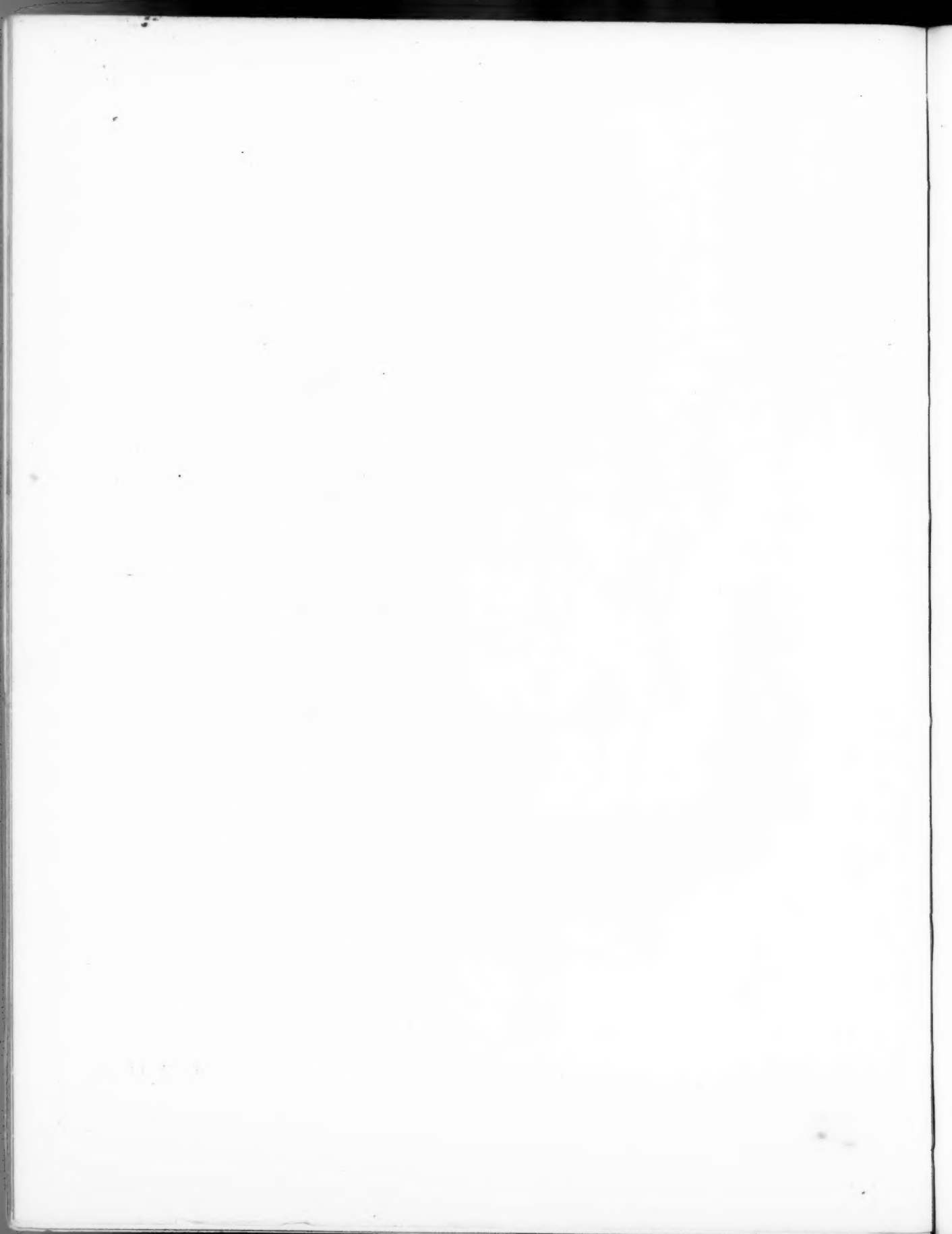
THE STATE OF THE NATION.
DISRAELI MEASURING THE BRITISH LION.

wimpered,
Felt the tickling make up for the smart of the blow.

we were the last would when you open the first
school.

And reckon'd 't' that nothin' can't mend that no ways."

Grave ever tending to purpose in gay.



MATRIMONIAL ARBITRATION INSTEAD OF WAR.



PERSONS addicted to Matrimony, may be pleased to learn that a Society is about to be formed, under the title of—"THE MATRIMONIAL-ARBITRATION-INSTEAD-OF-WAR-SOCIETY." It is principally composed of husbands who have deeply felt the absurdity of going to war with their wives, when the matrimonial differences could probably have been better arranged by friendly arbitration. The Society does not for a moment pretend that Matrimonial War can ever be totally done away with. They are perfectly aware of the difficulties that men have to contend

with in making their wives listen to reason, and they are painfully sensible of the many obstacles that ladies have to overcome, before they can get their husbands to do as they wish them to do. Extraordinary cases of course will arise, when both parties will not be able to agree, and when arguments are of no value in calming the passions of either man or wife. Arbitration is not meant to apply to such cases, for neither side is in a fit state to listen to it; but inasmuch as most Matrimonial Wars are followed by Arbitration, it is proposed that it be tried first before the mischief be done, instead of afterwards, when the mischief is already done. It has been calculated by a gentleman who has peculiar sources of information in the highest as well as the lowest circles of society, that no less than 20,562 cups and saucers are broken every year in London alone. The velvet gowns, also, and the whitebait dinners and opera boxes, that are annually expended in celebrating the peace after a long Matrimonial War, would be sufficient, if collected into hard money, to pay off the National Debt in a very few years.

The Society, however, does not wish to curtail these enjoyments, as they maintain that it would be extremely unkind, not to say injudicious, to deprive any lady of her just rights; moreover, the committee is most anxious to gain the active co-operation of the ladies, and feels that it is only to be done by making every possible concession which the fair sex has a right to expect, if not to demand. The above privileges, therefore, will be secured to them in their unbroken entirety, and not the slightest interference be attempted to deprive them of any little advantage which wives are generally sure to gain from carrying on a slight periodical war. Hysterics, nervous head-aches, losses of appetite, and stamping fits, will still be guaranteed to them by the Society, which pledges itself, likewise, to use its best exertions in upholding in its full integrity, the valuable prerogative, which ladies have enjoyed from time immemorial, of "keeping their bedrooms" as long as they please, from the moment that they have a "disagreeable word" with their husbands.

The proud object which "The Matrimonial-Arbitration-instead-of-War-Society" wishes to effect, is to prevent those fretful *fracas* and distressing *exposés* which, it is found, lower the character of both man and wife in the estimation of their friends and servants, besides providing mothers-in-law with opportunities for making mischief. Statements will be made under seal of the strictest confidence to a competent committee, selected from the best husbands and wives in the world, who will repair in person to the seat of war, and endeavour by arbitration, to soothe the irritated feelings of the contending parties, and to remove, by patient investigation, all absurd prejudices and jealousies. This dangerous task will be confided to persons of the most undaunted courage, who have often proved themselves equal to the greatest Matrimonial emergencies. If they fail, however, in their benevolent endeavours, they will then leave the belligerents to themselves, who must settle their differences in the best manner they can.

The Committee is also happy to state that arrangements have been completed with the *Morning Post*, not to allude by any innuendo whatever, to any Matrimonial difference, as long as negotiations are pending with the Society, or to publish any facts—even under the disguise of initials—until the affair has been given up by the Committee as perfectly hopeless, and all arbitration despaired of, when a notice will be served upon both parties that the Society no longer holds itself responsible for the consequences; and if they fight, that they must do so at their own cost and peril.

A detailed prospectus, and a list of patrons and subscribers will be

published in a few days. In the meantime, the Committee is most proud to state that Mrs. CAUDLE has sent in her adherence to the principles of the Society. With such powerful influence, the cause must flourish, and the Utopian day is already looked forward to when Matrimonial War will be unknown on the surface of the globe, and will only be mentioned in terms of astonishment and horror, that such an atrocity could ever have existed in an age that pretends to be in the least civilised. The Society is deserving of the support of every respectable married man and lady, and we are glad to state that the yearly subscriptions will be so small as to come within the means of everybody.

THE FATE OF DRURY LANE.

AFTER all the discussion that has taken place upon the future lease-shipping of this great national establishment, it seems that neither ANDERSON nor STAMMERS is yet the lessee—and, as friends to both, we would say of each, the less he has to do with it the better. But the house has been taken by some very nice young men for that very small party, the Protectionists; instead of an attempt at the revival of the old English drama, a scarcely less arduous effort is to be made to revive the new English farce of the Agriculturist. The fact is, that the line of heavy countrymen went out with EMERY, and we do not expect that the nobodies who are being brought up to London as "provincial celebrities," will revive the taste for the rant of outraged farmers, broad-dialect victims of oppression, and other effete nuisances. If the Protectionist party really wish to become popular on the boards of Drury Lane, they had better try even that desperate expedient, the regular drama, than hope to take the town by storm with their noisy little bits of rustic character.

The names of the performers are not very illustrious, but a Mr. BOOKER, who has come out rather strong in figures, might, perhaps, take the MICHAEL CASSIOS—by which we mean, the arithmeticians in general. This may not be quite agreeable to Mr. ANDERSON, the intended lessee; and as to Mr. STAMMERS, he is quite forgotten,—unless, indeed, we are reminded of his name by the hesitating mode of delivery in which the performers in possession of Drury Lane, are apt to express themselves.

THE FRENCH COCKATRICE IN ROME.

A VERY full and excellent book has of late been written on domestic fowls. But there is one curious circumstance connected with the subject—and well-attested by the wisdom of our ancestors—altogether omitted. We find no account of the Cockatrice that, upon the best authority, is a snake that, under the frequent name of basilisk, was wont to be called the little king of serpents. Now, the cockatrice, or basilisk, according to high authority, was hatched from a cock's egg. "A basilisk"—says the grave SCALIGER—"was found in Rome in the days of LEO THE FOURTH." And in the luckless, shuffling times of PIUS THE NINTH, whole flights of basilisks—hatched from cock's eggs—have alighted in destruction on the roof-tops of the Eternal City.

BARON CUVIER takes the cockatrice in hand, and declares the thing to be a thing fabulous. "It was most absurdly imagined," says the Baron, "to proceed from the eggs of old cocks. ALDROVANDUS and several other writers have given figures of it." Again, in the history of the French Royal Academy, is an account of cock's eggs, laid at Montpellier: "One of these eggs, opened in the presence of several savans, was found devoid of yolk, but exhibiting a coloured particle in the centre, which was considered as the young serpent." To produce this serpent, it was necessary, in the olden day, that the egg should be "hatched under a toad." In our time—for the cockatrice is proved to be not fabulous—the French produce the reptile under a frog.

The cock—the old Gallic cock—has laid eggs for Rome. The glorious OUDINOT throws the shells into the Eternal City; they burst, and the desolating snake—produced by Cook and Frog—"strikes its victim dead by a single glance."

Gentish Enormities.

REALLY some boundary should be put to the young gentlemen's ties. They protrude so much on each side, that you can scarcely pass down Regent Street without having the sharp end of a Joinville thrust into your face. Ladies are great victims to these enormous ties. It is time some limit was put to the growth of these public excrescences, for, if they keep on growing, no young gent will be able to go through Temple Bar unless he slides in sideways. We propose that policemen be armed with large shears, and empowered to lop off all the Joinvilles and Beauforts that stick out more than six inches beyond each shoulder. This is very liberal measure, and should satisfy the most fastidious.

NOTWITHSTANDING GENERAL OUDINOT's inglorious success before the walls of Rome, very few people would like to stand in the Frenchmen's breaches.

A HINT TO OUR ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of Pictures at the Tuileries has lowered its catalogue from one franc to ten sous, and more than this, the admission, five or six days out of the week, is free. We boast of our liberal institutions, but liberal as they are, you cannot get into one of them without paying—and paying, in many instances, very dearly too. MADAME TUSSAUD only charges sixpence for her catalogue, why couldn't the Royal Academy do the same? They might make up the difference by charging something extra for their Chamber of Horrors, we mean the Octagon Room, or by turning that abode of darkness into a place for refreshments.

We do not see why the Royal Academy could not print its catalogue for one half the price, and charge admission only on one day of the week, the Saturday, as the Tuileries does, and the receipts even of that day be given, as in France, to some poor artists' fund. This would be a picture of Charity, which we are extremely anxious to see every artist of the Academy trying his hand upon. The sooner it is exhibited, the better we shall be pleased at this masterpiece of English Art.



ASTLEIAN HISTORY OF THE INDIAN WAR.



So far from British or Indian policy having had anything to do with the Indian War, it seems, according to Astley's (true) Bill, that the original cause of hostility, commenced in a row that occurred in the course of

SCENE I.—A Public House in Gravesend.

A dispute with a turbulent headle is the first glimpse we get of the Indian war, which begins to develop itself in

SCENE II.—Grand Indian Festival.

where *Shere Singh* is having a *pas de deux* danced before him, while he sits upon the sawdust, with a fair captive by his side, who turns out to be *Mrs. Captain Best*, of the Bungay Rifle Corps. Our old friend *Shere* is enjoying the *ballet* (in which by-the-by all the dancers turn their backs upon him), when the Gravesend Beadle, who it appears has got the premiership of the Punjab—nobody knows how or why—rushes in to announce "a minstrel," who turns out to be *Captain Best* in disguise, and who requests permission to "strike his light guitar." *Shere Singh* assents, and the light guitar being struck, emits the sound of an entire orchestra, rather overloaded with brass, to whose sounds dancing is resumed, until an explosion is heard "without," and the cry "The Punjab is attacked" becomes general. *Shere Singh* rushes out, consigning his captive (*Mrs. Best*) to the minstrel (*Captain B.* in disguise); a recognition takes place between the *Beadle* premier of the Punjab and the *British Officer*, and the Scene finishes up with

a rich bit of pathos, relieved by a slight seasoning of low comedy. The next incident in this "strange eventful history" is the "Bivouac of the British Army," introducing the whole of the original Astleian stud of goats, cows, zebras, ponies (Jerusalem and other); but the effect was somewhat marred by an inquisitive horse, who would get up before his time in spite of his being sat down upon by six Sepoys, whom the obstinate brute dislodged, as if with a cool determination to ascertain the state of the pit, and stare out of countenance the front row of the gallery.

After the bivouac there was a "Front Scene," in which *Lord Gough*, surrounded by a brilliant Staff of three, makes a spirited speech from a horse which seemed alternately disposed to jib through the canvas flat at the back, or plunge forwards into the orchestra. *Lord Gough* was understood to say, as connectedly as his oscillating horse would let him, that "The Indian hound should be taught to shrink from the British bulldog," or words to that effect.

After a few intermediate scenes, in which the Gravesend Beadle, a comic Marine, *Shere Singh*, and a musical *Vivandiere* take part, the attack begins upon Mooltan with a squib, and a company of Lancers—"Two's Company" in this case—rushes on, clashing their swords against the wooden pike-staffs of the Indians, whose weapons are as plain as a pike-staff, in the amphitheatrical version of the onslaught.

The *mélée* now becomes general, and dolls dressed in regimentals are thrown down by the property man, to represent the killed and wounded, for the horses to gallop over them. The contest is continued with such fury that, leaving the fortifications of Mooltan, the combatants pour into the circle usually set apart for the horsemanship, and *Shere Singh* being eventually killed, walks out bowing from the ring, amid the applause of the audience. The band strikes up "Rule Britannia," *Lord Gough* forms the centre of a tableau lighted by red fire, and the curtain descends on the dramatic abridgment of the "History of the War in India." We must, in justice, confess that nothing is wanting to give the fullest effect to the illusion, and that the abridgment is considerably better calculated for stage representation, than the most elaborate despatches, detailing the minutest incidents of an affair which could not have been better got up in India, under *LORD GOUGH*, than at the foot of Westminster Bridge, under *MR. BATTY*, Stage Manager.

Red Republican Martyrs.

THE greatest personal sacrifice we have yet heard of among the Red Republicans in France has been the simultaneous abandonment of their beards by the Socialists, who until latterly cultivated these hirsute emblems of a desire to beard the Government. Many of the Reds feeling conscious that they had experienced only a hair's breadth escape from the hands of justice, have divested themselves of all superfluous hair that could only serve to remind them of their recent danger. The Anti-beard movement has, we understand, raised razors in Paris at least two per cent, and soap, which lately remained on hand, has met with general countenance.

THE SLANG OF THE SONG-WRITERS.

We have from time to time endeavoured to check the fashionable song-writers in their search after the sentimental; but though we have succeeded occasionally in pulling them up rather short, we find the balladist's Pegasus like the Astley's *Mazepa*—with the sieve of oats attracting him at the wing—"again urging on his wild career." When the astonished world was asked by the music-sellers, whether it would love somebody or other "*then as now?*" we were not surprised when the music-sellers, responding to their own query—because they thought it likely enough to answer—replied, "*Then as how I'll love thee more,*" or words to that effect. It is a well established fact, that in purchasing a song, no one thinks of looking beyond the first line, and as in legal conveyancing, so in the conveyance of a ballad from the shelves of the publisher, the first requisite is to make a good title.

Talk of the burdens on land: we are convinced that a committee of inquiry into the burdens of songs would, in many quarters, be considered a subject of far greater interest. Though good beginnings may be followed by the most lame and impotent of endings, it matters nothing to the ballad-loving public, who are so caught by the idea of being loved "*then as now,*" that they never stop to inquire the existing quantity of affection, or to ascertain the character of the individual who is called upon to say whether the supply will be kept up at a future period. We have heard of tragedies sustained by one scene, comedies kept alive by one situation, and farces rescued from failure by a single joke—which is not unfrequently an old one; but however apocryphal these things may be, there is no doubt of the fact that fashionable ballads are held up in public favour by a single line. Their existence may be said to hang by a thread, and that thread is one which there is often the utmost difficulty in unravelling. We shall be exceedingly happy to supply the principal music publishers with a series of these lines at the mere price of a song—say a hundred guineas—and we beg to throw off the following as a few samples:—

"*Oh, don't I love you rather, still?*"
 "They tell me thou hast pass'd the Court."
 "I dare not use thy cherish'd name."

But perhaps the music publishers, before they venture to give us terms—moderate as they are—will desire to see a song regularly perfected for publication, and we therefore beg to submit the following, which is enriched with the whole of the three gems we have so lavishly thrown down in the shape of titles, and which, in the plenitude of our poetical wealth, we embody in a single ballad:

Oh! don't I love you rather still?
 Are all my pledges set at naught?
 Dishonour'd is affection's bill?
 Or pass'd is Love's Insolvent Court?
 Is memory's schedule coldly filed
 On one of CUPID's broken darts?
 Is HYMEN's balance sheet compiled—
 A bankrupt's stock of damaged hearts?

2nd Verse.

I dare not use thy cherish'd name—
 Would'st thou accept were I to draw?
 The God of Love may take his aim,
 But with an arrow made of straw.
 Each fonder feeling that I knew
 A lifeless heap of ruin lies:
 Yes, false one—ticketed by you.
 "Look here!—Alarming Sacrifice!!!"

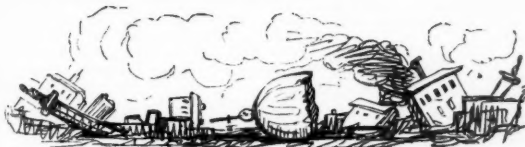
THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

It is gratifying to know that military men have a way opened to them of earning a shilling a day, and glory, without danger, or any great fatigue. "Our brave fellows" (as private soldiers are called in despatches and "Military Reminiscences") may now taste the excitements of war amidst all the blessings of peace, and imbibe the porter of BARCLAY between every bite of the blank cartridge, thus securing the life-giving pewter, whilst they repudiate the death-dealing lead. The "Siege of Badajos," at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; the "Storming of Mooltan" at Cremorne Gardens; and the "New Grand Equestrian Military Spectacle, entitled Mooltan and Goojerat, or The Conquest of the Sikhs" at Astley's, have so raised the value of the soldier in the commercial market, that the rival policeman is looking bluer than ever from sheer envy. On the arrival of dusk, every evening just now, there is such a cannonade—such discharges of musquetry—such springing of mines—such a "jolly row," in short—that it seems as if the continent had come to pay us a visit, and several old ladies have been frightened into fits, from an idea that the "Chartishes" had risen, and had got beyond the power of the "specials" and their staves. COLONEL SIBTHORP should really make a point of asking a few questions on the subject in the House.

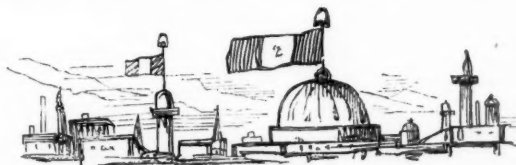
OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THE competition which prevails among the daily newspapers forces "our own correspondent" into the thick of every battle, the focus of every bombardment, the crest of every barricade, and between the folding doors of every cabinet, so that it is no wonder if he becomes occasionally rather "bothered." He is required to catch the manners living as they rise, to condense rumours into facts, fermentation into opinions, unaccomplished theories into accomplished facts. He must not be more than twenty-four hours behind the times, and is therefore thrown upon first thoughts, whereas second thoughts are best. Besides as idle news is better than no news at all, he may always say something in one letter, if only to contradict it in his next.

Thus he may inform his journal in No 1, that, "The insurgents of Tchrkijmet have been exterminated by the Imperialists under SCHLICK, and the city reduced to a heap of ruins."



No 2. hastens to correct the utterly groundless report of No 1, and to announce on "authority that may be relied on," that Tchrkijmet, like MOTHER HUBBARD's dog, is on its legs again, and that the "national flag is now flying over the Domkirche," as "our own correspondent" can distinctly perceive through "our own" telescope.



No. 3 corrects No. 2, and announces that "the flag described as national in our last, is the Imperial banner of the Black Eagle," that "the Imperialists have crossed the Waag in triumph, on the surrender of Tchrkijmet," and that "the notorious PULZTZYKWCHY has escaped with the contents of the Treasury, and is believed to have escaped to London in the disguise of a waiter seeking a situation at the Sabloniere."

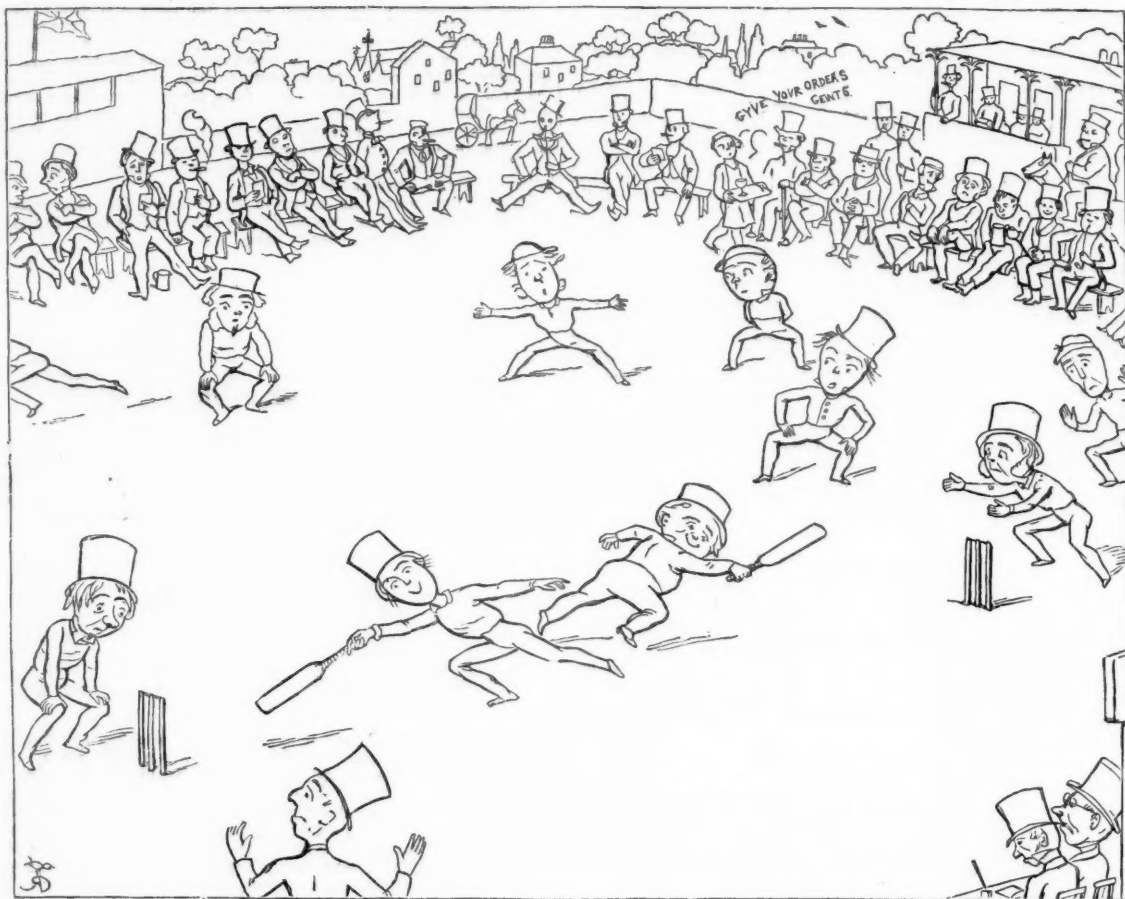
An illustrated journal of the same week, however, gives us "the portrait of the illustrious PULZTZYKWCHY in his uniform of Commandant of the important fortress of Tchrkijmet, which continues, thanks to his



glorious resistance, to hold the Imperialists at bay." Really, the name of these flying reporters ought to be changed to that of "our own contradictories," for why should they be called "correspondents," when no two of their letters correspond with each other!

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1849.

No 17



A VIEW OF Mr LORDE hys CRYKET GROVND.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, June 18, 1849. THIS Day a great Cricket Match, Surrey against England, at Lord's, and I thither, all the way to St. John's Wood, to see the Place, having often heard talk of it, and the Playing, which Mr. LONGSTORPE did tell me was a pretty Sight. Paid 6d. to be let in, and 2d. for a Card of the Innings, and bought a little Book of the Laws of the Game, cost me 1s. 6d. more, though when I had got it, could hardly understand a Word of it; but to think how much Money I spend out of Curiosity, and how inquisitive I am, so as to be vexed to the Heart if I cannot thoroughly make out every Thing I see! The Cricketing I believe very fine; but could not judge of it; for I think I did never before see any Cricket since I was a little Varlet Boy at School. But what a Difference between the Manner of Bowling in those Days, and that Players now use! for then they did moderately trundle the Ball under-hand; but now they fling it over-handed from the Elbow, as though viciously, and it flies like a Shot, being at least Five Ounces and a Half in Weight, and hard as a Block. I saw it strike one of the Bat-men on the Knuckles, who Danced and shook his Fist, as methought well he might. But to see how handy some did catch it, though knocked off the Bat by a strong Man with all his Force; albeit now and then they missing it, and struck by it on the Head, or in the Mouth, and how any one can learn to play Cricket without losing his front Teeth is a Wonder. The Spectators sitting on Benches in a

Circle, at a Distance, and out of the Way of the Ball, which was wise; but some on a raised Stand, and others aside at Tables, under a Row of Trees near a Tavern within the Grounds, with Pipes and Beer; and many in the Circle also Smoking and Drinking, and the Drawers continually going the round of them to serve them Liquor and Tobacco. But all as quiet as a Quakers' Meeting, except when a good Hit made, or a Player bowled out, and strange to see how grave and solemn they looked, as if the Sight of Men in white Clothes, knocking a Ball about, were Something serious to think on. Did hear that many had Wagers on the Game, but doubt it, for methinks there had been more Liveliness if much Betting, and Chance of winning or losing Money. The Company very numerous, and among them some in Carriages, and was glad to see so many People diverted, although at what I could not tell. But they enjoyed themselves in their Way, whatever that was, and I in mine, thinking how droll they looked, so earnestly attending to a mere Show of Dexterity. I, for my part, soon out of Patience with the Length of the Innings, and the Stopping and Interruption after each Run, and so away, more tired, I am sure, than any of the Cricketers. Yet I do take Pride, as an Englishman, in our Country Sport of Cricket, albeit I do not care to watch it playing; and certainly it is a manly Game, throwing open the Chest, and strengthening the Limbs, and the Player so often in Danger of being hit by the Ball.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.



BOB BROWN is in love, then, and undergoing the common lot! And so, my dear lad, you are this moment enduring the delights and tortures, the jealousy and wakefulness, the longing and raptures, the frantic despair and elation, attendant upon the passion of love. In the year 1812 (it was before I contracted my alliance with your poor dear aunt, who never caused me any of the disquietudes above enumerated) I myself went through some of those miseries and pleasures, which you now, O my nephew, are enduring. I pity and sympathise with you. I am an old cock now, with a feeble strut and a faltering crow. But I was young once: and remember the time very well. Since that time, *amavi amantes*: if I see two young people happy, I like it: as I like to see children enjoying a pantomime. I have been the con-

fidant of numbers of honest fellows, and the secret watcher of scores of little pretty intrigues in life. Miss Y., I know why you go so eagerly to balls now, and MR. Z., what has set you off dancing at your mature age. Do you fancy, MRS. ALPHA, that I believe you walk every day at half-past eleven by the Serpentine for nothing, and that I don't see young O'MEGA in Rotten Row? . . . And so, my poor BOB, you are shot.

If you lose the object of your desires, the loss won't kill you; you may set that down as a certainty. If you win, it is possible that you will be disappointed; that point also is to be considered. But hit or miss, good luck or bad—I should be sorry, my honest BOB, that thou didst not undergo the malady. Every man ought to be in love a few times in his life, and to have a smart attack of the fever. You are the better for it when it is over: the better for your misfortune if you endure it with a manly heart; how much the better for success if you win it and a good wife into the bargain! Ah! BOB—there is a stone in the burying-ground at Funchal which I often and often think of—many hopes and passions lie beneath it, along with the fairest and gentlest creature in the world—it's not MRS. BROWN that lies there. After life's fitful fever, she sleeps in Marylebone burying-ground, poor dear soul! EMILY BLENKINSOP *might* have been MRS. BROWN, but—but let us change the subject.

Of course you will take advice, my dear BOB, about your flame. All men and women do. It is notorious that they listen to the opinions of all their friends, and never follow their own counsel. Well, tell us about this girl. What are her qualifications, expectations, belongings, station in life, and so forth?

About beauty I do not argue. I take it for granted. A man sees beauty, or that which he likes, with eyes entirely his own. I don't say that plain women get husbands as readily as the pretty girls—but so many handsome girls are unmarried, and so many of the other sort wedded, that there is no possibility of establishing a rule, or of setting up a standard. Poor dear MRS. BROWN was a far finer woman than EMILY BLENKINSOP, and yet I loved her little finger more than the whole hand which your aunt MARTHA gave me—I see the plainest women exercising the greatest fascinations over men—in fine, a man falls in love with a woman because it is fate, because she is a woman; BOB, too, is a man, and endowed with a heart and a beard.

Is she a clever woman? I do not mean to disparage you, my good fellow, but you are not a man that is likely to set the Thames on fire; and I should rather like to see you fall to the lot of a clever woman. A set has been made against clever women from all times. Take all SHAKSPEARE'S heroines—they all seem to me pretty much the same affectionate, motherly, tender, that sort of thing. Take SCOTT'S ladies, and other writers—each man seems to draw from one model—an exquisite slave is what we want for the most part, a humble, flattering, smiling, child-loving, tea-making, piano-forte playing being, who laughs at our jokes however old they may be, coaxes and wheedles us in our humours, and fondly lies to us through life. I never could get your poor aunt into this system, though I confess I should have been a happier man had she tried it.

There are many more clever women in the world than men think for—our habit is to despise them; we believe they do not think because they do not contradict us: and are weak because they do not struggle and rise up against us. A man only begins to know women as he grows old; and for my part my opinion of their cleverness rises every day.

When I say I know women, I mean I know that don't know them. Every single woman I ever knew is a puzzle to me, as I have no doubt she is to herself. Say they are not clever? Their hypocrisy is a perpetual marvel to me, and a constant exercise of cleverness of the finest sort. You see a demure-looking woman perfect in all her duties, constant in house-bills and shirt-buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things; silent, when you and he talk politics, or literature, or balderdash together, and if referred to, saying, with a smile of perfect humility, "O, women are not judges upon such and such matters; we leave learning and politics to men." "Yes, poor POLLY," says JONES, patting the back of MRS. J.'s head good-naturedly, "attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us." Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'; she knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways. She knows your obstinate points, and marches round them with the most curious art and patience, as you will see an ant on a journey turn round an obstacle. Every woman manages her husband: every person who manages another is a hypocrite. Her smiles, her submission, her good-humour, for all which we value her,—what are they but admirable duplicity? We expect falseness from her, and order and educate her to be dishonest. Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail; say that he frown, I'll answer with a smile;—what are these but lies, that we exact from our slaves? lies, the dexterous performance of which we announce to be the female virtues: brutal Turks that we are! I do not say that MRS. BROWN ever obeyed me—on the contrary: but I should have liked it, for I am a Turk like my neighbour.

I will instance your mother now. When my brother comes in to dinner after a bad day's sport, or after looking over the bills of some of you boys, he naturally begins to be surly with your poor dear mother, and to growl at the mutton. What does she do? She may be hurt, but she doesn't show it. She proceeds to coax, to smile, to turn the conversation, to stroke down BRUIN, and get him in a good-humour. She sets him on his old stories, and she and all the girls—poor dear little SAPPHIRAS!—set off laughing; there is that story about the Goose walking into church, which your father tells, and your mother and sisters laugh at, until I protest I am so ashamed that I hardly know where to look. On he goes with that story time after time: and your poor mother sits there and knows that I know she is a humbug, and laughs on; and teaches all the girls to laugh too. Had that dear creature been born to wear a nose-ring and bangles instead of a muff and bonnet, and a brown skin in the place of that fair one with which Nature has endowed her, she would have done Suttee, after your brown Brahmin father had died, and thought women very irreligious too, who refused to roast themselves for their masters and lords. I do not mean to say that the late MRS. BROWN would have gone through the process of incineration for me—far from it: by a timely removal she was spared from the grief which her widowhood would have doubtless caused her, and I acquiesce in the decrees of Fate in this instance, and have not the least desire to have preceded her.

I hope the ladies will not take my remarks in ill part. If I die for it, I must own that I don't think they have fair play. In the bargain we make with them I don't think they get their rights. And as a labourer notoriously does more by the piece than he does by the day, and a free man works harder than a slave, so I doubt whether we get the most out of our women by enslaving them as we do by law and custom. There are some folks who would limit the range of women's duties to little more than a kitchen range—others who like them to administer to our delectation in a ball-room, and permit them to display dimpled shoulders and flowing ringlets—just as you have one horse for a mill, and another for the Park. But in whatever way we like them, it is for our use somehow that we have women brought up; to work for us or to shine for us, or to dance for us or what not. It would not have been thought shame of our fathers fifty years ago, that they could not make a custard or a pie, but our mothers would have been rebuked had they been ignorant on these matters. Why should not you and I be ashamed now because we cannot make our own shoes, or cut out our own breeches? We know better: we get the cobblers and tailors to do that—and it was we who made the

laws for women, who we are in the habit of saying are not so clever as we are.

My dear Nephew, as I grow old and consider these things, I know which are the stronger, men or women; but which are the cleverer, I doubt.

BROWN THE ELDER.

COWARDY! COWARDY! CUSTARD!

HE who in youth has been occasionally deficient in courage may remember to have been addressed in the above terms, and to have been recommended, at the same time, to make a meal on the contents of the paternal mustard-pot. A similar recommendation might at the present moment be made to a certain secretary of the Republic of San Salvador, now resident at Rome, who joined the remainder of the Consuls in a protest against the bombardment of the Eternal City.

After the names of JOHN FREEBORN, consular agent to her Britannic Majesty; JEAN BRAVO, consul of Denmark, and a few others; we have the signature of "A. SHAKING, secretary of the Republic of San Salvador." The nervousness of this secretary, under the dread of bombardment, must have been something truly horrible to have set him A Shaking in the manner described; and the Republic of San Salvador, though it cannot be said its representative at Rome is no great shakes, must feel rather humiliated by the ague-like condition into which the secretary allows himself to be thrown, by the siege operations of the French army.

THE MONSTER PANORAMA MANIAS.

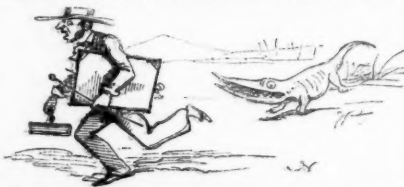
WE have long ago come to the conclusion that the present is the age of Monsters, a conviction that was not disturbed by a slight outbreak of Dwarfs a year or two ago, for there is always a tendency in extremes to meet, and if a Giant starts a show, it is ten to one but a Dwarf will set up next door to him. We began with Monster Meetings: we have since had Monster Concerts, but Monster Panoramas are the latest monstrosity to which we have been subjected. The rival American rivers have brought an overflow to the banks of their respective proprietors, and the Mississippi, as well as the Ohio and the Hudson, have for some time had the tide of success running in their favour.

We have often wondered that no native artist has adopted the Yankee notion, and made a Panoramic Painting of the New River, beginning at the mouth of SIR HUGH MYDDELTON'S head—who, by the way, must have suffered severely from water on the brain, considering that his head has been for the last century or so a tremendous reservoir.

It appears from our contemporary the *Builder* that three English draughtsmen have lately been up the Nile, for the purpose of taking a rough draught of its waters, and we are shortly to have a Panorama of that interesting river. We can imagine the exertions made by the artists in their process of taking their sketches from the spot, and we can fancy one of them mounted on a camel, the camel's hair being from time to time cut to replenish the brushes, while the hump of the brute might be converted into a sort of easel very easily. Whatever may be the intrinsic merits of the forthcoming picture—and we have no doubt they will be great—we ought to take into consideration the courage of the artists in exploring such a river as the Nile, and looking all its perilous features in the face, particularly when some of those features include the mouth

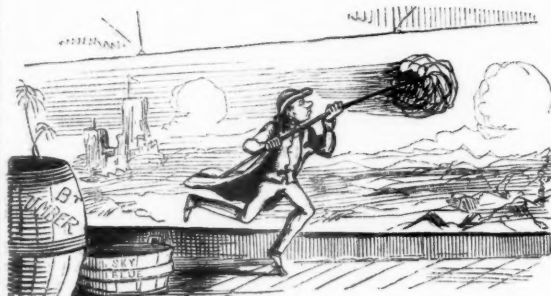


of a Crocodile. It is all very well for an artist at times to allow his subject to run away with him in the enthusiasm of the moment, but no painter finds the clutch of a Crocodile agreeable to his palette. We fear that the draughtsman on the Nile could scarcely ever feel his leg at ease in a place where so many gaping-mouthed monsters are ready to come as

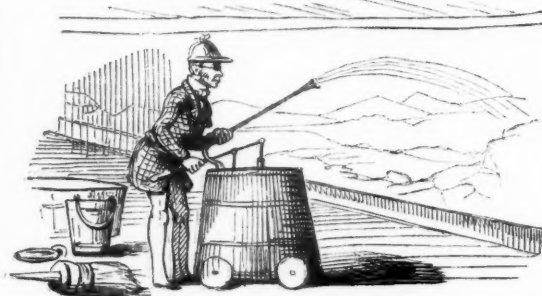


residuary legatees into possession of the limb of any one who, while putting his best leg foremost, is compelled to leave his worst leg a little way behind him.

We cannot, of course, look for any high degree of finish in these paintings, whose merit is measured by their mileage rather than by the talent the artists have displayed, for we presume that the colours can be laid on with nothing more delicate than a mop in the production of



these works, which literally illustrate the maxim as to Art being long and Life being short, for he must have a long life indeed who hopes to see the end of the lengths which our modern artists are going to.



OUR UNHEALTHY COURTS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

"SIR,

"ALL the agitation which has been raised against the Metropolitan Nuisances has, alas! only verified the old vulgar proverb as to the consequences of stirring anything that is unpleasant.

"Those sinks of iniquity in Doctors' Commons, the Ecclesiastical cesspools, exist still in all their offensiveness. The Archers Court abomination in particular, in which the rubbish of ages has been allowed to accumulate, continues to disgrace the legislature and the period.

"The foul and filthy dens in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn yet remain in as disgusting a state as ever. Nothing has been done to rectify the arrangements of the Patent Office, which are such as to smother nine-tenths of our inventive population. The noisome abuses of the Palace Court are unabated, in spite of their notorious enormity. That drain upon the vitals of all who have the misfortune to get within its influence, in the Court of Chancery,—the worst Court in London,—is still open, poisoning the atmosphere far and near, like any Upas.

"The unwholesome condition of Westminster Hall is scandalous to that Parliament to whose place of meeting it is contiguous. In most of these localities the fever of litigation rages with pestilential violence; and their atmosphere is intolerably oppressive, especially to the poorer classes. It was hoped that a noble and learned Lord was about to sweep them clean; but for that purpose I am afraid we want a new BROUGHAM. The nation, in the meanwhile, is welcome to the services of your humble servant,

"BESOM."

Is that a Site to show Anybody?

A BILL is passing through the legislature on the subject of sites for schools. We understand that a certain simple-minded Member intends moving the introduction of a clause restraining anybody belonging to any school from "taking a sight" at any schoolmaster.

RECIPROCITY. A POLITICO-ECONOMICAL IDYLL.

JONATHAN.
Sweet sounds the water-power of yon cascade,
Sweet are the sounds by bones and banjo made,
But sweeter far, I guess, than lyre or rill,
The chink of dollars toted to the till.

JOHN.
Fair in her *crinoline*, moves yonder belle,
Fair is the price at which my goods I sell,
But fairer far than price-list, or than maid,
Was the Protection once enjoyed by trade.

JONATHAN.
I calculate, JOHN Britisher, that we
Of folks on aith are slickest, and most free;
To whittle, whop, trade, trot, drink, dive, or do,
We challenges the world, includin' you.

JOHN.
Oh, JONATHAN—New Englander, methinks,
You must have been indulging in strong drinks;
Had not that vile Free-Trade brought England down,
I'd show how Britons can do Yankess brown!

JONATHAN.
Though free from all restrictions there you stands,
While Shipping Laws and Tariffs tie my hands,
Riled to compete, New York State me has back'd.
To dig this field agin' you, that's a fact!

JOHN.
Agreed!—yet stay: a weasel catch asleep;
Though CORDEN-ridden, still is JOHN BULL deep.
How can such competition equal be,
Unless you'll grant me Reciprocity?

JONATHAN.
I'll give you that or aught—my dander's riz—
But first explain what that you ask for is.

JOHN.
Our Laws have loosed my hands, while yours, more kind,
With close Protection have your arms confined;
If I'm to dig 'gainst you, with chance to win,
My limbs must be tied up 'ere I begin.
For how, my friend, can my free hands e'er hope
In wielding tools with your tied hands to cope?
Not so—my teachers in Protection's school
Have taught to me, thank Heaven, a wiser rule,
Never to part with aught that cramps one's powers,
Unless our rival's hands be loosed, like ours.

JONATHAN.
Enough. But say—was he as taught your school
A t'arnal knave, or a t'arnation fool?
Were but my hands like yours, loose at my side,
Darn'd if I'd ever ask to have 'em tied.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WE are happy to find, that, in addition to Young England parties, Tory parties, Whig parties, Radical parties, and Charter parties, we are likely to have at last a good water party in the country, for the purpose of obtaining purity in what may be fairly called one of the great elements of society. There is at last something in the wind, on the subject of what has too long been suffered to exist in the water. The existing companies will find that, though we have hitherto allowed them to lay it on to us just as they liked, we have resolved to use all our might to reject the existing main, and summarily to put out the pipes of those who are determined to make us go through thick and thin for a cup of tea from our own cisterns.

There is no Place like the Home Office.

THE answer to a public deputation is generally a promise "to consider." EARL GREY might certainly be called the most promising man of the administration. He could issue promissory notes, which should run thus:—"In three months' time I promise to consider, &c." They would save a deal of worry and expectation, if well circulated amongst public bodies, for a deputation would know at once what to expect. As it is, people say that, despite the long time the Home Secretary takes "to consider," his decisions are never worth the smallest consideration. They declare "he is the very slowest Minister, considering." It would seem that, in the Government team, "the Grey is not the best Horse."

GRAND BANQUET TO MR. PUNCH.



IN imitation of the Sovereign of these dominions—whose example a person as distinguished even as Mr. Punch may be proud to follow—the acknowledged Sovereign of the Press has graciously condescended to accept the hospitality which some of his subjects have ventured to offer him. The first of a series of entertainments was the other day given to him by MR. DUNUP, that very distinguished subject, who has on more than one occasion entertained the world at large, and who, preliminary to his being gazetted as C.B., Common Bankrupt, or presented at court—that court whose brightest ornaments are in *basso relievo*, or, in other words, where insolvents stand out in base relief—was permitted to entertain his Fleet-Streetian Majesty.

At precisely five o'clock, *Punch*, accompanied by *Toby*, who wore the collar of his own order, arrived at the grand staircase of MR. DUNUP's chambers. The popular air of "Who's that knocking at the door?" was immediately struck up from the inside, and was replied to by "Come, if you dare," in a minor key through the major key-hole. The outer door was immediately thrown open sufficiently to admit the distinguished guests, but was immediately closed on its being ascertained that the sheriff, with a promptitude that did him credit, had despatched two or three of his officers to render good service of various writs, had there been an opportunity of doing so. Mr. Punch was accordingly received with a salaam from MR. DUNUP, followed by a slam of the outer door, which served as an efficient substitute for a royal salute, echoed as it was by the battery of the officers on the outside, who, after a few volleys of abuse, retired.

MR. DUNUP received his visitors upon a raised mat, and having thus placed himself on the high ropes, he was enabled to assume a becoming dignity. Having led the way along the hall of hat pegs, the floor of which was covered with cloth of the richest oil, from the manufactory of SMITH AND BABER, and worthy of the palace of ALI BABA himself, MR. DUNUP proceeded past the celebrated DUNUP diamond—the well-known black one—which was placed in the helmet of one of his ancestors, a helmet coal-scoop given him by his grandmother. Mr. Punch was then conducted to the inner apartment, where the banquet was laid out in the most tasteful manner. Everything—including the plate—was of British manufacture; and a brass band stationed outside, having struck up "*Al idea di quel metallo*," the effect was quite electro-cal. On a temporary buffet—made of the wash-hand stand, and covered with a piece of carpet from one of the Ministers, either Ax or Kidder, we are unable to say which, stood a handsome china salver, containing the whole of MR. DUNUP's stock of silver—three shillings, with a fourpenny bit—which had been displayed with a due regard to effect on this occasion. Over the mantel-piece was pasted what MR. DUNUP calls the *Magna Charta*, or Great Bill of his Family—being a bill for £20, accepted by one of his ancestors, and unsullied by that appendage in the corner, which has placed so many of MR. DUNUP's notes or bills among the Notabilia of our commercial history. *Punch* sat in the place of honour, *Toby* standing, as he always does, on his own right, and MR. DUNUP placing himself opposite.

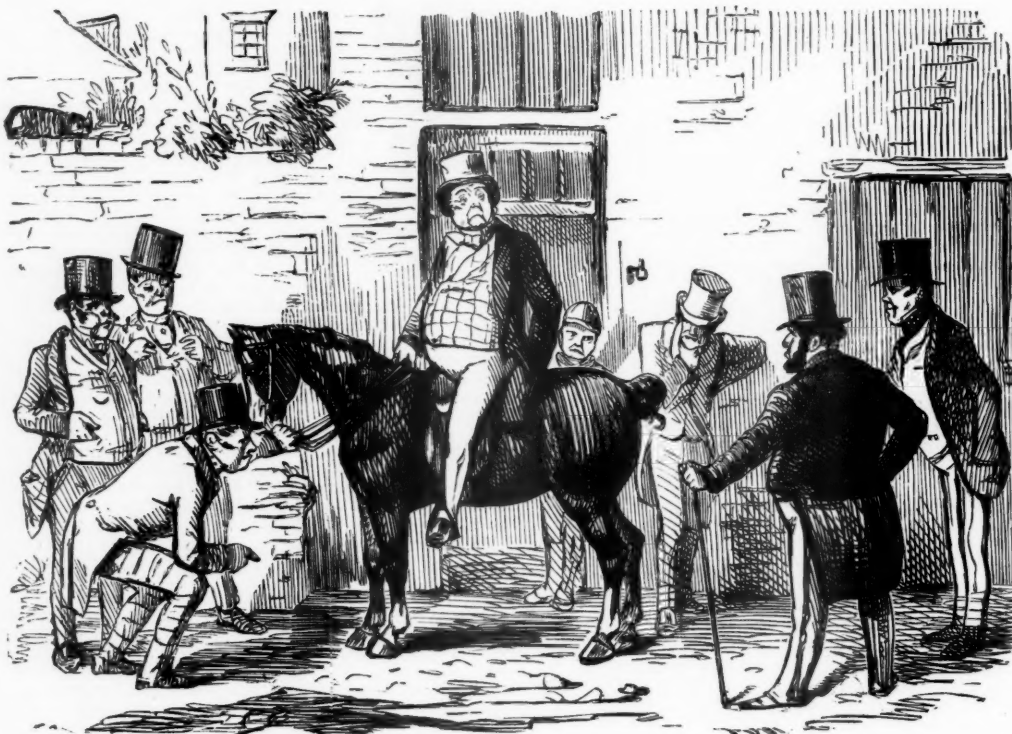
The Banquet was of the most gorgeous description; consisting of beef thoroughly *à-la-mode*, and salad, such as might suit the fastidious taste of even a Saladin. The potatoes were of remarkable size and symmetry; while a dish of French beans, which graced the end of the table, may be pronounced something very rare, for there were not more than ten of these verdant luxuries. By way of tit-bit in the centre, or more properly speaking, centre-bit, was a patty of veal and ham served up *sub vel-am-ine*, or under a cover.

The second course consisted of a delicious *ris-au-lait* of Patna Rice, with the appropriate motto, "*Risum teneatis, amici*," worked in beet-root round the edge of it.

The Dessert consisted of a pine-clad pottle of strawberries, one of which was snapped at by *Toby*, who, hearing the word *hautboy* pronounced, mistook it for "Ho! boy!" and clutched the fruity morsel. We had almost forgotten to say that the wines were also of truly British manufacture; and that the beers included the choicest ginger, as well as the strongest double X.

After the Toast, *Toby* favoured the company with "The Bonny Bark" in six sharps, and at this moment the lighting of the gas-light in the court below produced an effect which the distinguished visitors went to the window to admire. During this incident tea was served by an officer of the Native Tea-boys under a slight discharge of gun-powder and canister; after which the illustrious guests descended to the street, MR. DUNUP whistling "Such a getting down Stairs," and escorting them to one of the innumerable "busses that had been provided for their—and the general—convenience."

PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.—HORSE No. 3.



MR. BRIGGS, DETERMINED TO HAVE NO MORE INFERIOR HORSES, GIVES A GOOD ROUND SUM FOR "A CLEVER COB—UP TO GREAT WEIGHT—AND THAT A CHILD MIGHT RIDE." HE HAS SOME FRIENDS (WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT A HORSE IS) TO DINE WITH HIM, WHOSE OPINIONS HE WISHES TO HAVE.

First Friend. "AH—VERY NICE—VERY NICE—BUT NOT MY SORT—BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT A GOOD DEAL, I SHOULD SAY—DRIVEN IN A BUTCHER'S CART, PERHAPS, AND SOLD BECAUSE HE WASN'T FAST ENOUGH."

Second Ditto. "HE HASN'T BEEN DOWN, BRIGGS, HAS HE? IS THAT A SCRATCH, OR IS IT ONLY THE LIGHT?"

Third Ditto. "DOES HE SHY AT ALL? HIS EYES DON'T LOOK QUITE THE THING."

Fourth Ditto. "I TELL YOU WHAT, BRIGGS, YOU MUST HAVE HIM LOOKED AFTER A LITTLE BETTER, OR HE 'LL VERY SOON HAVE A CRACKED HEEL."

Fifth Ditto. "THAT HOCK SEEMS RATHER QUEER," &c., &c., &c.

A REGISTERED SHERIFF.

IT USED TO BE SAID THAT THE BATTLE OF THE CONSTITUTION IS TO BE FOUGHT IN THE REGISTRATION COURTS, BUT IT IS NOW QUITE CERTAIN THAT THE BATTLE OF THE SHRIEVALTY OF LONDON IS TO BE FOUGHT IN THE REGISTRATION PALETOTS. NICOLL, WHO HAS LONG PROFFESSED TO CLOTHE EVEN A *Falstaff* WITH ELEGANCE, AND WOULD CHEERFULLY REGISTER THE TONNAGE OF THAT TON OF MAN IN A REGISTERED OVER-COAT, HAS BEEN ELECTED SHERIFF OF THE FIRST CITY IN THE WORLD. HAPPILY FOR THOSE WHO LIVE IN FEAR OF THE OFFICERS OF THE SHERIFF, THEY MAY NOW GO AND ENTER AN APPEARANCE FOR £1 15s. AT THE HOUSE OF THE SHERIFF HIMSELF, BY ENDORSING THEMSELVES IN ONE OF HIS REGISTERED WRAPPERS. WHO NEED FEAR THE UTMOST RIGOUR OF THE LAW, WHEN ITS MOST FORMIDABLE OFFICER DEVOTES HIMSELF TO NO OTHER KIND OF RIGOUR, THAN RIGGING OUT THOSE WHO COME TO HIM, WITH "CASH DOWN," FOR AN OVER-COAT? TO THOSE WHO ARE IN HOT WATER, THE AQUA-SCUTUM OF THE SHERIFF WILL PROVE AN INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

There is some Pleasure in being in Parliament.

SIBTHORP SAYS, "A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT HAS THREE PLEASURES IN MAKING A SPEECH. FIRST OF ALL, THE PLEASURE OF MAKING IT; SECONDLY, THE PLEASURE OF READING IT; AND THIRDLY, THE PLEASURE OF BEING ABUSED FOR IT AFTERWARDS." WE SHOULD SAY THAT THE LAST IS A PLEASURE THAT OUR FRIEND THE COLONEL IS RARELY DISAPPOINTED IN.

STOCK IN TRADE FOR SALE.

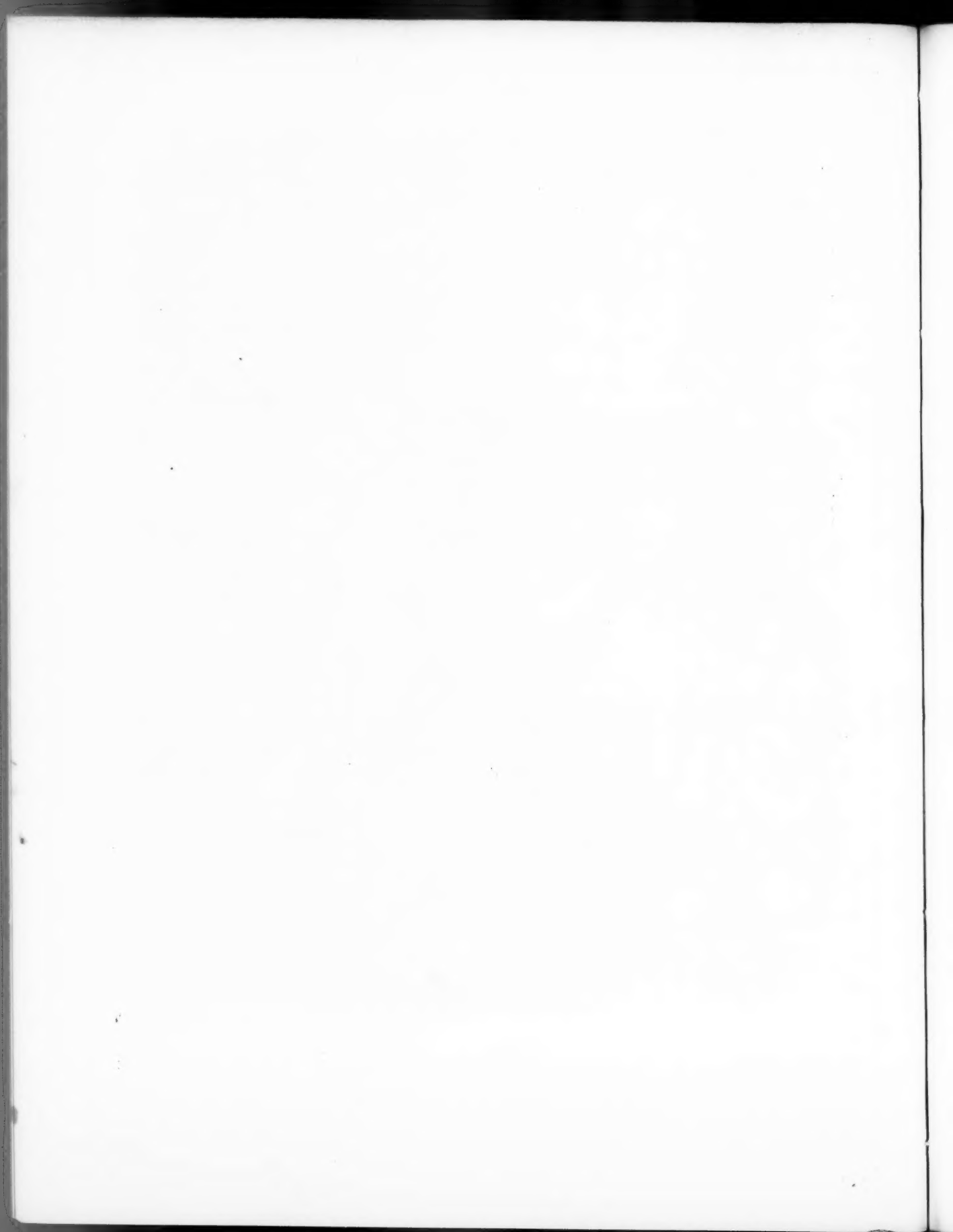
MR. PUNCH IS INSTRUCTED TO OFFER TO PUBLIC COMPETITION, A PRIME ASSORTMENT OF DAMAGED GOODS, THE STOCK IN TRADE OF MR. B. DISRAELI, M. P., WHOSE RECENT PARLIAMENTARY FAILURE, IN CONNECTION WITH THE STATE OF THE NATION, HAS CREATED SUCH UNIVERSAL EXCITEMENT. THESE ARTICLES, HAVING BEEN SMASHED BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ARE NOW TO BE PEREMPTORILY DISPOSED OF AS BROKEN-UP MATERIALS, WHICH NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN WILL FIND QUITE CAPABLE OF BEING WORKED UP AGAIN INTO SPEECHES ADAPTED TO THE MERIDIAN OF PROTECTIONIST MEETINGS.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG THE PRINCIPAL BARGAINS:—A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF FACTS IN PROOF OF THE DISTRESS OF THE NATION, ONLY A LITTLE EXAGGERATED, AMONG WHICH WILL BE FOUND SOME UNSOUND STATISTICS WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF INTERESTED PARTIES. A MASS OF RUBBISH CONSISTING OF FIGURES, ADMIRABLY CALCULATED TO MYSTIFY THE UNINFORMED. A STRING OF NON-SEQUITURS, CONNECTING IRISH MISERY AND COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION IN ENGLAND WITH FREE TRADE; WARRANTED TO PASS FOR ARGUMENT WITH COUNTRY GENTLEMEN. A LARGE QUANTITY OF CLAP-TRAP, SOMEWHAT THE WORSE FOR WEAR, BUT WHICH MAY ALWAYS BE DEPENDED UPON TO DRAW DOWN THE APPLAUSE OF THE UNSOPHISTICATED. THE FACTS, FIGURES, ARGUMENTS, STATISTICS, &c. WILL BE PUT UP IN LOTS, AND KNOCKED DOWN IN SUCCESSION TO THE BEST BIDDER.

"PAX VOBISCU."—The French artillery at Rome has been called "The Canons of the Church."



A PARCEL OF OLD ——— FRIGHTENED AT A NASTY!
GREAT! UGLY! JEW BILL.

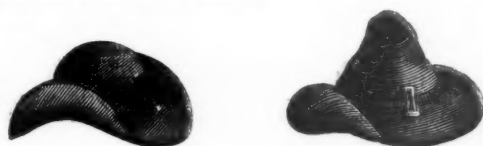


LOOK A-HEAD! WHAT AH! YOUR HAT!



AN enormous amount of humiliation seems to have come down upon the devoted heads of various individuals now about town, for such an assemblage of "shocking bad hats" has never been seen since the day when the cry of "What a shocking bad hat!" was ringing in the ears of nearly every one of us. The present race of hats is so utterly uncouth, that we really wish for even that enormous instrument of Eastern despotism—a Hatti Scheriff—to be enforced against those hats for the purpose of putting them down in a summary manner.

We are inclined to believe that almost every one of these hats could tell a tale about its wearer, and that castor-ology would be a science no less interesting than phrenology, if we were to take the trouble to study it. The odious affair known vulgarly as the Wide-awake speaks loudly of slang and snobbishness, while there are others in the variety of hats which must be felt to be understood, and which really are felt when you look into them. The Gibus hat speaks of the elasticity of youth, and is a type of the buoyancy with which the crushed heart resumes its former shape, and springs as it were to life when roused by a pressure from within; but there are other hats which, utterly without nap, seem to speak of the total absence of rest for the head within them. A few years ago England thrust its head into gossamer, a proof of light-headedness which was scarcely creditable to our natural good sense, but perhaps our recent rush into velvet betrays a softness in the upper story, which is scarcely more to our credit. We would not be considered captious, but we certainly think the heads of the people were never more open to criticism on the score of hats than at the present moment.



PROTECTION FOR EVERYBODY.

EVERYBODY, seemingly, is crying out for Protection. The Protectionists demand it, and SIR CHARLES NAPIER is calling for Protection for the British Navy. Then there is Protection for the Colonies, which England, if she is a good parent, ought certainly to grant, for every good mother is bound to do the best for her children.

To listen to all these cries for Protection, one would imagine that everyone was in the most unprotected state. You would fancy everybody was attacking his neighbour, and that nothing was safe, excepting *Punch* and the Bank. Our simple advice is, "Let every one protect himself." Why, look at us. Our columns are pilfered in every direction. Our jokes are stolen by the dozen, and yet do we cry out for "Protection?" No! ROGERS's bank was not broken by the loss of a paltry £10,000. We only laugh at the robbery, and go on circulating more jokes. Depend upon it, the best Protection in the world is for everybody to do his best. Perfection is its own Protection.

A CHANGE FROM BAD TO WORSE.

THE Protectionist party, since it has taken MR. DISRAELI for its head, is known by the title of "THE UN-STABLE MIND."

"WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS?"

THE Tories started a young Lord for the City, as they said they did not see why London should be represented by the Old Jewry.

GRAND ELECTION FOR THE PREMIERSHIP OF ENGLAND.

THIS Election, which had excited a deal of interest amongst all parties, came off by appointment in the House of Commons, on Monday evening, the 2nd of July.

The proceedings were opened by MR. DISRAELI. He said, "He had great pleasure in rising to propose a dear friend of his to fill the situation of Premier of England. He had known him from his earliest childhood, and the acquaintance, which had been kept up now for a long series of years, without a moment's interruption, had ripened, he would say, into love. He would not weary the Assembly with a *catalogue raisonné* of all his talents and virtues. They were known to all the world, and had endeared him to everybody—but this he would boldly state, that he knew no man better qualified to fill the present vacancy than his honourable friend. (*Cries of 'Name! Name!'*) Without further preface, then, he begged to propose for the Premiership of England his dear friend, MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, a gentleman for whom he had always entertained the very highest respect."

A great confusion here ensued, amidst loud cries of "Don't you wish you may get it?" and other elegant interrogatories generally put to candidates at elections, when

THE SPEAKER, upon obtaining silence, took the liberty to observe that no one had seconded the Nomination.

MR. DISRAELI rose again, and said, "that it gave him the greatest pleasure to second the Nomination of the honourable gentleman above named—a gentleman, the longer he had known him the more he had loved him—a gentleman—"

Here the noise was so great, that it was impossible to understand a single word of the honourable gentleman's speech. He spoke for several hours, but not a person seemed to be sensible of what he was saying. At last a

MR. ROEBUCK, who had been very prominent in the opposition, came forward to be informed if there was not some slight mistake?

MR. DISRAELI said, "No mistake whatever."

MR. ROEBUCK. "Then, if I understand you rightly, you seriously propose MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI as the fittest and most qualified person to sit in the House as Premier."

MR. DISRAELI. "Precisely."

This announcement was received with the loudest laughter, and the House broke up.

SECOND EVENING'S ELECTION.

The proceedings commenced amidst the greatest hilarity, by LORD JOHN RUSSELL demanding a poll.

MR. DISRAELI had to express his astonishment at the noble Lord taking him in this way by surprise.

LORD JOHN was no less astonished when the honourable gentleman had had a whole week to canvass the House. He certainly should not give way.

A scrutiny was demanded, and the SPEAKER declared the state of the poll to be as follows:—

Votes for LORD JOHN RUSSELL	296
Votes for BENJAMIN DISRAELI	156

Majority for LORD JOHN	140
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LORD JOHN RUSSELL was accordingly declared to be elected.

Thus terminated this extraordinary Election, the result of which had been long anticipated by everybody, and against which there has been one universal outcry, viz., that it could not possibly have been productive of any good, and has only been the cause of the greatest interruption to business.

MR. DISRAELI has not been heard of since.

The Law of Precedence at Court.

THERE is but one person who has the privilege of preceding the QUEEN, not only at the Coronation, but on all state occasions, and he, from his elevated position, is entitled, not merely to sit above HER MAJESTY, but also to turn his back upon her; and, moreover, is allowed to keep his hat on all the while in the royal presence. Who can he be? As the reader will never guess, we do not mind telling him; he is THE STATE COACHMAN.—*Punch's Pocket Mirror of Etiquette for the Waistcoat Pocket of Everybody.*

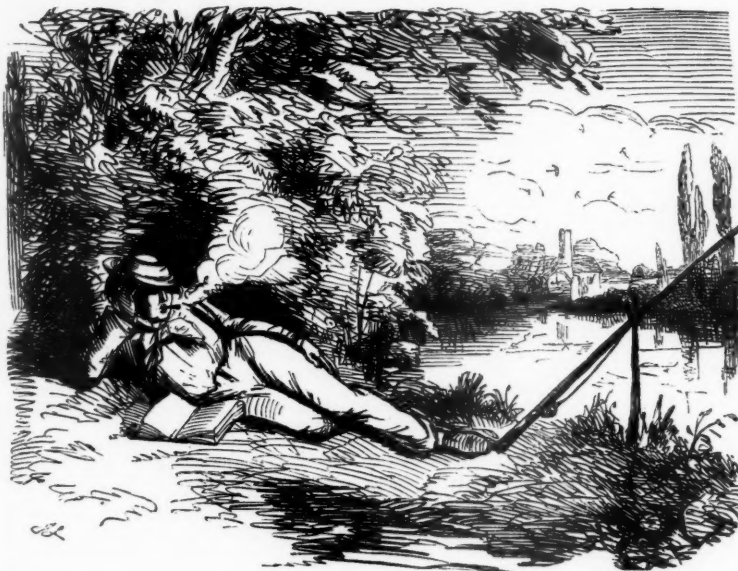
WE LIKE TO ENCOURAGE GENIUS.

THE following is the effort of *Punch's* youngest contributor:—

"When is a tailor like a cricketer?"

"When he is 'stumped out' from 'missing his tip!'"

It isn't so bad for a youngster, is it?



Enthusiastic Fisherman. "WHAT A BORE! JUST LIKE MY LUCK. NO SOONER HAVE I GOT MY TACKLE READY, AND SETTLED DOWN TO A BOOK, THAN THERE COMES A CONFOUNDED BITE!"

A VERY BAD SURGICAL CASE.

ONE of the worst surgical cases we have heard of for some time, is the case of the Assistant-Surgeons of the Navy, who, though almost always men of mature age, are shoved like a "parcel of boys" down into the cockpit with the midshipmen. By professional rank and pay, they are perfectly qualified to join at least the Ward-room Mess; but the Admiralty authorities, who care for no messes, apparently, but those of their own friends, leave the Assistant-Surgeons to take their chance among the practical joking of the Middies, and to the society of the Mates, with whom—we mean nothing disrespectful to either party—the studious professor of Surgery finds himself very ill-mated.

It has been recommended over and over again by Committees and Commissions, that the Assistant-Surgeons should be placed on board ship in a class better suited to their intellectual and social position; but the Admiralty remains entirely deaf, and labours, we fear, under that very acute sort of deafness, to which those who won't hear are liable. The ear-trumpets of *Punch* are known to be very powerful; and we shall certainly try the effect of one on behalf of the Naval Assistant-Surgeons, if they cannot otherwise render their complaints audible.

A TRIFLE FOR LORD JOHN.

WHAT is the meaning of Finality? Government without an end.

PUNCH'S FREE ADMISSION TO THE EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON.

A FREE ADMISSION TO BURFORD'S PANORAMA.



ow comfortable it is to run from one continent to the other merely by descending a flight of stairs, more especially when you are not stopped by a revolution on the landing-place!

The globe at BURFORD'S Panorama is divided into floors; each room generally contains a different quarter. At present, there is Europe on the first floor, whilst Asia is up on the third-floor back; Pompeii, very properly, is down in the kitchen, buried probably in the dust-bin, as best befitting a city of ashes.

What is railroad travelling compared to the speed with which one travels in this Panorama? You ascend twenty steps, and ho! presto high-cockolorum-jig, you are 5676 feet above the level of the sea; in less than two minutes you have jumped from Leicester Square to the highest point of Mont Righi. A comet could not have done it quicker.

Look down upon that monster twelfth-cake, of which the snow forms the sugar, and the pretty cottages the ornaments;—you behold Switzerland. It seems as if it had been tossed in a blanket and broken all to bits, but it looks so nice, that we heard a young lady say, she should like to cut it into slices, and send a bit to each of her friends.

Did you ever see such a heap of mountains? Primrose Hill collapses into a gooseberry by the side of them; Holborn Hill sinks into a mushroom, whilst its neighbour, Snow, hides its Saracen's Head from very shame, and rings the bell of St. Sepulchre's for its own burial. How they all came here is a marvel; they must have been very difficult to pack. Our private opinion is, that the skies must have rained mountains at some time or other, and that these were a few of them. Depend upon it, each glacier was only an enormous hail-stone in the days when the Titans used to play at snowballs, and throw Mont Blanc, Schreckhorn, and the other little hillocks, at one another.

It seems very absurd for us to go all the way to Wenham Lake for ice, when there is more than sufficient here to supply all the GUNTERS in the world till the last minutes of the Last Man. Why not import a glacier or two as a sample? They would do deliciously for sherry-cobblers; whilst the confectioner would make his fortune who opened

with the *Mer de Glace*; for, as its name implies, it must be brimful of ices. There is the celebrated *Todi*, also; why, the very thing for whiskey-drinkers!

Now the summer has come, there will be no spot in London more agreeable to visit than Switzerland. The snow looks so fresh and cool. It will be like sitting in an ice-house. We should not be surprised if MR. BURFORD kept his wine in the Finster Aar-Horn! How deliciously iced it must be!

There is one great comfort about the Panorama. However much the continent may be closed by revolutions against travelling, Leicester Square is always open, and the excursionist can make the *grand tour* of Europe in it, without any fear of an amateur brigand, with a Tyrolean hat and red feathers, popping at him behind a road-cross in the name of freedom! Moreover, he requires no passport as long as he has a shilling in his pocket.

We will now run up stairs and stroll through the "Valley of Cashmere." You may well exclaim "How lovely!" Do you not long for a horse to scamper over the beautiful country? Would it not be even a delightful place for picnics, and for regattas, and water-parties! If anything, there is rather too much water, and the place has a slight touch of the ague. We imagine the natives must move about with cork-belts, for every other street is a canal, and the children must swim long before they know how to walk. By the way, we are inclined to think that a Cashmere washes, for the one before us appears to be soaking in one immense tub of water.

Do you notice the river—it is our school friend, Hydaspes—how it is covered with floating gardens? These are made of weeds, firmly matted together, over which is thrown manure and soil. Flowers, fruit, cucumbers, the lovely nelumbium and the curious sinhara—in fact, all the delicacies of the season—grow to great luxuriance on these swimming flower-beds. We have a great mind to try something of the sort, by planting one of DR. ARNOTT'S aquatic mattresses with sunflowers and a gooseberry-bush, and sending it adrift on the river.

Cashmere is in rather a torn and tattered state at present. The Sikhs have been playing (we cannot help it) Sikhs and sevens with it lately. Nature, however, will not be conquered, and the valley can still validate its claim of being one of the most beautiful spots in the world. How can it well be otherwise when it wears upon its brow a diadem like

THE POONCH MOUNTAINS,

which are evidently so called after us; only we wish they had been

christened in good English, instead of that broad Scotch. The inhabitants of these mountains, we are told, already perpetrate puns. Let us hope these poor misguided people will soon see the error of their ways, and strive to become civilised members of the community, and do greater honour to the proud name they bear.

CONGRATULATORY ODE TO THE FRENCH ON THEIR TRIUMPH AT ROME.

Brave citizens of France, proclaim a *fête*,
For you have laid the Roman Eagle low;
With pomp and pageant, therefore, celebrate
Your glorious triumph o'er a stronger foe;
Stronger in cause—in justice and in right—
A vast advantage; but availing not
When match'd against the more substantial might
Of rifle-bullet, rocket, shell, and shot.

By patriotic ardour long repell'd,
Your warlike banner still ye dared advance;
Numbers and skill alone your hopes upheld,
Yet victory has crown'd the brow of France;
You should exult, then, o'er the prostrate foe;
Yes, ye should glory o'er the vanquish'd Brave,
As might the victors at Thermopylæ
Have held their orgies on the Spartans' grave.

Oh valiant OUDINOT! Courageous band,
In whom Rome's awful walls awoke no dread,—
Those walls by Freedom's living warriors mann'd,
And watch'd by spirits of the mighty dead—
Honour to you, ye brave! From sire to son
Your fame to latest ages handed down,
Divide the glory of the Goth and Hun;
Share ALARIC's and ATILIA's renown.

Come, sing aloud the *Marseillaise* with glee,
For tyranny by Frenchmen's aid restored;
Raise ye the strain, "*Mourir pour la patrie*,"
On having smitten patriots with the sword:
Come, ye sincere republicans of France,
Come forth, whilst crackers bounce and cannons boom,
Around your Trees of Liberty to dance,
And trample on the liberty of Rome.

HE WON'T BE BEAT.

SOME people are fond of having the last word, but DR. REID, the great ventilator, will assuredly not be satisfied unless he can have the last blow. He has actually petitioned the House of Commons in favour of his system. We cannot wonder at the coolness of a gentleman who lives in such a frosty world as DR. REID has chosen to make "a world of his own;" but the idea of petitioning the very assembly, against which he has been dealing his "heavy blows and great discouragements" for the last two or three years, and soliciting the sufferers from the system to sanction its re-adoption, is really preposterous. DR. REID's ventilation has been so frequently denounced by Members of the Commons, that, unless they have learned from him how to blow hot and cold, they cannot turn round and give it their patronage. We should be delighted to give DR. REID a fair chance, but we cannot stand tamely by and see the British Legislature deliberately blown to shivers by his windy processes.

MR. DISRAELI'S GREAT FEATURE.

"THE great feature of the day," says MR. DISRAELI, "is perplexity and inability." Really, if we had been asked for a definition of the long speech, of which the above forms a part, upon the State of the Nation, we doubt if we could have said anything better than

"The great feature of MR. DISRAELI's speech is perplexity and inability."

We scarcely know, in fact, which abounds most.

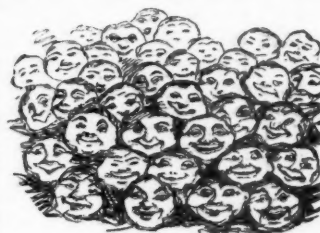
The great remedy for the above state of things is, "Elect MR. DISRAELI Prime Minister;" such a remedy, we are sadly afraid, would only increase the "perplexity," and establish still more clearly the "inability," of the honourable gentleman, who so modestly proposes himself as Premier of England.

By-the-by, if any one had questioned us as to what was MR. DISRAELI's "great feature," we certainly should say, looking at the result of all his divisions, "Decidedly the NOES;" it is prominent in everything to which he has given his countenance.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE PEOPLE.

WHEN there is a talk of any Extension of the Suffrage, it is naturally enough usual to inquire how far the Intelligence of the People would

justify their being entrusted with the right of voting for Members of Parliament. As far as the amount of intelligence can be gathered from the conduct of the people at public meetings of a political character, we regret to say the account is somewhat beggarly. The late election for the City of London presented a very poor result with reference to the wisdom of the masses, who had nothing better than bellowing and roaring to offer, by way of criticism, on the merits of the respective candidates. One of our staff



ROTHSCHILD FOR EVER!!



NO MANNERS!

to furnish us with a pictorial sketch of the proceedings, which consisted of the emission, from several hundred open mouths, of a quantity of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." Nothing else was audible during the attempts of LORD JOHN MANNERS to address the multitude, whose intelligence never reached beyond such a remark as "Go home," "It won't do here," or some other observation of about equal profundity. Such ejaculations do not say very much for the sagacity of the people from whom they emanate, and who can scarcely lay claim to a voice in the representation, when the only use to which the voice appears to be put is such as the election for the City of London has just exemplified.

THE CRY OF THE STATION CLERKS.

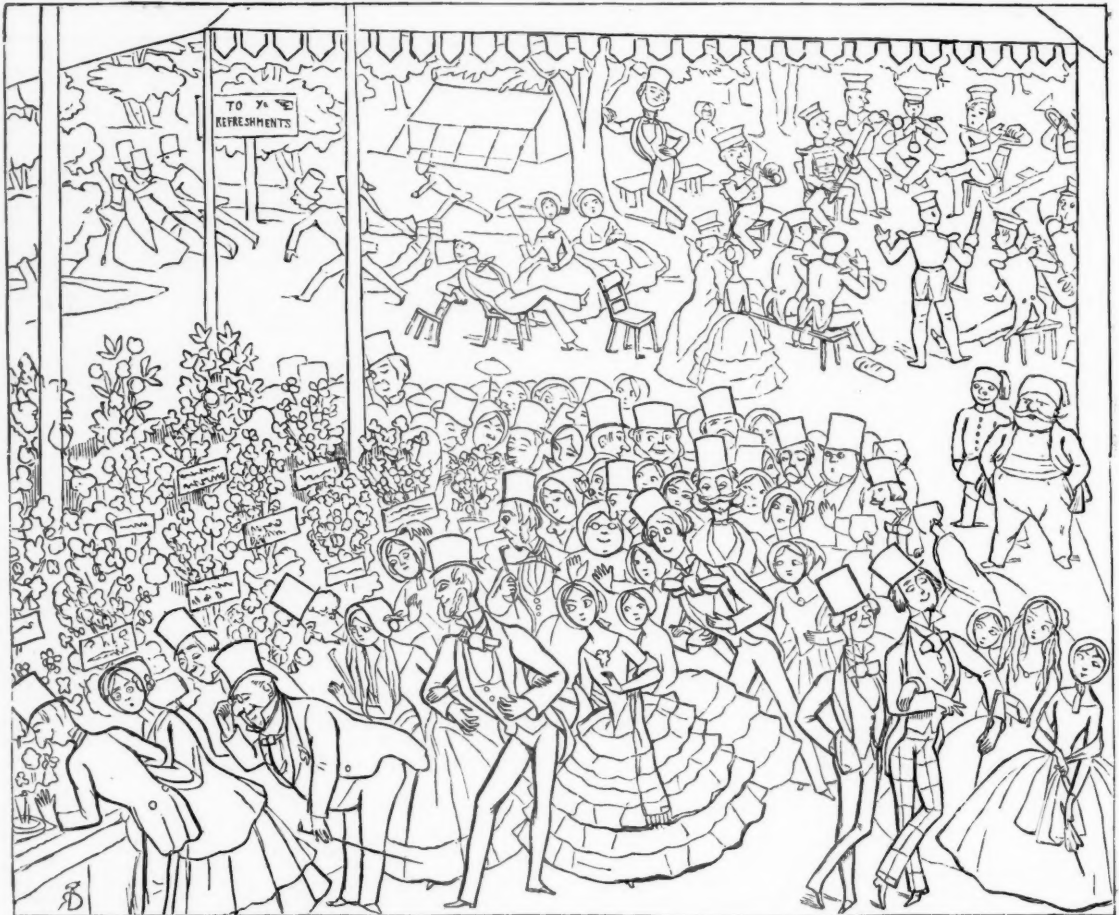
WE have often pitied the fate of the unfortunate Station Clerk, doomed to fill up the intervals between the arrivals of the different trains, by starting off in a train of thought, or to amuse his leisure by listening to the porter's account of luggage and parcels to be forwarded—a branch of Porter's Statistics which must be remarkably devoid of interest.

For the Station Clerk the only excitement is the arrival and departure of the up and down train—the only phase, by the way, of the ups and downs of life with which he has an opportunity of becoming familiar. From year's end to year's end he must be at his post, with nothing to vary his dull routine, unless a collision happens to give a little lull to the scene, by causing the death of a few passengers. Sometimes he may be allowed a little bit of garden where he grows some half peck of peas in the course of the year, until some rude engine, rushing off the rails, crushes the tender plant with its rude tender.

The Hermit of Vauxhall is a joyous reveller compared with the Railway Station Clerk, in some remote places on a line (like some of those on the South Eastern, for example) where the traveller never stops, and whose names are almost unknown to the most acute of geographers. There is a victim at Pluckley, and another at Edenbridge, whose seclusion is only interrupted by the shriek of the whistle, and the useless stoppage of the train to put down an ideal passenger, who never alights, or to take up some phantom wayfarer, who never makes his appearance.

We have heard a great deal about the horrors of the Solitary System as applied to criminals, but how much worse is it to visit such a system upon the innocent Railway Station Clerks! To add to the miseries of their condition, they have no respite from that fate, but are compelled to remain perpetually at their posts without a holiday.

An effort is being made to obtain for them this boon, and we, who are strong adherents of the maxim that "All work and no play makes JACK a dull boy," having also an inherent hatred of dulness, shall be glad to lend our aid to the oppressed Station Clerks in their very reasonable demand for a holiday.



THE FLOWER SHOVE AT CHRYSYK GARDENS.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Saturday, June 9, 1849. My Wife holding me to my Promise to take her to the Chiswick Flower Show, and I could not break it: for certainly the poor Wretch do drudge in the House like a Slave; and so often as I go out for Pleasure myself, methinks it were well to give her a Treat now and then, to ease my Conscience, and keep her quiet also. So took her, though our two Tickets together came to 10s., and we thither in an Omnibus, and the Fare doubled on the Occasion, instead of 1s. cost me 2s. more, which made me mad. A rare Sight, nigh the Gardens, to look out on the Line of Carriages behind us, and methought how mean and paltry it seemed to be riding in an Omnibus; and was in some Trouble lest any of our acquaintance should be in the Carriages, and see us 'light. At the Passage to the Gardens beset by Fellows with Shoe-Brushes and Clothes-Brushes, importunate to brush my Coat and Boots, that were clean enough, but only to earn 4d. or 6d. Our Tickets delivered, and we into the Grounds with a Stream of Company, and followed them and our Ears to a Band of Musique, the Horse Guards', playing hard by a Grove of Rhododendrons in full Bloom, and a Mob of Beauties round about them more blooming still. Heard a Medley-Piece of Scraps of most of the Operas that I knew; which was better Musique than I expected. Then to the Tents, where the Prize-Flowers are shown, on high Stands as long as a moderate-sized Barn; and there a pretty Display of Orchids, Azaleas, Cactuses, Pelargoniums, and Heaths, very rare and curious, and a few choice Roses; but I expected to see Roses as big as Cabbages. Many of the Flowers

finely variegated, and giving forth a Perfume sweeter than ATKINSON his shop. Strange how to some of the Pelargoniums were given the names of GRISI, ALBONI, MARIO, and other Opera Singers: and M^r. WAGSTAFFE do say it is Musique in a Flower-Pot. After seeing the Flowers, to stroll about the Walks and among the Trees, and view the Flowers without Stalks, which I do admire most of all, and a brave Show they were, drest out in their gayest, and smiling as if resolved to look as pretty as they could; and looking all the brighter for the Sun shining without a Cloud to be seen: whereby out of Pain for my Wife's pink Bonnet, which, if spoiled by the Rain usual at this Show, had been £2 2s. gone. The Bands from Time to Time beat a March about the Garden; when to see the fine Ladies and Gentlemen follow at the Soldiers' Heels, natural as ragged Street-Children! At last all played together, and ended with *God Save the Queen*; when the Flowers wheeled away. But the Company remaining, some sitting on Benches to make a Lane, and the Rest of the Multitude walking up and down to be seen, and the Beauties showing off their Graces, which I did inspect from Head to Foot. My Wife beginning to admire a certain *Satin*; so knowing what this signified, away, and home to a Leg of Mutton; thinking of the State of the Nation, which should not be so mighty gloomy to judge of it by Chiswick Flower Show, and wondering how much all the Finery there cost, and where all the Money could have come from.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN
ABOUT TOWN.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.



LONG years ago, indeed it was at the Peace of Amiens, when with several other young bucks I was making the grand tour, I recollect how sweet we all of us were upon the lovely DUCHESS OF MONTEPULCIANO at Naples, who to be sure was not niggardly of her smiles in return. There came a man amongst us, however, from London, a very handsome young fellow, with such an air of fascinating melancholy in his looks, that he cut out all the other suitors of the

Duchess in the course of a week, and would have married her very likely, but that war was declared while this youth was still hankering about his Princess, and he was sent off to Verdun, whence he did not emerge for twelve years, and until he was as fat as a porpoise, and the Duchess was long since married to GENERAL COUNT RAFF, one of the Emperor's heroes.

I mention poor TIBBITS to show the curious difference of manner which exists among us; and which, though not visible to foreigners, is instantly understood by English people. Brave, clever, tall, slim, dark, and sentimental looking, he passed muster in a foreign saloon, and as I must own to you, cut us fellows out: whereas we English knew instantly that the man was not well bred, by a thousand little signs, not to be understood by the foreigner. In his early youth, for instance, he had been cruelly deprived of his *A's* by his parents, and though he tried to replace them in after life, they were no more natural than a glass eye, but stared at you as it were in a ghastly manner out of the conversation, and pained you by their horrid intrusions. Not acquainted with these refinements of our language, foreigners did not understand what TIBBITS' errors were, and doubtless thought it was from envy that we conspired to slight the poor fellow.

I mention MR. TIBBITS, because he was handsome, clever, honest, and brave, and in almost all respects our superior; and yet laboured under disadvantages of manner which unfitted him for certain society. It is not TIBBITS the man, it is not TIBBITS the citizen, of whom I would wish to speak lightly; his morals, his reading, his courage, his generosity, his talents are undoubted—it is the social TIBBITS of whom I speak: and as I do not go to balls, because I do not dance, or to meetings of the Political Economy Club, or other learned associations, because taste and education have not fitted me for the pursuits for which other persons are adapted, so TIBBITS' sphere is not in drawing-rooms, where the *A's*, and other points of etiquette are rigorously maintained.

I say thus much because one or two people have taken some remarks of mine in ill part, and hinted that I am a Tory in disguise: and an aristocrat that should be hung up to a lamp-post. Not so, dear BOB;—there is nothing like the truth, about whomsoever it may be. I mean no more disrespect towards any fellow-man by saying that he is not what is called in Society well-bred, than by stating that he is not tall or short, or that he cannot dance, or that he does not know Hebrew, or whatever the case may be. I mean that if a man works with a pickaxe or shovel all day, his hands will be harder than those of a lady of fashion, and that his opinion about MADAME SONTAG's singing, or the last new novel, will not probably be of much value. And though I own my conviction that there are some animals which frisk advantageously in ladies' drawing-rooms, whilst others pull stoutly at the plough, I do not most certainly mean to reflect upon a horse for not being a lap-dog, or see that he has any cause to be ashamed that he is other than a horse.

And, in a word, and as you are what is called a gentleman yourself, I hope that MRS. BOB BROWN, whoever she may be, is not only by nature, but by education a gentlewoman. No man ought ever to be called upon to blush for his wife. I see good men rush into marriage with ladies of whom they are afterwards ashamed; and in the same manner charming women linked to partners, whose vulgarity they try to screen. Poor MRS. BOTIBOL, what a constant hypocrisy your life is, and how you

insist upon informing everybody that BOTIBOL is the best of men! Poor JACK JINKINS! what a female is that you brought back from Bagnigge Wells to introduce to London society! a handsome, tawdry, flaunting, watering-place belle; a boarding-house beauty: tremendous in brazen ornaments and cheap finery.

If you marry, dear BOB, I hope MRS. ROBERT B. will be a lady not very much above or below your own station.

I would sooner that you should promote your wife than that she should advance you. And though every man can point you out instances where his friends have been married to ladies of superior rank, who have accepted their new position with perfect grace, and made their husbands entirely happy; as there are examples of maid servants decorating coronets, and sempstresses presiding worthily over Baronial Halls; yet I hope MRS. ROBERT BROWN will not come out of a palace or a kitchen: but out of a house something like yours, out of a family something like yours, with a snug jointure something like that modest portion which I dare say you will inherit.

I remember when ARTHUR ROWDY (who I need not tell you belongs to the firm of STUMPY, ROWDY & Co, of Lombard Street, Bankers,) married LADY CLEOPATRA; what a grand match it was thought by the ROWDY family: and how old MRS. ROWDY in Portman Square, was elated at the idea of her son's new connexion. Her daughters were to go to all the parties in London; and her house was to be filled with the very greatest of great folks. We heard of nothing but dear LADY STONEHENGE from morning till night; and the old frequenters of the house were perfectly pestered with stories of dear LADY ZENOBIA and dear LADY CORNELIA, and of the dear Marquis, whose masterly translation of *Cornelius Nepos* had placed him among the most learned of our nobility.

When ROWDY went to live in May Fair, what a wretched house it was into which he introduced such of his friends as were thought worthy of presentation to his new society! The rooms were filled with young dandies of the STONEHENGE connexion—beardless bucks from Downing Street, gay young sprigs of the Guards—their sisters and mothers, their kith and kin. They overdraw their accounts at ROWDY's Bank, and laughed at him in his drawing-room; they made their bets and talked their dandy talk over his claret, at which the poor fellow sate quite silent. LADY STONEHENGE invaded his nursery, appointed and cashiered his governess and children's maids; established her apothecary in permanence over him: quarrelled with old Mrs. ROWDY, so that the poor old body was only allowed to see her grandchildren by stealth, and have secret interviews with them in the garden of Berkeley Square; made ROWDY take villas at Tunbridge, which she filled with her own family; massacred her daughter's visiting-book, in the which LADY CLEOPATRA, a good-natured woman, at first admitted some of her husband's relatives and acquaintance; and carried him abroad upon excursions, in which all he had to do was to settle the bills with the courier. And she went so far as to order him to change his side of the house and his politics, and adopt those of LORD STONEHENGE, which were of the age of the Druids, his lordship's ancestors;—but here the honest British merchant made a stand and conquered his mother-in-law, who would have smothered him the other day for voting for ROTHSCHILD. If it were not for the Counting House in the morning and the House of Commons at night, what would become of ROWDY? They say he smokes there, and drinks when he smokes. He has been known to go to Vauxhall, and has even been seen, with a comforter over his nose, listening to *Sam Hall* at the Cider Cellars. All this misery and misfortune came to the poor fellow for marrying out of his degree. The clerks at Lombard Street laugh when LORD MISLETOE steps out of his cab and walks into the bank-parlour; and ROWDY's private account invariably tells tales of the visit of his young scapegrace of a brother-in-law.

A Little Nut for the Alarmists.

THERE is one comfort if the French ever do bombard London, as they have done Rome, they cannot do much injury to our public buildings. The National Gallery, for instance, let it be battered ever so much, could only be improved, and the "finest site in Europe" might have some claim to its title after the rubbish which has been allowed to accumulate there in the name of the Fine Arts, had been swept away by a few friendly shells. Our statues would be equally protected from injury. In fact, we doubt if there is a capital in the world so strongly fortified in the above respects as London.

TO ASCERTAIN THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

TAKE a pair of Compasses and the Supplement to the *Times*, and measure with the former the list of "Marriages" in the latter. An average of from sixty to eighty lines of "Marriages" may be relied upon as an indication of prosperity. As the resources of the country expand, matrimony is contracted, and that portion of the *Times* elongates; as, for all that MR. DISRAELI may say of our desperate state, we are very happy to remark that it has been doing lately.

BAKINGS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO IN ALL COURTS OF LAW.



We have all heard of CHABERT, the great Fire-King, who used to wash his hands in boiling oil and take a foot-bath in molten lead. He could sit on the hob whilst the kettle was boiling for tea, and would take his own pie to the baker's, and remain in the oven with it all the time, in order to see that nothing was taken out of it. MR. BRIEFLESS—our BRIEFLESS—everybody's BRIEFLESS—for not to know BRIEFLESS argues yourself unknown—has been fired with the same emulation, and is determined to put out CHABERT and his little bit of fire. He is about to undertake a feat that will hand his name down to after-generations on a hot plate. He has announced his intention of going into the Criminal, or any Law Court, with a leg of mutton and potatoes, and not to come out till they are done deliciously to a turn.

We are aware that BRIEFLESS adorns everything he touches; and we sincerely hope, for his sake, that in this instance the potatoes will be done as completely brown as his warmest wishes could desire; but still we have our fears that he will never return alive to tell us of the dangers he has run in shutting himself up in one of our dread legal ovens. Should he succeed, we hope he will not forget to invite us, his dear friend *Punch*, to the dinner, so that we may congratulate him over a cup of that Sack which we are positive will be one day the family seat of the BRIEFLESS, upon his extraordinary good luck in having pulled his leg so skilfully out of the fire.

PROGRESS OF PARLIAMENTARY JOKING.

SEVERAL Irish members surrounded MR. ROEBUCK as he was passing through the lobby the other evening, and, after scuffling with him for a few minutes, succeeded in fixing something round his neck. The Honourable Member quite unconscious that he was carrying anything about him, entered the House and took his seat amidst the loudest laughter from the Hibernian benches. He turned round to inquire into the cause, when there was discovered upon his back a copy, written in large characters, of the inscription borrowed from *Copperfield*, of "MIND, HE BITES." The offensive placard was indignantly torn off, and loudly scouted by every respectable member of the House.

We understand, that later in the evening, the same placard was humorously tendered by SIR ROBERT PEEL to MR. DISRAELI, but, with great mock politeness, that even made MR. PLUMPTRE laugh, was declined by the talented representative of the Unstable Mind.

Important Solution.

It has long been a matter of doubt which was the greater nuisance of the two, DUST or MUD? Most people have given the preference to Dust, but the law upon the subject has been for ever set at rest, we think, by the watering carts, who, one and all, have recently *laid down* Mud.

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF SCIENCE.

AN individual named CHARLES CAMERON, a chemist, has put an advertisement in the *Times*, addressed to the Subscribers to the Royal General Annuity Society, soliciting their votes at their next election, on the 30th instant, and also to Non-Subscribers, requesting pecuniary assistance; for every five shillings on the day of election would, he says, secure him five votes. The claim of this MR. CAMERON to the consideration of the benevolent rests principally on the circumstance that "he was the first who discovered and made public that splendid light which has long been employed at the Polytechnic for displaying the minute wonders of creation by the opaque microscope, to the gratification and mental improvement of millions." A mighty pretty title this to national gratitude! The idea of any body thinking to be rewarded for discovering a new light, or contributing in any way to the enlightenment of his countrymen!

To have the slightest reasonable expectation of a decent annuity, a man ought to have cut an army to pieces; or destroyed a fleet; or burnt an arsenal; or at least blown up a bridge. Not any mischief in the world has MR. CAMERON done, and yet here he comes forward to ask for remuneration. What do we, the British public, care about science or those who cultivate it? what good does it do us to know anything about the minute wonders of creation? Talk of the gratification and mental improvement of millions! The misery and destruction of millions would have been a better recommendation for MR. CAMERON. But, as he is now in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and for the last two years has been in extreme distress from having lost the use of his right arm; whilst, since the gold medal of the Society of Arts has been twice awarded to him, there can be no doubt of his scientific merits; it is very probable that some weak-minded persons may be disposed to succour him, and, we reluctantly pander to the morbid susceptibility of such people by stating that any contribution for that purpose may be sent to JOSEPH CLINTON ROBERTSON, Esq., Editor of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, 166, Fleet Street, before the 30th inst. Considering the kind of estimation in which science and scientific men are generally held among us, we do not wonder that MR. CAMERON has been for three years an unsuccessful applicant for the bounty of the Annuity Society; and now that he has once more applied for it we can only say we wish he may get it.

SANITARY AND PRISON DISCIPLINE.

We feel called upon to direct public attention to a notable project, which has been devised by certain enlightened persons, for improving the health of HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

It is proposed to found in the principal town of each county in Great Britain and Ireland a model Hospital, for the reception of all manner of patients indiscriminately, no matter whether the diseases they are troubled with are slight or serious.

No attempt will be made to draw invidious distinctions between the inmates of these Hospitals by establishing separate wards for persons affected with fevers, or other dangerous and infectious disorders.

Tribunals and Officers of Health shall be created by Parliament, and commissioned to send to the Hospitals of their respective districts any person or persons convicted of labouring under any kind or form of malady, for a time proportionate to the gravity of their respective disorders. At the expiration of such term each patient is to be discharged, cured or not cured.

Through these arrangements vast numbers of youths, of from seven to fourteen years of age, having colds in the head and stomach-aches, will be placed, for the removal of these ailments, in contact with people lying ill of Typhus and Small-pox, for periods of from seven days to a month and upwards, at the end of which they will be restored to Society, wherewith it is presumed they will be then qualified to mingle, by the salubrity of the atmosphere they will have been inhaling.

It is believed that this plan will operate as effectually for the mitigation of disease, as that of sending urchins guilty of petty larceny to herd with felons and assassins has answered for the diminution of crime.

Legal Darkness.

We read in the *Daily News*, that "the Courts of Law at Halifax were adjourned in consequence of the darkness." The delays in our Courts of Law may arise probably from a similar cause. For instance, the darkness that reigns in the Court of Chancery is so impenetrable, that, when once a case is taken into the precincts of it, it is impossible to get through it; the darkness in the Palace Court is no less obscure, for it is well known that every defendant who attempts to move in it is sure to be instantly flooded.

A LEAF OF HISTORY FOR MACAULAY.



ENGLISH History to be properly appreciated, should be viewed like scene-painting, from a distance. If looked at too near, it appears all confusion and a daub. To admire it in all its wonderful details, you should cross the Channel; the effect upon you will be quite astonishing. For instance, only view it from any of the gas-lights at Paris—and there is no light like it for increasing the distance—and you will no longer believe it was the same cold, colourless, flat thing you were in the habit of studying in your arm-chair at home. It must in all humility be confessed that the French Stage abounds with historical incidents, which cannot be found any-

where in HUME or SMOLLETT, or MARTINEAU, or MACAULAY. We strongly advise the latter, if he is at all anxious to collect new facts, to reside in the *Boulevard du Crime* for six months. Half a year's simple course of the Parisian theatres will yield him more rich material than if he were to hunt all his life, through every musty authority that was put upon the record in the British Museum. His *Continuation* would continue to be even more amusing than it is.

The following incident in the life of CHARLES THE SECOND may perhaps serve as a fair sample of the immense mine of wealth, that at present lies buried in that unexplored field of our national manners and customs.

The subject is *Les Beautés de la Cour*, recently produced at the Vaudeville theatre. The heroine is an orange-girl, who, of course is NELL GWYNN; the gentleman who is flirting with her, is, strange to say—for French authors are not always so accurate—CHARLES THE SECOND.

They are in a public-house, where they are joined by a mob of oyster-girls, fishwomen, and other ladies who follow the itinerant profession of crying sprats, flowers, and periwinkles. There are also a few gypsies, but the gypsies are no more real than the oyster-girls, or the ladies who sell the sprats, violets, or fried soles. They are all disguised. Their real profession is nothing more than to be the prettiest women of the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, copies of whom the reader has doubtless seen at Hampton Court, or in Mr. PLANCHE'S very pretty picture of a Lyceum piece "*The Court Beauties*."

The DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH has an organ round her neck, and that handsome woman with the can of hot potatoes is the COUNTESS OF GRAMMONT.

The Duchess and Countess, and the whole fishy and vegetable tribe of Beauties, have come to cut out "NELLY;" CHARLES' flirtation is interrupted. He only tightens his Garter, and loves his beautiful orange-girl all the more.

As for NELLY when she learns that her cherished life-guardsmen is the King, she does not love him a bit the less, but warbles a couplet to the tune of "*God save the King*," and sells her oranges just as before, for two a penny.

But in the Second Act she has lost her basket. She is living in the palace in the capacity of Maid of Honour. The Queen does not like it at all, but NELLY assures her she has no reason to be jealous. The King annoys her. There is a dreadful scene in the throne room; the Queen rushes to the rescue of the poor orange-girl. NELLY claims her protection. "Ah, what do I see?" exclaims NELLY. "can it be possible? Yes! No! Yes! It is!" and there is a grand discovery—not of a mother nor of an old aunt, nor even of a foster-sister,—nor is there an examination of arms nor the usual recognition of strawberries, nor any of the old conventional discoveries that have possessed the stage ever since SCRIBE and SAPHRO have written for it,—but simply this:—NELLY discovers in the Queen an anonymous old woman, who, three years ago gave her sufficient money to buy a stock of playbills, and started her in life with her first cargo of "apples, oranges, and ginger-beer."

NELLY has not forgotten so much kindness. She robs the Queen of her husband—never! The King is smartly told to "Go and remember, &c.;" whilst the grateful orange-girl marries a French seigneur, who has been following her through the palace all this while, without a single person asking him "what might be the nature of his business?"

CHARLES is fairly lost in astonishment,—and so are we,—and if MACAULAY does not avail himself of the new source of information we have pointed out to his notice, we shall decidedly say that as an historian he is not at all equal to *Rapin*.

THE NATIONAL HAPPY FAMILY.

THE wonderful results of intellectual and moral supremacy over inferior natures is strikingly exemplified in the harmony amid antagonism displayed in that curious and well-known collection, the Happy Family, which is gratuitously exhibited from morning to night daily by MR. JOHN BULL to all Europe, and the World. It is curious to see how peacefully in this odd assemblage, the old French fox with his cubs can lie down with the little terrier, a native of the same country, called BLANC, when there used to exist such enmity between them; and on what excellent terms are the Austrian owl and the Polish rats and mice. A pair of furious Mountain bulls, named ROLLIN and BOICHOE, have lately been added to the collection, and some Italian greyhounds are shortly expected by the proprietor.

It is the confident opinion of MR. BULL that the most opposite tempers may, by his system, be caused to agree; so that the Gallic Cock and the Roman Eagle might in his establishment, be brought to billing, if not to cooing, and the Russian Bear to embrace his companions with a fraternal hug. This interesting illustration of the power of mind peculiarly human, is exhibited at MR. BULL'S shop, and he asks no remuneration whatever for showing it, but we hope it will be an inducement to strangers to come and deal with him.

THE PILGRIM OF LAW.

THE approaching abolition of the Palace Court brings powerfully to mind the many weary pilgrimages that have been performed by suitors within its dreary precincts. It is seldom that Poesy weaves her garlands in gloomy conjunction with the fetters of law, but APOLLO cannot refrain from sweeping his harp-strings in tuneful measure, at a moment when the sweeping measure for the removal of the Palace Court is on the eve of accomplishment. The Pilgrim of Law is supposed to warble his pathetic lay after the fashion of our old friend the Pilgrim of Love.

A Lawyer who sued in the Palace Court crossed me,

As I, to avoid him, had walk'd sundry rounds;

I knew very well what a sum it would cost me,

When he proffered a writ for a debt of three pounds.

To plead to an action a man but an ass is,

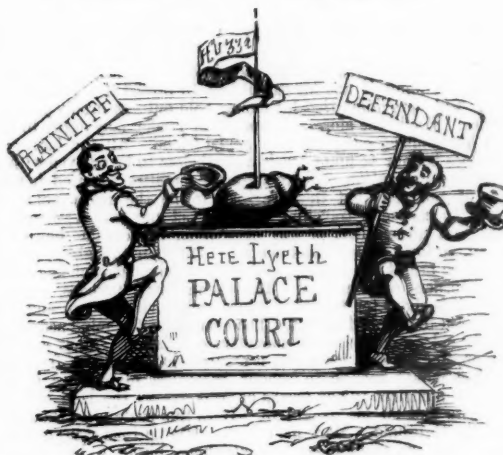
You'd better take judgment at once, sir, instead:

The eyes of the Lawyer shone bright through his glasses,

As he thought that to save me my friends might be bled.

"No, no;" I exclaimed, "ne'er on them will I draw;

No rest but the Bench for the Pilgrim of Law."



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF THE PALACE COURT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALMA has not "a local habitation or a name" in *Pigot's Directory*. Will he send his address?

TO EVERY BODY ELSE. We will NOT return rejected articles! It is quite enough to read them.



Old Gentleman. "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THE REASON, SIR, YOU DON'T ANSWER WHEN YOU ARE CALLED?"
(The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas and jam tart.)

HALF A WORD ABOUT A BIT OF IRELAND.

As the thoughtful reader of this admirable miscellany has, no doubt, made up his mind, if not his carpet-bag, to attend the QUEEN to Ireland, he will—providing that his money hold out—assuredly proceed to Killarney. Haply the aforesaid thoughtful reader may desire to travel with a harmonising companion—a genial friend. All the better; the desire does honour to him; but is nevertheless to be enjoyed with cool judgment—wise caution. There are many qualities required in a companion of the road; but this we take to be the really golden one whereby to choose a travelling friend. Let him have a sweetness of temper that no accident of way or weather can curdle—but let him, above all, go forth with a blank cheque. The mere thought of it makes all things so bright and smooth, and gives a delicious confidence in the chimney-corners of your inn. The cheque may, perhaps, never be wanted; it is about ten to two it comes back a virgin strip, and about five hundred to one, it does not. The enlargement of mind acquired by travel, is apt to confound all monetary calculation. Many a prudent fellow, pursing his gold for a trip, is assured that he carries from home more than money enough to wander, regardless of expense, together with funds sufficient to buy gowns or trinkets—as the land may be—for his wife and all his daughters. With this sustaining thought he crosses the threshold. Mark his return. His portmanteau, it may be, contains one pin-cushion—two cockle-shells biting a bit of cotton velvet—for the youngest girl. He tenderly embraces the partner of his bosom, and blandly begs her to send out the fare (two shillings) to the cabman at the door.

Enough. Quitting this humiliating weakness of our common nature, let us at once take the road. As many thousands of the London Saxon will, in a week or so, proceed to behold their ferocious faces reflected in the dark waters—and never was water so solemnly black—of the Lakes of Killarney, we propose to gossip a little by the way, benevolently anticipating the pleasures of the traveller.

You leave Dublin—(we shall be with HER MAJESTY at the proper season)—with a surprised admiration of the combined elegance and

strength of the Dublin station; light as web and strong as adamant. A few miles, and upon the left is a magnificent specimen of the Round Towers of Ireland. Of the use and purpose of the Round Towers there have been a hundred theories; none convincing. *Punch*—it was to be expected—has at once hit the mark. Hear the truth:—

The Round Towers of Ireland, grandly developing the national character even in the dawn of time, by combining public beauty with public utility, were neither altars, nor towers, nor monuments,—but MONEY-BOXES FOR THE PEOPLE! The slit—or we should rather say the traces or ruins of the slit—through which the Celt dropt his gold and silver savings (before the pickpocket Saxon made saving impossible), with a good pair of spectacles is clearly discernible. The Round Towers may henceforth be received as imperishable monuments not only of the money power of Ireland, but of the forethought, the perseverance, and the frugality of the Celt. The Saxon may boast of his Bank of England, but what a lath-and-plaster thing of to-day is the Bank of ABRAHAM NEWLAND to the Round Towers,—the stone Savings Banks of KING MALACHI? They loom from out the dimness of antiquity,—the guardian granite L. S. D. of prosperous Erin.

On we speed through Tipperary. Beautiful fields; though—is it the sun?—there is a strange red glow upon the changing corn. "Thurles!" And foolish SMITH O'BRIEN stands face to face with the Detective. Well, the repealer has lost the game, and—it is idle to whimper—he must pay the stakes. Nevertheless, there is a little bird in Phoenix Park,—a bird that sings of pardon. And why not? What danger in a repeal cap now; when opinion hangs it about with bells? Now, "forgive and forget" should be the three harmonious words echoing and re-echoing from the two countries.

"Mallow!" Steam baulks beggary; but here you are—most thoughtful traveller—here with the curse and shame of Ireland before and around you. The English beggar—even the vagabond who trades upon infirmities and sores—is a fellow of self-respect, a tradesman decent in his filth, compared with the Irish tatterdemalion. The English outcast would draw himself apart—would not suffer the Irish mendicant to come between him and his Saxon beggary.

The car is surrounded by the sons and daughters of generations of beggars. You can trace the descent in their blighted, stunted forms—in their brassy, cunning, brutalised features. Very ancient is their genealogy, could we but come at it. These are of the original caste; born to beg—and such their duty upon earth—to beget beggars. A duty they zealously perform; flourishing like the potato, in dirt; for they abhor the Union; and—we had it on good Irish authority—will not eat Indian meal if inflicted with the penalty of soap. These are the born beggars; born to live and die begging. They shock and disgust. But the victims of the potato—that root of Irish evil—the strong man, with suffering cut in his face, but with no petition on his tongue—the man whose broken spirit stares from his eyes, with hope crushed out of him,—these are met at every furlong of the way, and make—or should make—"the condition of Ireland"—a sacred question, to be pondered on with fear and trembling.

Away we jolt; for the rail has not yet stretched out its iron hands, clutching Killarney close to Mallow—away we jolt, with time to look at the wayside. What horrid huts! What human degradation, where man can with cheerfulness—a contentment that debases—dwell and die between such walls of dirt. What monuments of national misery to national idleness! The swallows of Brobdingnag would hardly nestle in such places. Surely they are better and more self-respective builders of mud.

How magnificent the potatoes look! How very promising! And for how long? The Greek hyacinth has, it is fancied, black marks, forming an exclamation of sorrow, A! A! Could we only read the future in the present healthy leaves of the growing potato, for all their seeming unscathed wholesomeness, we might decipher another and another national tragedy; or at least the continuance of a poverty and debasement that, for the dignity of human nature, is far worse than the final ceasing of a nation. Better, thought *Punch*, to cease to be, than to look for house, and home, and raiment, and all the domestic creature comforts that elevate the man above the ape,—better at once to end with earth, and begin with the Future,—than to trust to one treacherous bulb as to all-sufficing manna. Read by the light of this thought, we might con a prophecy of the future agonies of Ireland, even in the full untouched leaves of the present crop. But we must hope better. As in Egypt onions and leeks are no longer worshipped for tutelary divinities—so must the Irish peasant, as to the god of his household, no longer kneel to the potato. Straightway he must learn a better faith: we must convert him to wheat.

With wheat may come better field habits. The potato—let us enjoy the theory—infects with idleness. "Mark an Irishman at work in the field," says the Irish BISHOP BERKELEY. "If a coach, or a horseman go by, he is sure to suspend his labour, and stand staring until they are out of sight." That Irishman seems immortal. There he was, last week, staring—"as though he should never grow old"—staring as he stared a hundred years ago at the great Bishop. And the trick of indolence is infectious. The Irish geese have caught it; and stand and stare in earnest emulation of their brother bipeds—at least so it appeared to



A MORNING CALL.

Hibernia. "SURE, SISTHER DEAR, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO EXACTLY, BUT ANYHOW YOU'RE WELCOME."



Punch; who has seen as much of geese—and is proud to own his obligation to them,) as most people.

Well, we are now at Killarney Lakes; and have forgotten the misery, the squalor, the brutish degradation of man in the solemn and eternal loveliness of nature. The thought of want and beggary, with all the "perilous stuff" that weighs about the heart of the traveller by the way, is at once buried in the waters—and we take new hope before the thrones of mountains.

Supper—Bed (early)—Breakfast at the best of hosteleries, the Victoria Arms, where Mrs. FINN rules her guests as an affectionate matron rules her family; knowing what is best for them, and doing her best with the best of hearts. *Punch* feels this to be a very weak—a very vapid acknowledgment—of the motherly care that filled the daily basket for the daily boat; filled it with such a fine anticipation of the wants of a gentleman addicted to a delicate dinner and half a glass of wine. But there are memories that will last with life; and the salmon eaten at Glenna is one of them. Salmon, cut in slivers and spitted upon skewers of the arbutus that impart a flavour, smacking of the garden of Eden: whereof the gardens of Glenna, in our fallen condition, may be enjoyed as the beautiful shadow.

The Lakes of Killarney! Now, simple reader, do you imagine that we are about to attempt to describe these? We should as soon think of attempting to force—by hydraulic pressure—all the three Lakes into our ink-bottle. Neither will we try to put the mountains into print. We will simply record it as our faith, that under the same space of heaven reposes not more beauty of earth and water than sleeps upon the hills and smiles in the waters of Killarney. But, sir, of course you will go—go and judge for yourself.

We shall say nothing of Innisfallen; we are tongue-tied—(print is always supposed to speak)—by the sense of its loveliness. And the same with Toomies and with the Eagle's Nest, a rock nearly thrice the height of St. Paul's, and like St. Paul's to be seen outside for nothing; and like St. Paul's containing an organ of the most exquisite music, if there be a musician to awaken it. For Eagle's Nest, the Lake Cathedral, there is PROFESSOR JOHN SPILLANE, bugle-man; also "guide, philosopher, and friend:" (and in sooth the last two titles have been many a time less merited by their bearers.) SPILLANE plays admirable rock music. He blows, and the sounds are returned from the very centre of the rock, as though vibrating along its adamantine veins; as though endowed with life and voice, it harmonised and sympathised with the listener. And now it seems as though the bugle notes were taken up by a fairy orchestra that prolonged the flourish; refining it, now letting it drop, now taking it up again, till it dies away in silvery whisperings.

But—*Punch* is not a Guide to the Lakes. There are whole books for this service. For instance, the traveller may take Mrs. S. C. HALL under his arm; and that lady will, with feminine grace and truthfulness, tell all that may be told. *Punch* can only deal in bits of general advice. One especial bit is to eat salmon—arbutus-skewered—at Glenna, under the matronly auspices of Mrs. MACDOWALL—salmon tenderly cooked by dark-haired KATHLEEN, or blue-eyed PEGGY, as the case may be. LORD KENMARE (may his lordship's appetite never fail him!) has built a pretty, roomy cottage for the entertainment of visitors; a sort of Utopian inn, with house-room gratis. We wish a few of our Irish Members would pass the vacation there. Not for the salmon, but for the sound sense of Widow MACDOWALL, who knows more of the real wants of Ireland, and talks better about them, than many a Member of St. Stephen's.

The Lakes seen, you will mount pony for Mangerton. Now, although some of the Irish ponies wear five shoes,—that is, four on the feet and one in the mouth—they go for the most part as surely as though shod with silver from the Mint of England; and how that goes, we have all daily experience. Mangerton is the grand gathering-place for the most dangerous beggars. There, the NORAHS, with black eyes and white teeth levelled point blank at human weakness, would knock the most careful political economist into sixpences. Therefore, to be saving, travel with threepennies. To be sure you can only obtain them at the Bank at £25 worth at a time. All the better; for if you attempt Mangerton, you will need not one threepenny less. And then the money is begged for such a cause, you cannot refuse it. NORAHS intends to go to America for a husband; she won't marry in Ireland—too much misery for a poor girl. She only wants the money to ship herself; and thus, the piece of silver you drop at Mangerton may come up part of a wedding-ring in New Orleans.

Mangerton "done," you return to your inn. And taking the advice of your monitor *Punch*, you hear the great piper, GANDSEY, play upon the Irish bagpipes. Noble music! Wondrously human and pathetic, and never to be confounded with that case of incurable flatulence, the bagpipes of Scotland. GANDSEY is almost the last of the Irish pipers. We hope there is yet time to continue the race: for the music of Ireland, as evoked by the master we listened to, should be as enduring as her Lakes and Mountains. It has been said, that "the pipes are delicious or abominable—just according to the skill of the hand that rules them." The same may be said of the violin. We should not

like to be doomed to listen to a learner upon even PAGANINI's fiddle; but what is said of the Irish pipe may, we take it, be said of the Irishman,—he is good or bad, according to the master-hand that rules him. Well, we have had discord—abominable music—more than enough. May we henceforth have the music of peace—the harmony of brotherhood! With this wish, end we for the present.

THE HEAD AND FRONT AND BACK OF THEIR OFFENDING.



THE propensity that gentlemen of the present day seem to cherish for going downwards is most extraordinary. The latest proof of this affection for things beneath them is bringing up to the level of their intellects the wide-awake hat; so called "wide-awake," we believe, from the fact of its having no nap. We admit the hideousness of the present *chapeau*; we are painfully sensible that it is neither ornamental nor comfortable; and, in

windy weather, not even useful: but still gentlemen should not forget that they are gentlemen, and really should be above running their heads into things that do not belong to them. If they keep going down lower and lower in this way, we shall have to tear off the smock-frock of the Carter, or to throw aside the fantail of the Dustman, before we find concealed underneath the noble semblance of a gentleman. Your real gentleman never disguises himself, for he is naturally too proud to assume anything that does not belong to him.

THE POST IN THE SUBURBS.

OFFICIALS gay, attend the lay,

That I mean to sing forthwith:

My tale shall be 'twixt you and me,

And the Post at Hammersmith.

From Cornwall Road, where he abode,

The lover, young DICKSON, wrote;

'Twas Monday noon—at least as soon—

When the youth despatch'd his note.

"Write by return—accept or spurn—"

Let me know, at least, my doom;

End my suspense, or I'll rush hence,

To forget thee in the tomb!"

ANNETTE's reply, from Peckham Rye,

Was as instant as the light,

It owned her flame, but, alas! it came

Not until the Thursday night.

'Ere then, a grave in Thames's wave,

Had the desperate DICKSON found,

Were't not that he by a bargee

Was got out 'ere wholly drown'd.

MORAL.

This story shows,—and don't suppose

'Tis a mere romance or myth—

What ills may flow from a Post so slow

As it is at Hammersmith.

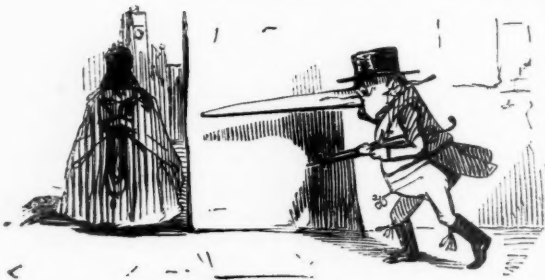
CREDAT JUDEUS.

It is rumoured that the opposition of the Lords against any Jew entering Parliament is based on the very low ground, that their beautiful House would be spoiled by the introduction of Mosaic.

GUIDO'S AURORA.—A SOUVENIR OF FRENCH FRATERNITY AT ROME.



HINTS FOR HOME COLONISATION.



We earnestly recommend the Colonial Office to get the British flag regularly planted on that soil, from which all the paving flags have been unceremoniously removed, and by possession being taken of the tract of land in the QUEEN'S name, the place would at once be rendered available as a penal colony. At all events, the experiment might as well be tried, with a view to ascertaining whether there is any lawful owner of the place, who of course would come forward in the event of our plan being followed.

If another ROBINSON CRUSOE were to arise, he would find himself thoroughly at home in the enclosure of Leicester Square, for he might be undisputed "monarch of all he surveyed" without having even the district surveyor down upon him for a fee or gratuity. MR. CHARLES PEARSON has asked for a farm of a few thousand acres to set 500 criminals to work, with the view of reforming them. Our contemporary, the *Times*, suggests the curtailment of the acreage to a few hundreds, and the reduction of the number of criminals to 100, so that the experiment may be tried without risking a failure on a very extensive scale; but we would go farther in the way of limitation, and would suggest the cultivation of Leicester Square by one culprit, whom we would designate the knave of spades, and if the scheme succeeded, it would be easy to carry it out on a more extensive basis.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"OUGHT not Snails to have votes, for they are all householders?"

"I remain, *Punch*, ONE OF THEM."

A SERIOUS LAUGHING MATTER.

We have heard a great deal about the serious state of France, but serious or not, the Parisians seem determined to laugh, and if they cannot laugh on one side of their mouths, they laugh all the louder on the other. They have their *Journal pour Rire*, and their *Assemblée Nationale pour Rire*, for in casting our eye down the reports of the proceedings, we find no other effect produced by the speakers than *Rires* and *Nouveaux Rires*, varied by *Hilarité*, *Hilarité prolongée*, and *Nouvelle Hilarité*.

It is true that a very little joking goes a very long way in the National Assembly, which in this respect, is full worthy of the title of aristocrat, for we all know that to be a "wit among lords," requires the very smallest amount of facetious capital. As a specimen of the amount of humour that is required to set the French Legislative Body off into a fit of *Hilarité prolongée*, we may cite the following *mot* of one M. LACLAUDURE, who, for the simple observation, *Le GÉNÉRAL CAVAIGNAC est le fils de son père*, was rewarded with a most unanimous burst of merriment.

The whole French Nation seems ready to be set upon the grin by the merest trifle—a sensitiveness that may arise from the ticklish condition in which it has been recently placed, or

perhaps the tendency to laughter in its present distressed state may have something of an hysterical character. Whatever may be the cause, there is no doubt of the effect, which is a promptitude to turn everything into ridicule. Amidst all the subjects that are just now à rire in France, the *République à rire* is the object of the most universal banter; the theatres are all empty, but two or three, which can only collect audiences by satirising the Republic, and subjecting it to the most inveterate quizzing, as in *Les Produits de la République* at the Palais Royal, and the third number of *La Foire aux Idées* at the Vaudeville.

THE FRENCH IMMIGRATION.

CONSIDERING the number of ideas that we are continually taking from the French, it is only fair that they should occasionally borrow an idea from us, which they are now doing regularly once a week, by following the English example of excursionising between London and Paris. An affair of the kind has been got up under the title of *Une Semaine à Londres*, with the addition of *Voyage de Luze*, by way of expletive. The French notion of English *luze* is rather comprehensive than select, for it includes *Le fameux dîner de Greenwich, avec ses 14 entrées de poissons, et ses vins d'Espagne*, with free admission to *les Bazaars*, including, of course, the Lowther, and *les Spectacles trois fois par semaine*, though *le fameux Surry* is the only spectacle expressly specified.

The *voyageurs* are also promised the enormous treat of a gratuitous visit to *la célèbre maison de Somerset*—Somerset House—where we trust the various officials will endeavour to get up something in the shape of an entertainment to prevent disappointment to the French excursionists. In the department of stamps and taxes a sort of exhibition of the stamping machinery might be arranged, but in other respects we fear the *célèbre maison de Somerset* will present very little attraction to the foreign visitors. It is a well known fact that Londoners seldom see half the beauties of their own city, and we confess there are many objects of interest advertised in the prospectus of the *Voyage de Luze* which we, as cockneys *de sang pur*, have never had the good fortune to meet with. Among these we may instance *la St. John Church*, of which we are acquainted with several, including St. John's Wapping, and St. John's Clerkenwell, but this *St. John Church par excellence*, has altogether escaped us hitherto.

The same Company that has got up these Excursions from Paris, has been inviting us Londoners to their own capital by a promise of *succulent rosbœuf, arrosé de rhum, d'ale, de thé, et de sherry*—a hodge-podge which is no doubt regarded in France as irresistible by an English appetite. Fancy indulging in *succulent rosbœuf*, washed down with rum, ale, tea, and sherry. He must be a very *Ohello* in his jealousy of the viands of his country who can truly say he has "stomach for them all."

BOMBARDMENT AT THE SURREY ZOOLOGICAL.

JULLIEN is about to bombard the Surrey Zoological. He is to conduct a park of artillery on Friday. His bâton, we suppose, will be a lighted fusee. He should be appointed Musical Master (or rather Maestro,) of the Ordnance Office. We subjoin part of his programme:

BATTLE OF PRAGUE, played with ten 8-pounders, and six thousand muskets. The solos will be kindly undertaken, on this occasion, by QUEEN ELIZABETH'S pocket pistol. No less than ten thousand pounds of powder, from the Dartmouth Mills, will be let off during the performance of the Battle.

BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SYMPHONY IN GUN COTTON.

THE HAILSTONE CHORUS. The hailstones will be given with the aid of paving-stones, discharged from four hundred carts, by an eminent Turnpike Road Commissioner.

THE LULLABY QUADRILLES with Cracker Accompaniments. Forty children in arms have been engaged to give the loudest effect to the *forte* passages. The eldest is only four months old.

"WILT THOU LOVE ME WHEN MY HAIR IS GONE?" A new ballad sung by MISS ROWLAND, accompanied by MONS. JULLIEN on the railway whistle.

"I'M NOT THE POOL YOU TAKE ME FOR!" Being an answer to the above, with an explosive finale of Roman candles, rockets, and Congreve lights. The prelude will be played by KÖNIG, on a pair of American revolvers.

"THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS." A Polka composed expressly by MONS. JULLIEN for this concert, and played by twenty-four officers of the City Artillery Company, who have generously consented to bring their own pop-guns and discharge them with real powder on this occasion only.

The above will give a faint notion of what this "stunning concert" is to be. What effect the musical bombardment will have upon the Gardens or the houses adjoining, we cannot tell, but we hear that as the hour of the concert draws near, persons are rushing in thousands over Blackfriars Bridge, and in fact, all the bridges, evidently terrified

out of their lives at the immense amount of artillery FIELD MARSHAL JULLIEN has brought into the field.

A short piece or two was rehearsed on Wednesday, and it has been rumoured that the monkeys felt the shock very severely. A Blue-nosed baboon died this morning, and yet the instruments of the heaviest calibre were only half primed. What it will be when they are put upon their full metal we tremble in advance to know. We hope the glass cage for the reptiles is perfectly sound. As a proof of the fear that reigns everywhere, we may mention that every sparrow has emigrated from the Gardens.

WHATEVER WILL BECOME OF US?

To the Editor of every Newspaper in the Kingdom.



SIR,—I cannot sleep when I think of the defenceless state of the River Thames! What have we to prevent the French taking London Bridge, and running off with the Chinese Pagoda in Kew Gardens? Nothing but a *Daisy*, and a miserable *Buttercup* or two, long since past the flower of their youth.

Shall I tell you, Sir, what is the state of the French navy? Why they have no less than four steamers on their magnificent river Seine! Mind you, each of these steamers is accustomed to hard work. I have seen them aground for five hours at a time off St. Cloud. A more bumptious crew I never met with: why, I have watched them under a shower of rain, when not a man of them has hurried down below, or even

left the deck for a minute to fetch an umbrella.

But what do we find on our decks? A Captain and an Engine Boy!

I questioned one of the latter, and send you his answers:—

Q. "What do you carry on board, my little boy?"

A. "Ginger-beer, Soda-water, and penny Pickwicks, Sir."

Q. "What is your present complement, my fine fellow?"

A. "Go to Bath and get your head shaved."

Gracious goodness! Sir; my blood boils when I think on this state of things. We may be carried out of our beds any night of the week; and all we have to depend upon, is a little bit of a *Bridegroom*, that is loaded with ginger-beer, and manned by a chit of a boy, who, when you ask for information, directs you to proceed to Bath, for the insane purpose of getting your head shaved!

But is there any hope for us if we venture into the engine-rooms? "Here," thought I, "if there is any fire left in the British Navy, here I shall find it." It is true, I found plenty of fire, but it was not in the bosoms of the men. I tried to stir them up into something like a glow. I even took the poker, but it made no impression upon them; I plied the shovel, and trimmed them and the furnace alternately, going into them both like hammer and tongs; but will you believe it, Sir, the men only looked coldly on, and never moved an inch, excepting to ask me "if I was going to stand anything."

I am no alarmist, and I wish to terrify no one, but I can only say if these things are allowed to continue—if the Thames Navy remains in its present lack-a-Daisycal state—that we must see the Seine fleet sailing past Tilbury Fort, and we shall all be sleeping next Christmas Eve, if not before, in the rat-infested dungeons of Vincennes! If what I say does not come true, you may laugh as much as you please, at the prediction of, Sir,

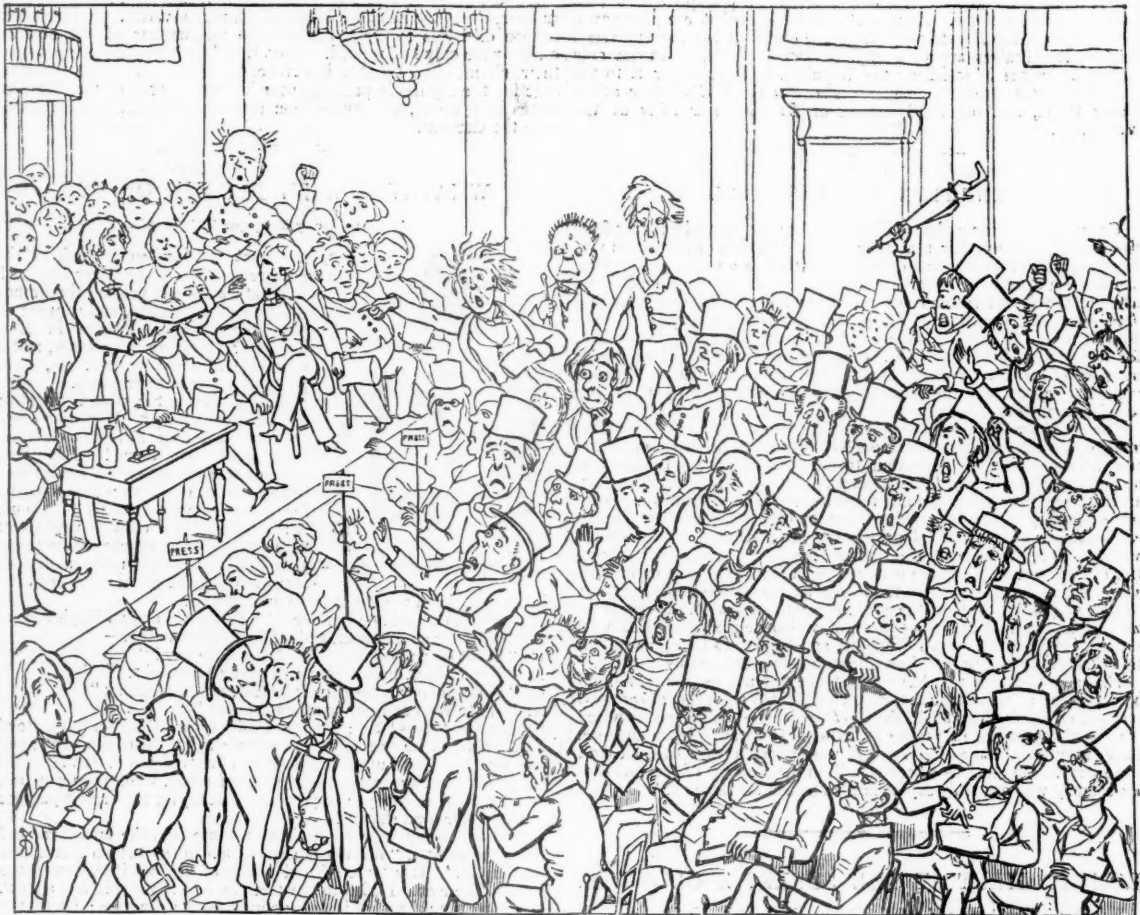
Yours, with every timber in a dreadful shiver,

FOOZLE.

Late Commander of the Battersea Squadron, and Admiral of the Trafalgar Square Boats.

A CASE DESERVING OF SYMPATHY.

WE witnessed an awful death in the columns of a newspaper the other day. It was the death of a poor fly. He had ventured too near one of those Italian fly-catchers, and had got fastened on the sheet of yellow glutinous matter that looks so unpleasant. He seemed to be in dreadful pain, and no wonder, for the newspaper in question was the *Standard*. We hastened to release him, but it was too late! We found him dead, stuck fast on the third line of a leader, having been evidently unable to proceed any further. What the sufferings of that poor fly must have been no mortal man can tell! What makes this case still more melancholy, is, that hundreds of other flies had shared his untimely fate. The leader all the way down was strewn with the remains of poor deluded flies who had fallen victims in the insane struggle of getting through it. Further details are too horrible for publication.



A RAILWAY MEETING. EMOTION OF SHAREHOLDERS AT ANNOUNCEMENT OF A DIVIDEND OF 2^d 1/2

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, July 2, 1849. COMES MR. STAGGE to take me to the great Railway Meeting at the London Tavern; and we up the Back Stairs to the Platform among the Directors, and glad of so good a Place; but fearing to be taken for one of my Company, did get behind a fat Man to hide myself. The Shareholders below met to hear their Affairs debated, and what a Collection of wry and doleful Faces! Methought the poor anxious Parsons and eager Half-pay Officers among them was a pitiful Sight. Looked hard about for the Railway King, but MR. STAGGE did say in my Ear he was not likely to show his Face. The Secretary reading Bills to be brought into the Parliament to join other Railways with this, and all the while interrupted by the Shareholders with Noise and Outcries; but at last got through. Then the Chairman did propose that the Bills be approved of; but an Amendment moved with much Clapping of Hands that the Meeting do adjourn for one Month to examine the Company's Accounts; which they do say have been cooked. Upon this a long Speech from a Director, denying that it was so, and One made answer to him in a bouncing, ranting Harangue; but to hear how the Shareholders did shout and cheer whenever he accused the Board of a Piece of Roguery! He complained that Proxy Papers had been sent out by some for Votes, whereby to gain their own Ends at £900 Expense to the Company; whereat more Uproar, in the midst whereof he moved another Amend-

ment; when the Noise greater than ever, with Groans and calling for Dividends; and several in the Meeting strove to speak, but could only wag their Jaws and shake their Fists at the Chairman, and he imploring Quiet in dumb Show. Howbeit, one old Gentleman got Attention for a Moment, and in great Wrath and Choler did declare that the Directors' Statement was all Humbug. Then Another with much ado to get a Hearing, did move a third Amendment: and after that, more Wrangling and Jangling, until the only Man of any Brains I had yet heard, up and showed the folly of moving Amendment on Amendment. So the first and last Amendment withdrawn, and the second put to the Vote, and lost, and then the Chairman's Resolution put and lost also, and the Shareholders hooting and hissing, and shouting "Shame!" and crying that they could not understand the Question. So the Amendment and former Resolution both put over again, and both again lost; whereupon the Shareholders stark mad, and rushed in a Mob on the Platform, raving at the Chairman, who jumped up in his Chair, throwing his Arms abroad, and shrieking for Silence; till at last a Poll determined on to decide whether for Adjournment or not; and so the Meeting brought to an End in as great a Hurly-Burly as I ever heard; and a pretty Chairman methinks they have to keep Order, and brave Directors to cook their Accounts, and their Meetings do seem as confused as their Affairs; and thank my Stars, I have not sunk my Money in a Railway.

THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

(Written for "The Talking Potato.")



MY DEAR MURPHY,—The impetus of improved locomotion has awakened a corresponding desire in the breasts of the reading public of the Irish and provincial press to have their news hot and hot from London—hot and buttered with their morning rolls. The "London Correspondent," my dear MURPHY, is a new potentate—a novel power—in the kingdom of the Press. It is for him to whip off the cream of all things, and churn it into little pats, impressing thereon now a goose and now a lion—now a rose and now a thistle. He must, however, be always original—always sparkling. Truth is very well in her way; but in our advanced state of civilisation, not presentable until properly drest. Neither, in our day, must Truth eschew the rouge-pot and ornaments of the purest paste. You will see, my honoured MURPHY, that I fully understand the object of my mission to this great city—that I am all over alive to the weight and value of your parting words: you may forget them; I never can. "One injunction, my dear O'SWISS, you must write upon your heart: must wear it as a phylactery about your brows: it is this—*Be spicy!* Mere news is common enough. What we want of you as a correspondent is rather an exercise of the imagination, than of the memory. Unflavoured truths are insipid. We don't want to feed the reader upon dull, daily household bread, but on gingerbread-nuts. Therefore, and in a word, *be spicy, or die.*"

These, my venerated MURPHY, were your last verbal instructions as we stood upon the deck of the *Shamrock*; and with them still singing in my ears and playing upon my heartstrings, I descended to the cabin. Having calmed myself with some cold sirloin and a trifle of punch, I thought I felt myself equal to contemplate the written orders that—with the letter for the weekly *pecunia* to your London agent—your parting shake consigned to my hand. I now write them from memory—from memory, most excellent MURPHY.

"I. To dine, at least once a week, with the Prime Minister or President of the Council—or both.

"II. To be presented at Court.

"III. To cultivate an acquaintance with the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and to pump F.M. upon all occasions.

"IV. To make a weekly call at the Foreign Office, and to worm LORD PALMERSTON. N.B. Never to be absent from any of her Ladyship's *soirées*.

"V. To secure the loan of the QUEEN'S 'BOX' at the Opera once a fortnight; and to have it duly printed in the *Morning Post*, that 'HER MAJESTY'S BOX was occupied by—O'SWISS, Esq., and a distinguished party of his private friends.'

"VI. To attend weddings in very high life; and—as a friend of the family—when permitted—to give away the bride.

"VII. To be civil—not familiar—with the Bench of Bishops.

"VIII. To give a dinner once a year to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation of London at the Clarendon.

"IX. To cut the Protectionists as a body; but, as a brother of the quill, to extend the little finger of friendship to BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

"X. To belong to all the Clubs.

"XI. To disregard any one or all of the foregoing, when found practically impossible.

"XII. On all and every occasion to consider it a solemn duty to—*be spicy.*"

These, Sir, were your written instructions; and I know the wisdom enshrined in them; for, once achieved, it makes the paragon of that novel and important creature, a London Correspondent. Well, Sir, I have endeavoured to comply with each and all of your twelve injunctions: and if I have failed in any one of them, depend upon it, estimable MR. MURPHY, the readers of *The Talking Potato* shall never discover it. Sir, in this life, the next best quality to successful courage is indomitable assurance. A man may fail to dine with the Prime Minister—to be presented at Court—to carwig the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; he may fail in one or all of these proud distinctions of life; but he must be an ass, indeed, if—with a tongue in his head or a pen in his hand—he permits an envious world to find the failure out. And now, Sir, to enter upon my duties—now to give you in the very best manner of a London Correspondent who is ubiquitous and all-knowing—(last week a London Correspondent was found under the table at Osborne House during the holding of a Privy Council;—the gallant fellow is now in the Tower)—to give you the last and most authentic intelli-

gence of all matters bearing 'upon or about the visit of QUEEN VICTORIA to the brightest gem in her crown, the Island Emerald.

[From our London Correspondent.]

ALL England threatens to decanter itself into Ireland on the occasion of HER MAJESTY'S visit. My friend LORD RUSSELL—(by the way he has a very pretty Lodge in Richmond Park, and it is pleasant to see the Premier of England and his little ones feeding the fallow-deer with almond-cakes at early dawn)—my friend JOHN, in confidence, assures me that the QUEEN will take water at Kew-bridge, and not at Osborne, as recklessly asserted by the ignorant portion of the press. A new barge will be launched upon the occasion, to be rowed by the Lords of the Admiralty, and steered—an especial favour granted at his own request—by LORD BROUGHAM. The royal yacht will sail from Woolwich, and will not be commanded—as was believed—by LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

The state visit of HER MAJESTY to Ireland is reserved for next year. On the present occasion she will be merely attended by the Household Guards (transports are already provided) and PRINCE ALBERT'S Own. It has been very generally reported that the Lumber Troop would be permitted to follow the QUEEN, and to share the duty with the Household regiments. On Thursday last over the burgundy, I just touched upon the report to the DUKE; when, with his characteristic acuteness, the DUKE observed—"Gammon; pass the wine." This your readers may depend upon. (By the way, what a felicitous epithet—it was an Irishman's—"the Iron DUKE!") The bewitched maiden uttered pearls and diamonds: F.M. the Duke invariably speaks tennenny nails.)

HER MAJESTY'S visit—(I have the best proofs from the royal milliner)—will be homely and unpretending. She will leave the crown and sceptre in the Tower, and land in a plain straw bonnet with a green parasol. On landing at Cork, HER MAJESTY—(I have it from her Master of the Horse)—will at once enter into the nationality of her Irish subjects. She will not make the round of the city in a carriage, but will, with the PRINCE OF WALES and ALBERT, occupy one side of a car, duly balanced on the other by Maids of Honour. Having visited Blarney, and secured a piece of the stone to be set among the brightest jewels of her diadem, she will sleep on board the yacht; the Mayor and Corporation of Cork, as a guard of honour, keeping the middle watch. All HER MAJESTY'S dress will be of Irish manufacture; Irish poplin; bonnet of Irish straw, with artificial blossoms of the national fruit. I should observe—(I have this from SHELL of the Mint)—that the QUEEN will embark amidst a shower of golden sovereigns.

HER MAJESTY'S entry into Dublin will be alike simple and maternal. (There has been a rumour of a great tea-party with a dance in the evening at Conciliation Hall: but don't believe it. The DUCHESS OF S— assures me that the idea is abandoned.) The QUEEN, as at Cork, will make the round of the city, preceded by the LORD MAYOR, who will have been ennobled, immediately after breakfast, as the EARL OF HULLABALOO, and the Aldermen created baronets. She will then, on her way to Viceregal Lodge (LORD CLARENDON, in a tunic of green silk taffety, is to ride a milk-white horse, illustrative of his pure intentions), stop awhile on the route, and at the river's brink create little PRINCE ALFRED the DUKE OF LIFFEY. This ceremonial will be performed by the royal child quaffing a goblet full of the water, carefully distilled for the occasion. Without further delay the QUEEN will then proceed to the Lodge, where she will be met at the door by the COUNTESS OF CLARENDON with a dish of buttermilk and potatoes. Upon this the QUEEN will lunch; and afterwards, in a thimble-full of regal punch, drink Prosperity to Ireland. Then, with as little ceremony as she arrived, HER MAJESTY will depart, and on her return proceed to the Bank; where—(the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has passed me his word for this)—where she will lodge twenty pounds to the account of every single inhabitant of Ireland, and thirty to the married, with an extra two pounds a-head for children. This fact, you will confess, is gratifying: but certainly not a whit more than was generally expected.

On leaving the Bank, HER MAJESTY will visit Trinity College, when herself, PRINCE ALBERT, and all the children, will receive diplomas as Doctors of Civil Irish Law; LORD RUSSELL, as Prime Minister, being honoured with the dignity of M.A. and S.L.O.W.

The QUEEN will then return to crown her visit with an act of most significant and most touching goodness. The statue of WILLIAM THE THIRD will cease to exist; that is, an entirely new face will be given to the old bronze mischief-maker. The head of the Orangeman (every preparation has been made to perform the process in a few minutes) will be struck off, and in its place a bronze head of His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, bearing his Hussar cap, will be soldered on; the band playing "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" with the bells ringing and the artillery roaring.

At night there will be a glorious illumination throughout the city. Not a garret window that will not have an eye of fire twinkling in it. A magnificent illumination in which—forgive my ardour, Sir—in which, let us hope, every atom of ill-feeling between the two countries may be burnt to snuff. Luckily I have no more to say, for I'm interrupted. The DUKE has driven up with his carpet-bag, and insists upon me going down for a day or two to Walmer.

Yours, PHELIM O'SWISS.

DOMESTIC HYDROPATHY.



HYDROPATHY is making its way, and the continual dropping of water on to the mind of the public is at last producing some impression. Water is in fact taking a very high position, but its elevation will not be of long continuance, for it is in the very nature of water to find sooner or later its level. At the present moment, hydrophathy is being received as a science of the first water, and it has been allowed to find its way into several domestic establishments. The turncock is in fact the family physician, the cistern is the medicine chest; the New River is a sort of Apothecaries' Hall, and the doctor's bill comes in, in the shape of the water rate. This is all very agreeable if it is kept within bounds, and we believe that not only are water and soap the best soporific, but that the ordinary suds form a sudorific of as salubrious a kind as any that can be furnished by pharmacy. It is not the use of water, but its abuse we protest against, and we therefore object to the substitution of the bath itself for the Bath chair, as well as to the watering of the patient with the watering-pot while lying in his bed, as if he were a geranium, or any other occupant of an ordinary flower-bed. Such is the out-door treatment under the Domestic Hydrophathic system, which occasionally places the patient under the pump, until it is doubtful whether he is not as great a pump as the machine by which he allows himself to be played upon.

"DOWN, DOWN, DERRY DOWN."

MINISTERS have at last hit on the plan to make Englishmen zealous financial reformers. Hume and Cobden, and the Liverpool Financial Reform Association, might have laboured for centuries without getting half as near their object as LORD JOHN and his colleagues have managed to do in the last twelve months. It is very kind of them to take such pains to rouse a real feeling for saving amongst us—to open JOHN BULL's ears to the cry of "Take care of your pockets,"—to prompt a demand for economy in administration so serious and urgent, that they will have a good excuse for obeying it. You don't suppose LORD JOHN and LORD GREY and the rest are really like pelicans, and take a serious pleasure in feeding their large brood out of their own blood,—i.e. the country's circulating medium! On the contrary, they only want a good reason for saying to those excellent family men, who seem always at home in the Home Office, and never abroad in the Foreign Office, "My dear fellow, we haven't a decent place to our backs, or a gentlemanlike salary in our portfolios. Everything is to be done in the cheap style, and the country no longer appreciates the advantage of having its work done in a slovenly and gentlemanly manner by men of family. We positively have nothing to give that doesn't require a man of business to do the work, and doesn't give a miserable salary for doing it. There isn't a clerk in the Foreign Office who can't knock off a *précis*, or run up a diplomatic correspondence, and who receives more than half Lombard Street pay. How can we offer anything of this paltry, hard-working, ill-paid style of thing to one of ourselves?"

This is obviously what Ministers want to be at. It must be so. For just look what they're doing. *Imprimis*, They're cutting down everybody's little pickings out of other people's pockets. They've robbed the landlords of protection. Let them look to their own salaries! They've robbed the ship-owners of the monopoly of water carriage and extra freights. Let them look to their Foreign and Colonial Office appointments! They've abolished the Palace Court. Let them look to their patent places and legal sinecures! They're going to knock up the Sessions Bars and the Sessions Attornies. Let them look for a swarm of hornets with stinging pens, who, driven from the carcass of petty larceny, must live, and will find a living (*inter alia*) by exposing the abuses among their expositors! They've cut off Junior briefs in Assize Prosecutions and reduced the fees of the ex-leaders. Let them look to their Treasury, and Mint solicitorships and snug little legal berths at home and abroad! They've roused the landlords! They've raised the ship-owners!! They've frenzied the attornies!!! They've irritated the barristers!!!!

And do they hope to survive themselves, remainder abuses, solitary sinecures, fossil inutilities, idle appendages of office? No. Every abuse they destroy, every vested interest they trample down, every old nuisance they cut away, they bring to life a new and sudden swarm of financial purists. The reformers will soon be reformed: economising Ministers will be economised: "Low pay for little work." Is that

to be the game? With *Shylock* the irritated "interests" may hiss out to Ministers, "If you be like us in all else, you shall be like us in that. The economy you teach us we will execute, and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction."

THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

(After COWPER.)

TOLL for a knave!
A knave whose day is o'er!
All sunk—with those who gave
Their cash, till they'd no more!

Shareholders grumbled loud,
Directors wroth did get—
Down went the Royal GEORGE,
With all his lines, complete!

Toll for the knave!
The Royal GEORGE is gone;
His last account is cook'd;
His work of doing, done!

It was not in the panic,
His credit felt no shock;
The House at Albert Gate
Stood firm as Albert Rock.

Clerks still drew bated breath,
And moved obedient pen,
When the Royal GEORGE went down
Never to float again.

Cast the tottle up,
See how the money goes:
And reckon, railway pup-
pets, how much England owes.

The Royal GEORGE is gone,
His iron rule is o'er—
And he and his Directors
Shall break the lines no more!

THE PUN NEGATIVE.

A PUNSTER quite old enough to know better, but too old to warrant the hope that he will not get worse, has intimated to us the horrible suspicion that the present Pope is called *Pro No-no* in allusion to his probable refusal to say yes to any conditions that may be proposed to him. The venerable wag who has insulted us by this suggestion has had the audacity to add, that, even if *Pro No-no* should say "Yes, yes," the joke (!) would still hold, for *No-no* might then be construed as the double negative, which is equal to one affirmative. We can only say at present, that we have it in contemplation to place the whole of the documents connected with this affair in the hands of the Lunacy Commissioners, with the view to an inquiry as to the state of mind of the venerable wag, who has for some time evinced the same alarming symptoms that have at last urged us to this extreme measure. We wish some benevolent individuals would found a sort of *Agapunnery* on the principle of the *Agapemone*, recently before the public, and we shall be happy to pay any reasonable sum of money for the reception of the venerable wag into such an establishment.

PUNCH'S FREE ADMISSION TO THE SURREY
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE programme of JULLIEN's "Concert Monstre" may be divided into three parts:—1st, Rain; 2nd, Mud; 3rd, Noise.

The first part was rather overdone. A little rain would have been refreshing, but JULLIEN laid it on rather too heavily. What there was, however, was of the very best description. We felt it to the very bottom of our soles. The running accompaniments, as they trickled slowly down our collar off the edge of some gentleman's umbrella, were particularly thrilling. There was one shower especially, evidently led on by SMART, that came down with the most wonderful precision on the heads of the multitude,—so much so that we are positive every one must have felt it through and through. Some of the most flowing movements filled our ears, almost to an

aching sense of pleasure, with such an overpowering gush of soft melody and rain, that we fairly shook and trembled under the powerful effect. Never has our head been so full at a concert before! Our Mackintosh, even to this day, is still absorbed by it.

Whilst this part of the concert was being executed, it was curious to watch the orchestra. Talk of the voices having been drowned by the instruments, why, they could not have been half so drowned as the latter were, for the rain trickled into the violins, as if they were only so many vials, and it filled the bassoons to that extent that every now and then BAUMANN had to hold up his cherished instrument, and give it a good wringing to get the water out of it. Those "monsters of the deep," the ophicleides, spouted away, as if they had been suddenly turned into whales, and sent up large columns of water that threatened to take all the colour out of the Blues, and even to send adrift the Coldstream.

The Second Part was necessarily a little slow; but when you are ankle-deep in Mud it is impossible to get on very fast. What mud there was, certainly was very good as far as it went, and that is saying a great deal, for it went all over the gardens; but as it was decidedly in everybody's way, we should advise JULLIEN to have the mud removed for his next concert, for it was the only portion of his entertainment that appeared to "stick" at all. All the rest, especially the third part, which consisted entirely of noise, went off like an 8-pounder; in fact much better, for owing to the rain having damped the ardour of the cannons, some of those "sons of guns" would not go off at all.

In other respects the noise redounds and rebounds, for the echoes, we believe, are still keeping it up on the Surrey hills, most loudly to JULLIEN's credit. The 24 Roman trumpets came out with great force, and we wonder the walls of Badajoz did not fall flat into the water at the first brazen clang. These Roman trumpets look like immense gas-pipes with a funnel at the end, and would make capital peashooters for a masquerade.

Altogether the noise was such as we have never listened to before. If it is a sample of what is occasionally heard in the "Desert," we do not wonder at so very few people living in that noisy neighbourhood. The Camel must be deaf as well as dumb, or else he could not stand it.

By the way, it was singular to notice the long caravan after caravan of Umbrellas, whilst the "Desert" was unrolling its slow length along. What would not old crusty SAHARA have given for a few drops of that rain, and have joyfully taken the mud with it, with which we were so liberally deluged on last Friday!

We are sorry for poor JULLIEN. His *fête* always seems to be a pelting Shower. It is most unfortunate for him that one of the elements of success for out-of-door amusements does not happen to be water, or else he would invariably have a bumper every time. His entertainments are always mixed with the very best spirit, and it is too bad that they should be completely swamped with too much water.

As it was, we enjoyed ourselves very much, but we have had a slight headache and a small touch of rheumatism ever since.

The "Butts" of Parliament.

MR. H. DRUMMOND says:

"For a measure of financial reform of any kind, there are always 19 'butts' out of 20 members."

And Punch asks:

"Out of 19 butts, how many hogsheds?"

BOOKKEEPING BY ITALIAN ENTRY.

ROME is the Capital of the world, and may be best invested by adding French Principle to Austrian Interest.

BRAVO, MAZZINI!

THOUGH brutish force the game has won,
Triumvir, thou hast nobly done;
Calm courage in a rightful cause
Gains thee a loftier world's applause;
And Rome's old heroes from their spheres
Shout, chiming in with British cheers,
Bravo, MAZZINI!

He who, as now, in time of yore,
Tyrannic rule when to restore
In Rome a fierce invader sought,
Accounted pain and death as nought,
His hand unshrinking in the flames;
He, MUTIUS SCORVOLA, exclaims,
Bravo, MAZZINI!

He who the fearful gulf defied,
Which, in the Forum, yawning wide,
Gaped for a victim to appease
The ire of wrathful deities,
A self-devoted sacrifice;
Behold, the dauntless CURTIUS cries,
Bravo, MAZZINI!

And they, the grandsire, sire, and son,
Who each their country's safety won,
By meeting voluntary death;
They, too, with one united breath,
The plaudits of their brethren swell:
The DECI cry aloud as well,
Bravo, MAZZINI!

The martyr to his plighted word,
He who a thousand deaths preferred,
Braving unmoved the direst doom,
To tampering with the weal of Rome;
REGULUS also joins the call
—While Punch cries ditto to them all—
Bravo, MAZZINI!

THE PALLIS COURT AND THE NOO PELISSE.

"SIR, 'THE Torney Ginral stix for compinsayshun for the loryers of the Pallis Court, whose prophets is to be nooked on the ed by a noo lor. Well and good, and wy not?"

"But, Sir, i wish to ask—if the loryers are to be compinsayed—why wasn't i? But you shall ear. Afore the noo Pelisse come in, i made my livin out of the pocket-ankerchers and sich like of my fellar subjecks. With the noo Pelisse, it isn't to be done at no price. Wear i prigg'd a dozen fogles, i now don't take 2. And all acause of a noo lor that made the noo Pelisse. i wish to know if i havn't a claim to compinsayshun the same as the fokes of the Pallis Court, and am yours,

"broken harted JEAMES TWITCHER."

Smithfield Sports.

One of the Parliamentary advocates of Smithfield Market alluded to the enormous sums of money turned over every market-day in that locality. He forgot to add the amount of property turned over in the shape of old women and apple-stalls; but we can vouch for the fact, that in the fruit season the capital turned over amounts to several plums in half a minute, when the Bulls begin to operate for a rise, which they do very frequently.

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

GEORGE HUDSON, Esq., for St. Helena, having purchased of government the ruins of Logwood, the late residence of the late NAPOLEON. The Admiralty have kindly offered the honourable gentleman the passage out in H. M. brig *Stag*.

THE WAR IN HUNGARY.

By our Juvenile Correspondent.

GEORGY-PEORGY has been a good boy, and beaten that nasty PASKY-WITCHYITCHY like a Bricksy-wicksy.

NEARLY REIDY.—The Ventilation of the House of Commons.

PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.



MR. BRIGGS HAVING PARTED WITH HIS LAD FOR MISCONDUCT, SOME YOUNG MEN WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCE APPLY TO "LOOK AFTER" HIS HORSE.

LONG MAY IT RAIN.

THE penny-a-liners have long been suffering from a dearth of pabulum for paragraphs, and the old stock had become so thoroughly exhausted, that the very earliest Gooseberry failed to find favour in an editor's eye, and the most monstrous of Cabbages was never thrust by any but the greenest of the greens of the press into a journal's letter-box. A novelty has, however, at last turned up, or rather come down in the shape of a shower of Red Rain, which, we are told in a tenpenny paragraph, has lately fallen in Wales, and we have no doubt the penny-a-liners will soon hear of such a refreshing shower in France, when a couple of pence more may be squeezed out of it by the addition of a line and a half of small wit in reference to the "Red Rain being calculated to throw more cold water on the Red Republicans."

If in private life it is true that "it never rains but it pours," we may certainly say the same of a sprinkling of paragraphs; and we may anticipate a thorough inundation of the newspapers with Red Rain for the next twelve months. We may also look forward to the exercise of penny-a-line ingenuity in the application of the happy idea of Red Rain to other matters of a cognate character. We may expect shortly a supply of black hail for autumn use, and during the winter months a fall or two of pea-green snow will be a most effective novelty. The paragraph trade will, we are sure, experience a healthy impetus from this fortunate shower of Red Rain, which will whet the public appetite for a further supply of such refreshing prodigies.

A Hint that should be Listened to.

WE observe that several causes "are down for hearing" in the House of Lords. Considering the defective state of the House, which one would imagine had been built as a Deaf Asylum for the Aristocracy, we do think the wording of the above notice a little ironical. How desperate must the acoustics of that place be, when it is necessary to specify the causes that are in want of a "hearing!"

THE GREAT SMOKE QUESTION.

EVERY now and then the legislature finds itself enveloped in smoke, or, in other words, immersed in a discussion on the subject of chimneys. During the present session the House of Commons has kept smoke from time to time in its eye. And about a week since, there was a debate rather more full of smoke than usual, for the morning papers came out with two or three columns of that foggy compound. We think it an admirable idea that smoke producers should be compelled to turn smoke consumers; and we hope that, in any act that may be passed, there will be a clause to reach those walking nuisances who emit from their mouths, through the medium of cigars, a most offensive vapour. Every street smoker should be compelled to consume his own smoke; for it is obvious that a class of persons who evince so much bad taste cannot reasonably object to swallow a quantity of smoke, on the ground of the bad taste that may attach to it.

"THE BUTCHERS' PET."

MR. OSBORNE is the last martyr of Smithfield. Defending the vested interests of the London butchers, he laid himself flat upon the gridiron, to be grilled by public opinion. His speech in the House of Commons was worthy of the cattle-market; an ox once spoke in the Forum; after centuries, the voice of that animal has been heard in St. Stephen's. We understand that the butchers intend to invite the Member for Middlesex to a magnificent festival in Ram Alley, when—in touching acknowledgment of his advocacy of the claims of the cattle and pig-market—he will be crowned with a civic crown composed for the occasion of cowslips, bulrushes, and sowthistle.

CON. FOR THE CONTINENT.

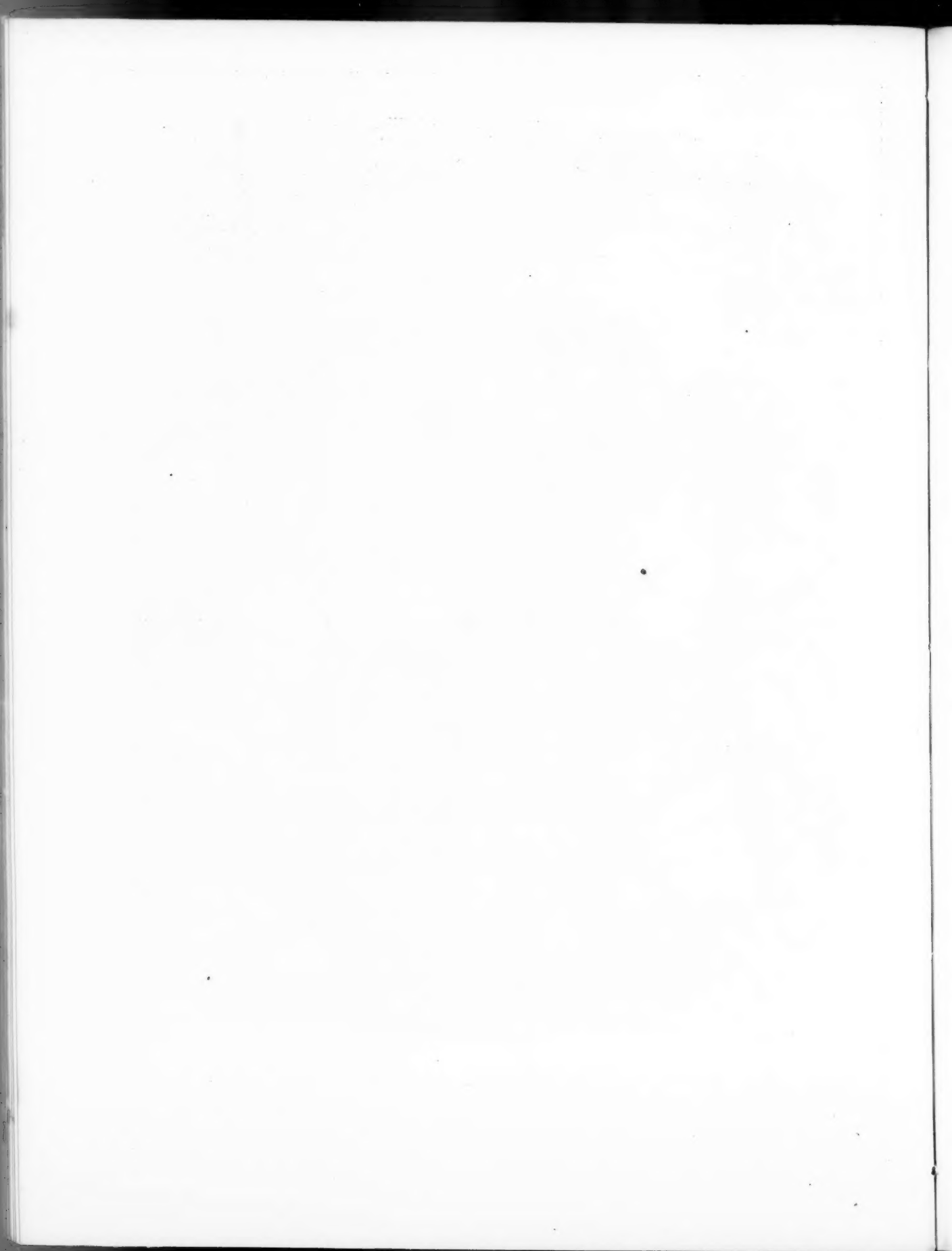
WHY is the French army at Rome like a London citizen at his country house? Because it is where it has no business.



GOG AND MAGOG GIVING PADDY A LIFT OUT OF THE MIRE.

"A Special Court of Common Council was held on Thursday to consider the propriety of purchasing estates in Ireland, with a view to cultivate and improve the same. * * * That London can and will do this work, her own history affords the most abundant guarantees."

Vide "Time," July 7.



THE PAS DES PATINEURS.

It has been whispered that the cause of the postponement of MEYERBEER'S *Prophète* at Covent Garden, until nobody is left in town to listen to it, has been the necessity for further rehearsals of the famous *Pas des Patineurs*, which the uninitiated expect will turn out to be a grand dance in pattens. It is rather awkward for the Italian Opera directors that the point for which the intended grand *coup* of their season is delayed has been anticipated three or four weeks ago by the management of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre.

VIARDOT GARCIA has been walking about doing nothing, and *Le Prophète* delayed until too late to do any good, while the ladies and gentlemen of the *ballet* have been floundering about in skates, which they ought to have been gliding into all the early part of the season, instead of keeping the *Prophète* at a stand-still while they are getting their hands, or rather their feet, into the *Pas des Patineurs*, which is after all no longer a novelty while VIARDOT GARCIA is standing idle in London.

The stage of Covent Garden during the rehearsal of the *Pas des Patineurs* illustrates the extreme difficulty of obtaining a firm footing in the favour of the public, and proves that "there is many a slip" in the course of the hazardous effort.



REHEARSAL OF THE "PAS DES PATINEURS."

NEW EDITIONS.

ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY, with new chapters, introducing the Republicans *de la vieille*, by LEDRU ROLLIN.

MÉMOIRES DU BARRY, being the little *mémoire* the architect of the new Houses of Parliament has sent in for some £20,000 extra.

WALKER'S MANLY EXERCISES, dedicated to penny postmen and to postmen in general, and embellished with a portrait of WALKER, the celebrated Twopenny.

SIDNEY'S ARCADIA, not by SIR PHILIP, but by ALDERMAN SIDNEY, with a view of Smithfield, and all the beauties and health-inspiring productions of that acknowledged Garden of England.

THE STRANGER'S GUIDE OUT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, edited by MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, with all the unreported speeches of that great *exclusive*.

THE HAND-BOOK OF TURNING, for the special use of M.P.'s.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, with variorum notes by LORD BROUGHAM.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NAPOLEON—in imitation of the Adventures of a Guinea, showing how it was taken up at Strasburg, smashed at Boulogne, nailed to the counter for a long time at Ham, and is now in circulation again at Paris.

ONE of the "Own Correspondents" reports that—

"The French entered Rome amid universal acclamations."

"Very like a wail!"

POKING FUN AT ROME WITH FRENCH BAYONETS.

A FUNNY fellow, one GENERAL ROSTOLAN, has been appointed by the leader of the Gauls, OUDINOT, Governor of Rome, and has addressed to the Roman people a Proclamation which must absolutely make the Seven Hills of the Eternal City split their sides with laughter. In this facetious document the principal points—each of which is a regular dig at Roman liberty—are these:—

"From this day.—1. Crowds in the streets are prohibited, and will be dispersed by force."

Here you have a specimen of the action of your patent new French Republican Street-sweeper.

"2. The retreat will be beaten at 9 p.m. Circulation in the streets shall cease at half-past 9. At that hour public places shall be closed."

A pretty game this, of playing the Conqueror after the manner of WILLIAM of that name, celebrated in connexion with the Curfew! French philanthropy introducing the Early Closing system into Rome!

"3. The political clubs, which, contrary to the Proclamation of the General-in-Chief, have not yet been closed, shall be so by force."

What a regard for consistency is shown by CITIZEN ROSTOLAN in suppressing the Roman political clubs by club-law!

"5. Physicians and public functionaries alone will be allowed to walk the streets freely at night. They must, however, be furnished with a pass, signed by the military authorities, and shall be escorted, from station to station, to the place they intend to go to."

The patient, probably, will be liable to stand the charge of the escort, as well as pay the fee of the doctor.

But the conclusion of M. ROSTOLAN'S jokes at the expense of the Romans beats everything that has preceded it. After forbidding them to assemble in their own streets, ordering them home, and to shut up shop by half-past nine, threatening to close their clubs by force, and declaring that the physician, when called up at night, must be marched to the bed-side by a file of soldiers; he addresses them in the following exquisite strain of irony:—

"Inhabitants of Rome! you want order; I will guarantee it to you. Those who intend to prolong your oppression shall find in me an inflexible severity."

The tone of this consolatory assurance is really worthy of a clown in one of the good old pantomimes, when he tells a little boy that he will take him under his protection, and so saying, knocks the poor child's hat over his eyes, and kicks him, and beats him, and takes away his cake.

OH! MONS, MOST MONS-TROUS!

A PAPER says "the applause at the Monster Concert was most deafening." Egad! the cannons were quite enough to make it so.

IDOLATRY AND SUPERSTITION IN ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It is humiliating to reflect that in this age of science and intelligence, and in our own enlightened country, there should have occurred the following deplorable instance of grovelling superstition and idolatry. Some four or five years ago, incredible as it may seem, large numbers of persons of all classes, including even some of the clergy, actually united to worship a brazen image. They positively set up a Man of Brass, and this precious divinity was adored by the deluded creatures under the name of the Railway King. It was their belief that he exercised unlimited power over all railway matters, and could render any line that he took under his tutelage a source of indefinite emolument to his votaries. So awfully were they carried away by this persuasion that they even made a sacrifice in honour of their Idol, at a cost of as much as £20,000. But this was nothing to the amount of treasure which they were constantly pouring into his temple in the expectation that it would there continually increase and multiply.

The image had a head, like the celebrated one of FRIAR BACON, endowed with speech, which it seems to have resembled the Pagan oracles of old in employing for the purpose of mystification. In process of time, not only were the golden visions of the idolaters dispelled, but it was found that all the money which they had deposited at the shrine of the Idol had disappeared. On awakening to a sense of their lamentable condition, their preposterous veneration for their brazen god was changed into a proportionately violent animosity against him. They pulled down their Idol from its pedestal, they beat it, they kicked it, they bedaubed it and bespattered it, and trampled it in the mire, and many of them, notwithstanding that they themselves lived in glass houses, did not hesitate to pelt it with stones. In short, they conducted themselves exactly like certain savages, who, when disappointed in their desires and expectations, are accustomed to offer all sorts of indignities to their gods, before which previously they had prostrated themselves in the most abject abasement. It is futile to talk of the progress of education, when we see multitudes capable of becoming the victims of such a delusion as that which has been exemplified in the worship of the Railway King.

PRODUCER AND CONSUMER.

At the Agricultural Society's Meeting at Norwich, a prize was offered for the "best Cultivator or Grubber." Now the best cultivator that can be, is the British Labourer, and put a leg of mutton and trimmings and a knife and fork before him, and we will also back him against the whole world at grubbing.

PUNCH'S OWN FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By *Punch*, his own Correspondent.

HAVING been for some time quite abroad among the accounts sent home of events on the Continent, and puzzled with paragraphs about Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark, and the Duchies, with extracts from *Wiener Zeitungs*, relative to MIERASLAWSKI'S movements, and the occasional advances of O'SZONY—a sort of Irish Hungarian probably—towards this, that, and the other, *Mr. Punch* determined to go out in the capacity of his own Correspondent to the disturbed parts of the Continent. He had offered the task to a trusty contributor, who, having heard of innocent individuals being constantly popped off at the hands of the various patriotic *popoli*, resolutely declared that he would be shot if he undertook such a dangerous mission.

Mr. Punch accordingly accredited himself as his own ambassador, and having invested himself with the circular order of the Bank of England, and granted an audience to his own till, to which he extended the benefits of the clearing system, he took his passage down Bride Court towards the Continent. He was accompanied by *Toby*, and *Mr. Punch* taking no other luggage than a shirt, *Toby* was satisfied with the collar. Passing over the voyage from England, and omitting to notice the blustering of BOREAS, who planted one of his heaviest blows on the very chops of the Channel, *Mr. Punch* contents himself with reporting some of the results of his personal observation.

On arriving at a given point, he looked out for an omnibus to Pusztá Harkaly, where he had heard the brigade of BENEDEK was holding out, and where *Mr. Punch* believed the presumed *Pus* or *Puss*, in *Pusztá*, might give a sort of impetus to *Toby's* activity. He soon arrived at a spot which *Mr. Punch* discovered to be Nagy-sz-mard, and on demanding an interview with O'SZONY he was collared and captured by two strapping satraps of the Kaiser Somebody, who dragged him before a general,



whose name ended in *SKI*, and who, to show his relationship to the Skies, was covered all over with stars, besides having a cloud on his brow, though he had anything but a milky way with him. *Mr. Punch*, though he had an excellent explanation at his fingers' ends, was unable to translate it into the required tongue, and a series of guttural sounds having been sent forth from the throat of the General, it became evident that *Mr. Punch* and his faithful dog were ordered to be shot as spies by way of upshot. *Mr. Punch* had already begun to feel the difficulty of conveying the reports of the fatal muskets in the character of his own reporter, when, as the poet says—



Before a file of men,
Poor *Punch* was on his knees;
Toby sent up a dismal yell,
That floated on the breeze.

So frightful was the sound,
That, pale with abject fear,
The soldiers turn'd upon their heels—
The ground for *Punch* was clear.

Encouraged by his fortunate escape, *Mr. Punch* became bold, and happening to have one of the numbers of his own publication in his pocket, he fortunately produced it, and found that it served as a passport everywhere. More fortunate even than some of the foreign correspondents of the daily press, who merely get invitations to dine with the Generals on both sides, and have public galleries placed at their sole disposal, to write their "copy" in, *Mr. Punch* found himself honoured

with tickets out of number for "private views" of the various fortifications, and he received an undated order for "himself and friend" to a



private (sentry) box in the theatre of war all over the continent. He had in fact the *entrée* behind the scenes, and was called to inspect all the properties about to be introduced into the grand ballet of action that



was the subject of a sort of *répétition générale* in all the places he visited. He strolled *ad libitum* among the "set pieces," and walked unmolested

through cut woods amid groups of soldiery, forming the grand *tableaux* in the revolutionary dramas being performed throughout nearly the whole of Europe. To him, a pitched battle was little more than a performance at Astley's, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the corps of WOHLGEMUTH come down upon the brigade of RAINBETH as comfortably as if he had witnessed the whole affair from the front row of the dress boxes at Mr. BATTY'S establishment. However crowded the "seat of war," there was always a "reserved seat" for *Mr. Punch*, who with the Generals on both sides became a general favourite. It would be impossible to enumerate the places through which he passed on his journey home, but any reader may supply himself with a tolerably



accurate catalogue by throwing together a quantity of consonants—with a very small sprinkling of vowels—and cutting them up into words of as many letters as may be convenient. The names of

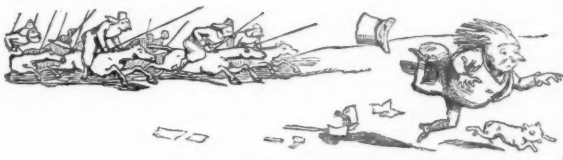


generals may be obtained by the addition of the syllable *kick*, as in JELLAKICK, for it is observable that the parties opposing any generals

of this kind, come off naturally enough with more kicks than halfpence. Unfortunately a jealousy arose in consequence of dog *Toby* having unconsciously given offence to the dogs of war, and having in fact been suspected of acting in the dishonourable character of a tale-bearer in



the interest of the enemy. This unpleasant circumstance having come to the ears of Mr. Punch, he was unwilling that the *queue* of *Toby* should be converted into a "queue to fight," and he accordingly made at once for the frontier.



SEASIDE INTELLIGENCE.

WE have lately received papers from the Coast, and from our stores of information—which we are justified in regarding as marine stores, in everything but the waste paper sense of the term—we select the following.

GRAVESEND.—This milk and watery sea-port, which stands suspended, like MAHOMET'S Tomb, between the arms of Father Thames and NEPTUNE, is in the full height of its brief season. The last of the Barons—the laird of NATHAN—remains at his Hall of Banners, supported by his trusty retainer, in virtue of which, he is retained for the whole of the summer at a liberal salary. In commercial matters there is little doing, but we heard of a sale being effected of yesterday's shrimps at to-day's prices; periwinkles being sixpence a mille—*id est*, a thousand—dearer at Gravesend than at Billingsgate, it follows that the exchange is a few pints in favour of the latter.

HERNE BAY.—Our latest dates from this locality go back as far as the end of June, which may be accounted for by the blockade of high steamboat fares being still continued. The pier proprietors co-operate cordially in the blockade, and aid, by prohibition pier dues, the prohibition prices of the steamboats, while the prohibition fares of the South Eastern Railway do their part in the establishment of the somewhat contradictory policy of keeping the public literally at Bay, by keeping everybody away from it.

MARGATE.—Our last advices from this place represent the proprietors of the bathing-rooms to be moved by the same courteous inclinations—the constant inclination of the head to every passer-by which has always distinguished them. The promenading along the *Boulevard des Juives* is now at its height, and at the Bazaars of both LEVY and JOLLY there is a characteristic mixture of Levity and Jollity among the cockney visitors. The town "crier" has been in full cry lately after the lost purses and missing poodles of the people, and Margate slippers, though up at half-a-crown, are down at heel in most cases.

RAMSGATE.—This place was a few days ago enlivened by the presence of royalty, it having been fixed upon by the QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS as the point of her embarkation for Ostend in a most unostentatious manner. The inhabitants, however, would not lose the chance of an excitement, and a procession was arranged to accompany HER BELGIAN MAJESTY down the pier to the steamer. The first thing to be done was the collection of a crowd, of which a nucleus was soon formed by a few boys, who were attracted by the turning out of the coast-guard—a compact cohort of eight—in full uniform. This force was marched down to the landing-place at an early hour, and at a little after 12 the royal procession entered the pier gates in the following order:—

A Man on a Horse—supposed to be the Mare of Ramsgate.

AN OPEN ONE-HORSE FLY,

which had been ordered to stand at ease on the nearest stand till it was wanted, and now occupied by two gentlemen in cocked hats, and blue coats with embroidered collars, who were supposed to form part of the *suite* of HER MAJESTY.

A Shut up Fly, drawn by a pair of poorly caparisoned Horses, who seemed to feel that their caparisons were odious, and carrying

four ladies, who passed along amid exclamations of "Is one of them the QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS?"

A YELLOW POST-CHAISE WITH A PINK POST-BOY]

driving "four insides," who bowed courteously to the bystanders in reply to their doubtless inaudible greeting of "Well, it ain't much of a procession, is it?"

The procession was preceded a few yards by a vehicle, drawn by one apparently rather clever cob, half filled with carpet bags, and inscribed with the words,

"SOUTH-EASTERN LUGGAGE VAN."

A pier policeman led the van on this occasion.

On the alighting of the occupants of the flies, it became clear, by the respect shown to her, that "the One in Blue," as the bystanders termed an exceedingly ladylike and amiable-looking person thus attired, was the

QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.

A yard and a half of red serge, to prevent the Royal feet from being moistened by the surge of the ocean, had been provided by the liberality of the authorities, and the sergeal operation of laying it down having been performed, the QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS stepped on board, preceded by a local Authority in a blue coat and red collar and cuffs, whose ordinary duty is to attend the arrival and departure of the regular steamers.

After the leave-taking ceremonies had been performed, this individual exclaimed, "Let go the stern rope," in a stern voice, and CAPTAIN SMITHETT having given the order to "Move her ahead," the QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS left the harbour in the *Vivid*, amid cheers from the lantern of the lighthouse, which was occupied by a party of ladies, each with "a light in her laughing eye," and three cheers from the iron crane, which was crowded with youth, after the usual fashion.

The procession of flies was about to return to the regular stand, when a pier policeman striking up a cry of "Fly not yet!" the driver paused for the firing of the four guns, which, with an ounce of powder in each, proceeded to an-ounce the departure of the Royal visitor.

On the first discharge, the horse attempted to go off, and was commencing a series of capers, when, by a prompt stoppage up of the animal's ears with gloves, pocket handkerchiefs, and old newspapers collected on the spot, the impatient steed was restored to his usual tranquillity.

It says little for the resources or for the courtesy of the inhabitants and visitors of the town of Ramsgate, that not one private carriage could be found to be placed at the service of the QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS, but that HER MAJESTY was compelled to put herself under the wing of an ordinary fly in her transit from the railway station to the steamboat.

With the exception of this brief excitement, Ramsgate goes on, according to our latest files—including one old file—much as usual. The lodging-house keepers are always on the active tout, as if *tout ou rien* would be the result of their activity, and the bathing is in the hands of six opposition RATCLIFFES, whose efforts to secure customers turn the sands into a sort of Ratcliffe Highway during the whole of the morning, while the screams of infants calling for mercy in the process of immersion increase the turmoil of the locality. The German Band from Baden-Baden is a very good 'un; and at the Marine Library, on the cliff, there is a general invitation to—

"Dance with me, dance with me,
Under the walnut tree,"

from a young lady, who, if not "a perfect substitute for SONTAG," is better than nothing for those who are debarred from the treat of hearing the illustrious and legitimate successor to the lyric throne, rendered for a time vacant by the LIND-ish abdication.

The Value of Life.

ACCORDING to the *Morning Post*, "the recent hanging of JOHN KELLOCHER cost the Town Council of Perth £117 17s. 6d." JACK KETCHES must be scarce in Scotland. If every hanging is to be as expensive as JOHN KELLOCHER'S, there will soon be a call for the abolition of capital punishment in that portion of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. The Town Council of Perth will be ruined if they continue to hang at such a price. They will find it better to adopt the principle of "Live and let live."

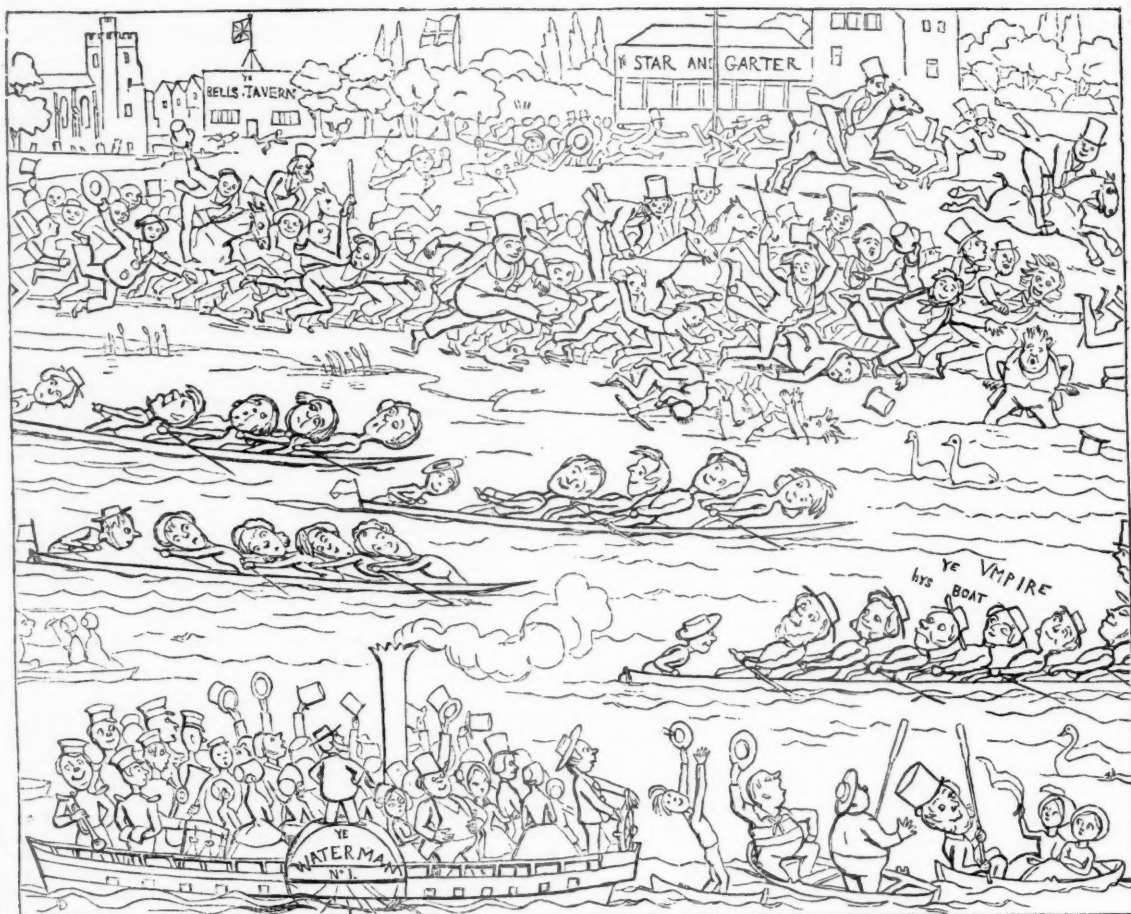
THE STATE OF THE NATION.

In answer to public inquiries, we beg to publish the following bulletin:

"The Nation continues pretty much in the same state. It has passed a quiet Session, and is as well as can be expected—with the Whigs as Ministers."

(Signed) PUNCH, M.D.

DOUBTFUL!—Has France, in her triumph at Rome, most completely disgraced the triumphs or the triumphers?



A PROSPECT OF YE THAMES ITS REGATTA.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, July 10, 1849.—Sent my Vest to the Tailor's to be let out in the Back, and my Wife and every Body say I grow too stout, which do put me in mighty Pain lest I should lose my Shape; wherefore I have resolved to take a long Walk daily, for Exercise, to bring down my Fat. So began this Day, and set out to walk to Barn-Elms, by the way of Hammersmith, on a brave melting Afternoon. I did muse at the Number of Carriages that passed me, crammed full, and Omnibuses crowded both inside and on the Roof, and the People upon them whooping and blowing Horns, as the British Public always do when they ride to see any Sport. At Hammersmith found what all this meant, everyone there hastening to the River, this being the first Day of the Thames Regatta, and the Suspension-Bridge thronged, and Festoons of Spectators on the Chains. Did go upon the Bridge, cost me $\frac{1}{2}$ d. toll, but would not have missed the Sight for 6d. or 1s.; for the Thames with Boats scattered all over it, their Flags fluttering, and their Crews shouting and laughing full of Fun and Glee, made a lively Picture; and also I was just in the Nick of Time to see a Race; four Boats of as many Oars darting under the Bridge at full Speed, while the Beholders cheered and hallooed with all their Might, and a Bell rung, and a Band of Musique upon the Bridge Pier did play "Love Not." Good Luck! how wrapped up the People did seem to be in the Race; and how they did cry for Blue to go it; and now that it was Red, and then Pink, and at last that Red had it, meaning the Colours of the Rowers, which indeed looked very smart and spruce. Over the Bridge, and, instead of to Barnes, down the River, along the Towing Path, which was also

thronged with Folks running to and fro, all Eagerness and Bustle. So to Putney, where the Races do begin, and there the Multitude greatest both on the Bridge and the Shore, and FINCH his Ground to the Water-Side quite a Fair, with Fat Ladies and Learned Pigs and Gilt Ginger-bread; and his Tavern beset by Customers for Ale, and mighty good Ale it is. Here more Boat-Racing, with Firing of Cannon, Jollity, Shouting, Jangling of Street Pianos, and everywhere Tobacco-Smoke and the Popping of Ginger-Beer. Some fouling of Barges, but no worse Mishap, though I expected every moment that Somebody would be ducked. Methought how neat and dainty the light Wherries and Wager-Boats did look among the other Craft; but loth I should be to trust my Carcase in a Cockle-Shell, that sitting an Inch too much on one side would overthrow. Mighty pleasant also to behold on the Water the little Parties of Beauties, rowed by their Sweethearts, under Awnings to shade them from the Sun, and the Ripple on the Water and the Smiles on their Faces, and to hear their Giggling, which was a pretty Noise. Afloat everywhere in their Boating-Trim I did note sundry of those young Sparks that do and think and talk of nothing but pulling up the River, and live upon it almost, like Swans or Geese; and M^r. WAGSTAFFE, whom I met, do say they have no Brains in their Skulls. But, however, that Boat-Racing is a true British Pastime, and so long as we pull together he will back us against all the World. "And talking of that," says he, "the Sport being ended, suppose we take a Pull at some of FINCH his Ale;" which we did with great Content and so Home.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN
ABOUT TOWN.

ON LOVE, MARRIAGE, MEN, AND WOMEN.



LET US now, beloved and ingenuous youth, take the other side of the question, and discourse a little while upon the state of that man who takes unto himself a wife inferior to him in degree. I have before me in my acquaintance many most pitiable instances of individuals who have made this fatal mistake.

Although old fellows are as likely to be made fools as young in love matters, and DAN CUPID has no respect for the most venerable age, yet I remark that it is generally the young men who marry vulgar wives. They are on a reading tour for the Long Vacation, they are quartered at Ballinacree, they see Miss SMITH or Miss O'SHAUGHNESSY every day, healthy lively jolly girls with red cheeks, bright eyes, and high spirits—they come away at the end of the vacation, or when the regiment changes its quarters engaged men, family rows ensue, mothers cry out, papas grumble, Miss pines and loses her health at Baymouth or Ballinacree—consent is got at last, JONES takes his degree, JENKINS gets his company; Miss SMITH and

Miss O'SHAUGHNESSY become Mrs. JONES and Mrs. JENKINS.

For the first year it is all very well. Mrs. JONES is a great bouncing handsome creature, lavishly fond of her adored JONES, and caring for no other company but his. They have a cottage at Bayswater. He walks her out every evening. He sits and reads the last new novel to her whilst she works slippers for him, or makes some little tiny caps, and for—dear JULIA, dear EDWARD!—they are all in all to one another.

Old Mrs. SMITH of course comes up from Swansea at the time when the little caps are put into requisition, and takes possession of the cottage at Bayswater. Mrs. JONES, Senior, calls upon Mrs. EDWARD JONES's Mamma, and, of course, is desirous to do everything that is civil to the family of EDWARD's wife.

Mrs. JONES finds in the mother-in-law of her EDWARD a large woman with a cotton umbrella, who dines in the middle of the day, and has her beer, and who calls Mrs. JONES, MUM. What a state they are in Pocklington Square about this woman! how can they be civil to her? whom can they ask to meet her? How the girls, EDWARD's sisters, go on about her! FANNY says she ought to be shown to the housekeeper's room when she calls; MARY proposes that Mrs. SMITH the washerwoman should be invited on the day when Mrs. SMITH comes to dinner, and EMMA (who was EDWARD's favourite sister, and who considers herself jilted by his marriage with JULIA) points out the most dreadful thing of all, that Mrs. SMITH and JULIA are exactly alike, and that in a few years, Mrs. EDWARD JONES will be the very image of that great enormous unwieldy horrid old woman.

Closeted with her daughter, of whom and of her baby she has taken possession, Mrs. SMITH gives her opinion about the JONESSES:—"They may be very good, but they are too fine ladies for her; and they evidently think she is not good enough for them: they are sad worldly people, and have never sat under a good minister, that is clear: they talked French before her on the day she called in Pocklington Gardens, and though they were laughing at me, I'm sure I can pardon them, Mrs. SMITH says. EDWARD and JULIA have a little altercation about the manner in which his family has treated Mrs. SMITH, and JULIA bursting into tears as she clasps her child to her bosom, says, "My child, my child, will you be taught to be ashamed of your mother."

EDWARD flings out of the room in a rage. It is true that Mrs. SMITH is not fit to associate with his family, and that her manners are not like theirs; that JULIA's eldest brother, who is a serious tanner at Cardiff, is not a pleasant companion after dinner: and that it is not agreeable to be called "NED" and "Old Cove" by her younger brother, who is an attorney's clerk in Gray's Inn, and favours NED by asking him to lend him "a Sov." and by coming to dinner on Sundays. It is true that the appearance of that youth at the first little party the EDWARD JONES's gave after their marriage, when NATTY disgracefully inebriated himself, caused no little scandal amongst his friends, and much wrath on the part of Old JONES, who said, "That little scamp call my daughters by their Christian names!—a little beggar that is not fit to sit down in my hall!—If ever he dares to call at my house I'll tell JOBBINS to fling a pail of water over him." And it is true that NATTY called many times in Pocklington Square, and

complained to EDWARD that he, NAT, could neither see his Mar or the Gurls, and that the old gent cut up uncommon stiff.

So you see EDWARD JONES has had his way, and got a handsome wife, but at what expense? He and his family are separated. His wife brought him nothing but good looks. Her stock of brains is small. She is not easy in the new society into which she has been brought, and sits quite mum both at the grand parties which the Old JONES's give in Pocklington Square, and at the snug little entertainments which poor EDWARD JONES tries on his own part. The women of the JONES's set try her in every way, and can get no good from her: JONES's male friends, who are civilised beings, talk to her, and receive only monosyllables in reply. His house is a stupid one; his acquaintances drop off; he has no circle at all at last except to be sure that increasing family circle which brings up old Mrs. SMITH from Swansea every year.

What is the lot of a man at the end of a dozen years who has a wife like this? She is handsome no longer, and she never had any other merit. He can't read novels to her all through his life, while she is working slippers—it is absurd. He can't be philandering in Kensington Gardens with a lady who does not walk out now except with two nursemaids and the twins in a go-cart. He is a young man still, when she is an old woman. Love is a mighty fine thing, dear BOB, but it is not the life of a man. There are a thousand other things for him to think of besides the red lips of LUCY, or the bright eyes of ELIZA. There is business, there is friendship, there is society, there are taxes, there is ambition, and the manly desire to exercise the talents which are given us by Heaven, and reap the prize of our desert. There are other books in a man's library besides OVID; and after dawdling ever so long at a woman's knee, one day he gets up and is free. We have all been there: we have all had the fever: the strongest and the smallest, from SAMSON, HERCULES, RINALDO, downwards; but it burns out, and you get well.

Ladies who read this, and who know what a love I have for the whole sex, will not, I hope, cry out at the above observations, or be angry because I state that the ardour of love declines after a certain period. My dear Mrs. HOPKINS, you would not have HOPKINS to carry on the same absurd behaviour which he exhibited when he was courting you? or in place of going to bed and to sleep comfortably, sitting up half the night to write to you bad verses? You would not have him racked with jealousy if you danced or spoke with any one else at a ball; or neglect all his friends, his business, his interest in life, in order to dangle at your feet? No, you are a sensible woman; you know that he must go to his counting-house, that he must receive and visit his friends, and that he must attend to his and your interest in life. You are no longer his goddess, his fairy, his peerless paragon, whose name he shouted as *Don Quixote* did that of *Dulcinea*. You are JANE HOPKINS, you are thirty years old, you have got a parcel of children, and HOPKINS loves you and them with all his heart. He would be a helpless driveller and ninny were he to be honeymooning still, whereas he is a good honest fellow, respected on 'Change, liked by his friends, and famous for his Port wine.

Yes, BOB, the fever goes, but the wife doesn't. Long after your passion is over, Mrs. BROWN will be at your side, good soul, still; and it is for that, as I trust, long subsequent period of my worthy BOB's life, that I am anxious. How will she look when the fairy brilliancy of the honeymoon has faded into the light of common day?

You are of a jovial and social turn, and like to see the world, as why should you not? It contains a great number of kind and honest folks, from whom you may hear a thousand things wise and pleasant. A man ought to like his neighbours, to mix with his neighbours, to be popular with his neighbours. It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends. You can't be talking to Mrs. BROWN for ever and ever: you will be a couple of old geese if you do.

She ought then to be able to make your house pleasant to your friends. She ought to attract them to it by her grace, her good breeding, her good humour. Let it be said of her "What an uncommonly nice woman Mrs. BROWN is." Let her be, if not a clever woman, an appreciator of cleverness in others, which perhaps clever folks like better. Above all, let her have a sense of humour, my dear BOB, for a woman without a laugh in her (like the late excellent Mrs. BROWN) is the greatest bore in existence. Life without laughing is a dreary blank. A woman who cannot laugh is a wet blanket on the kindly nuptial couch. A good laugh is sunshine in a house. A quick intelligence, a brightening eye, a kind smile, a cheerful spirit,—these I hope Mrs. BOB will bring to you in her *trousseau*, to be used afterwards for daily wear. Before all things, my dear nephew, try and have a cheerful wife.

What, indeed, does not that word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit, it means a pure heart, it means a kind and loving disposition, it means humility and charity, it means a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. Stupid people, people who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited, that is, bigoted; that is, cruel; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian. Have a good, jolly, laughing, kind woman, then, for your partner, you who are yourself a kind and jolly fellow; and when you go to sleep, and when you wake, I pray there may be a smile under each of your honest nightcaps.

BROWN THE ELDER.

A BARE PROBABILITY.

THE Russian correspondent of the *Daily News*, who seems to think that CRACOWITZ, and all the other Russian Witses, are going fairly out of their wits, has given publicity to a report that the Emperor himself has gone out of his mind—we hope, if it is so, he has only “gone out for the day”—and the proof alleged is that the Autocrat has been seen “dancing about in his shirt for three hours.” We admit that the performance of such an extraordinary *pas seul* would tell rather unfavourably for the Imperial intellect, but there is nothing new in Russia’s cutting all sorts of capers, and as we know the bear is taught to dance by putting him amongst hot ashes, it may be the heat of the continental soil, caused by the burning of the revolutionary volcanoes beneath, that has driven the Emperor into the extraordinary *ballet d’action* in which he is said to be figuring. Perhaps he has



been bitten by the great republican tarantula that has led the greater part of Europe a dance, to which nothing but the Dances of Death can furnish a comparison.

“PLEASE, SIR, WE’VE COME TO BORE YOU.”

LONDON is about to be regularly bored. The metropolis will be like a sieve, full of little holes. If there are any inhabitants in the interior of the earth, they will live in a continual shower-bath. The object of this boring is to ascertain what kind of clay there is below our houses. The Commissioners of Sewers talk of running an immense tunnel under our coal cellars. For this purpose engineers will be empowered to walk into any one’s mansion, with an immense instrument like a cheese-scoop, in order to taste if the soil upon which it stands, is “the perfect Stilton” or not, for excavating purposes. Let us hope if this monster Tunnel is ever carried out, that no future GUY FAWKES will take advantage of it for the purpose of blowing up London; it is bad enough to be bored without being blown up into the bargain.

Another danger no less imminent than flying into the air, will be the chance of dropping prematurely into the earth. Imagine London like Lisbon, being destroyed by an earthquake, and yet if this immense cavity were to open its mouth we should all be swallowed up, and there is great doubt with such a swallow as that if London would ever see another summer. It would not be agreeable to wake up some morning and find yourself the inhabitant of a second Pompeii. We trust, therefore, that the President of this Commission, who, we take it, is SIR WILLIAM CLAY, will not bore us too much, or undermine the “first city in the world” to that deep extent that every bit of property is likely to fall in. By the by, we wonder how many members will be returned for this new burrow?

A PRINCELY OVERSIGHT.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON has liberated BOU MAZA, but he has certainly forgotten that ABD-EL-KADER still remains in prison.

THE BATTLE OF CHATHAM.

FRANCE has had her Wagram, but of all the bits of mad Wag-gery that ever were performed, commend us to the great Battle of Chatham, which will go down to posterity with Waterloo in its pocket. The British forces have shown how much they can really do without doing anything. They have made themselves masters of a mound, sacked a citadel, and bagged a battery without the use of any shells more formidable than their own shell-jackets.

It is difficult to cork down the enthusiasm of our ink-bottle, and our steel pen almost flashes fire while we record the wondrous achievement of—

BRITISH ARMS—

and legs—at the late brilliant affair off—say a couple of miles off—Rochester.

At the sound of the bugle—the only decisive blow of the day, by the by—a party of sappers planted themselves in the trenches, like so many heads of celery.

Another party gallantly deployed into a ditch; but being baffled by an impracticable hedge, retired into a holly-bush, which served as a sort of ambush, while the besieged army blazed away from the heights, and disabled the right wing—of a fowl that had strayed too near the scene of action. Seeing the perilous position of the Sappers, a few Miners—all of them lads—rushed forward with their ladders; but the lads being too little, and the ladders still less, the manoeuvre—or rather boy-œuvre—entirely failed, and after a futile effort to scale the walls, the group slunk back in a most scaly manner.

The assailants though defeated at this point, resolved on the attempt to take Exmouth Terrace, and some of the houses being to let on lease, it did not seem that the taking of the terrace would be a matter of any very great difficulty, though there was a kind of army of occupation already on the spot, in the shape of policemen and others, who had been put in to take care of the premises.

The whole of this movement turned out, however, to be merely a feint, and the troops having first retreated behind the first parallel, ran off with a velocity which left every parallel far behind, for the speed of this movement was quite unparalleled. The besieged party, finding the assailants unlikely to complete the operations in the manner agreed upon at the settling of the plan of the campaign, heroically blew up their own stockade, and the officers retired to take a glass of lemonade behind the bastions, where a commissariat had been established.

It is highly satisfactory to the nation to know, that in the event of a war our gallant fellows are able to take a fortification or lose a fortification, to conquer or be conquered, and to receive or give a thrashing, not only with equal indifference, but without the loss of a man, whichever way the action may terminate. With only one exception, that of a poor fellow who tumbled off a ladder into a ditch—and that was an accident of his own, for none of the foe would have thought of treating him so roughly—there was not a single case for the list of casualties in killed and wounded that invariably results from a battle. The Astley’s Sikhs are far more inveterate against Batty’s British, or the Lambeth Sepoys, than the besieging party towards the besieged in the operations of which our gallant soldiers at Chatham have lately given us a specimen.

We have seen more carnage at half-price, at the amphitheatre over the water, than we should witness in a month of such fighting as that of our troops; and as the affair must really have cost money, we hope that on any future occasion the War Office will send for WIDDICOMB, or any one of those general officers who have served in the Astleian campaigns, in order that he may be consulted as to the lowest figure at which the thing may be done in these days of economy.

A Lucky Escape for Somebody.

We are told that certain bodies, when charged with water, become conductors of electricity. In this case the poor fellows, who had to stand up during the storm on Thursday last behind the Omnibuses, must have been the greatest Conductors of electricity in the world, for we observed that their bodies were charged with nothing but water. It is lucky that the vehicle, passengers, horses, driver, and all, were not completely knocked over by the shock.

What is Communism?

Geese, Donkeys, and Wolves feeding off the same common.

HOW TO TAKE THE RISE OUT OF THEM.

SIR PETER LAURIE, the once famous putter-down of everything, (including himself) is about to try if, with his strong arm, he cannot put down balloons. The surest method of success, is for a man of the Alderman’s great weight to take a seat in every car.

THE MILITARY LITTLE-GO.

(Vide, the Commander-in-Chief's Curriculum for young Officers, in the Times.)

TUNE.—"The Grenadiers' March."



HE DUKE, in Britain's forces
Vows Ignorance shall cease,
So martial glory's courses
Henceforth are closed to geese;
And no more will he commission,
To command our gallant troops,
All the tom-fools, the discredited to
their schools,
And the nation's nincompoops.

The Officer 'tis staid,
Must first read English well,
And write it when dictated,
To prove that he can spell.
With Addition and Subtraction
Acquainted he must be,
And a short sum should be com-
petent to "come"
In the single Rule of Three.

Delectus, too, the tender
Young would-be son of MARS,
Must into English render,
And must, moreover, parse.
But if at Greek or Latin
The brave Cadet should blench,
He must then do a paraphrase two,
In a German book or French.

In HUME, to grace a regiment,
He must be quite at home;
Likewise in the Abridgment
Of GOLDSMITH'S Greece or Rome:
And by heart he must have gotten
His PINNOCK or his GUY,
Or at least show at his Army "Little-go,"
That he knows Geography.

Then in Fortification
He must be slightly read,
And for Castrametation
Show somewhat of a head;
And a specimen of Sketching,
Or so, he must afford,
For the DUKE's law says the Officer shall draw
Something else besides the sword.

So now each Son of Glory,
Will carry such a store
Within his upper story,
Of science and of lore;
Let us hope that every bullet
Above his pate will whizz,
And the foe's lead will reverence the head.
That is fill'd so well as his.

MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.

THE Government, it is plain, is every day becoming in its sympathies more and more dramatic. Common folks are startled by the omen that to write a noble play does not, in the better mind of the powers that be, unfit a man for the noblest activities of life. TALFOURD, the author of *Tom*, sits in the judgment seat; and sure we are, will hold the scales with as wise, as firm, and withal as tender a hand—tremblingly alive to the balance of human truth and human claims—as heretofore he has held the pen. The elevation of JUSTICE TALFOURD is a grace done, not alone to the Poet Judge, but to the commonwealth, or rather common poverty of letters; and it is our faith that we only express the wish of the whole literary republic—to whom the judge is so greatly endeared—when we desire for him a long, long life of wise and placid usefulness. May his hairs become with years as white as his ermine! Both, we know, will be unspotted.

A Lord of an Enquiring Mind.

"LORD REDERSDALE enquired, in what position a Cardinal would stand if one came to this country?"—*House of Lords, July 27th.*

Punch, in answer to his Lordship's enquiry, begs to refer him to the shop in Oxford Street where "10,000 Cardinals are constantly on Sale," and he will there see in the window the numerous positions in which a Cardinal stands in this country. Punch hopes his Lordship is satisfied.

A "HAM" SANDWICH FOR REVOLUTIONISTS.

THAT profound politician—that great white feather of the Gallic Cock—LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, nephew of his uncle, lately paid a sentimental visit to the town and fortress of Ham. He then and there confessed himself—made a clean breast of it. He benevolently exposed himself as a warning to revolutionary France. He put himself in the pillory of his own history, and exhibited to the Reds a dreadful example. It must have been a touching time! "Even butchers wept." The President did not visit Ham from pride; oh no! but from gratitude. He took a turn in his little garden, where he was wont to cultivate heart's-ease, not from ostentation, but out of sweet humility of spirit.

"Here's the bower he lov'd so much,
And here's the tree he planted!"—

the present French Tree of Liberty, in which the birds of the Press—(all in cages, be it remembered)—are free to pipe the *Marseillaise* and *Mourir pour la Patrie*!

And the people of Ham were greatly touched. The President's late tradespeople—though the modesty of the man has suppressed the publication of the fact—hung about him, embracing and sobbing. His cobbler—though the President stood in far other shoes than in those in which he fled from Ham—fell upon his knees, and kissed the politic leather. His tailor—though the great man had turned and turned his Presidential coat—pressed to his lips the hem of the redingote. His washerwoman, with a sweet and desperate sympathy, forced a *bouquet* of forget-me-nots and imperial violets in the government button-hole!

And then the President made a warning speech. He said,—“My worthy subjects, my visit to your historical town and fortress has filled me with mingled emotions of gratitude and remorse: of gratitude for your great and undeserved benevolence towards a desperate revolutionist—of remorse for the wickedness of my early life! When I think of Strasbourg, I feel all over—forgive the phrase—all over goose-flesh! When I look back at Boulogne, I really don't know how to look forward! There is a dreadful audacity, my friends—subjects I should say—in any attempt at revolution! I never felt the full atrocity of the endeavour until I took my seat at the head of France. What I undertook from, as I believed, a superabundance of animal spirits—*gaieté du cœur*—I now contemplate with inexpressible horror. Indeed, so much has this feeling possessed me, that more than once I have caught myself in my sleep about to take passage for England to supplicate pardon of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and to implore his return. But this was in my sleep.

“Taught by the past, let me instruct you for the present and the future. Be content with things as they are, and as they may be. Believe that whatever is, is the best. Bow to the laws—pay your taxes—and above all, adore your Emp—that is, your President!”

With this, the great man caused a thousand crosses of the legion of honour to be thrown as a scramble to the mob; and having—with republican simplicity—again endured the embraces of his washerwoman—drying his eyes, he retired.

PUNCH'S AGA-PUNNERY.

SINCE we threw out our suggestion of an Aga-punnery for the reception of aged and incurable punsters, several candidates have presented themselves for the Retreat, in which it is hoped they will be allowed to

“Twirl the light pun, or play the gentle fool!”

One individual, who it is quite evident must be locked up somewhere—either in an Aga-punnery or a Retreat of some kind, for he *cannot* remain at large, has written to us to express a hope that the new judge, whose appointment does infinite credit to those who made it, may have a good many 1-ons in the fire.

Is there no act under which this offending punster can be committed for contempt of common sense?

REBECCA'S WANTED IN LONDON.

ACCORDING to the *Daily News* there are no less than 160 Turnpikes in and about London. We laugh at the French for their passports; they may with equal justice laugh at us for our turnpikes. At all events the passport costs very little, if any thing at all, whereas you cannot go three miles out of London without dipping your hand into your pocket two or three times. We cannot travel without being stopped at certain small distances for toll, which you must pay or be turned back; They cannot venture from home without being furnished with a printed paper, which carries them through France free from expense, and, moreover, secures them protection. Ours is a question of expense—theirs a matter of safety. We wish REBECCA would come up to town and try her strong arm upon some of these 160 pikes, which are noted for their voracity, and ought long ere this to have been swept from the sees of London and Lambeth.



EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING MACHINE, OR AN UGLY CONTRIVANCE MADE A USEFUL APPENDAGE.

LIBEL ON FATHER MATHEW.

SOME varlet in New York—if he be an Irishman, may his tongue be flayed with his next hot potato!—some spalpeen has been forging a letter in the name of the good, the temperate FATHER MATHEW. A letter in which the Father is made to denounce the allowance—the paltry pension—of the ruthless Saxon; a pension of £300 per annum, so ruthlessly—so iniquitously forced upon the Father for—what now appears as plain as dirt in a bog—for preaching temperance to the Celt, and with the whiskey in his bowels quenching his burning hatred to the Saxon; a hatred that the whiskey, like spirits of wine under a silver plate, kept screeching hot against the enemy.

All this is plainly a forgery. What! FATHER MATHEW! The bland, the calm, the all-suffering FATHER MATHEW—he abuse the Saxon? He attend public breakfasts in London, dropping words of thankfulness, like cream,—and now from the other side of the Atlantic, to cry—“Dirty butter!”

This cannot be: for FATHER MATHEW is the Apostle of Temperance; and Temperance does not reside only in a water-course; her sole support is not a pump. Temperance—true, dignified and dignifying temperance, is in the heart of man: in the gentleness of his speech—in the charity of his thoughts towards all men. And FATHER MATHEW to abuse England! FATHER MATHEW, with a black spot in his heart, to desire “to throw up his pension from the British government,” when—and not before—replaced by a larger pension from his friends in America. We cannot believe in this double meanness, this double sin of ingratitude and selfishness. For, in the matter of pension, the Father will only illustrate the old proverb, namely—“not to throw away dirty water, till you get clean,” and—in the Father’s case—more of it.

Should FATHER MATHEW really be this man, what a blow in the mind of the unreflecting will be given to temperance! After his defection, truth will not be thought to live in a well, but in a brandy-bottle—and instead of the hyacinth and water-lily (types of the sustaining lymph), grog-blossoms will be the only wear.

A RISE IN “ION.”—SERJEANT TALFOURD has been made a Judge. Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

AMAZONS AT PLAY.

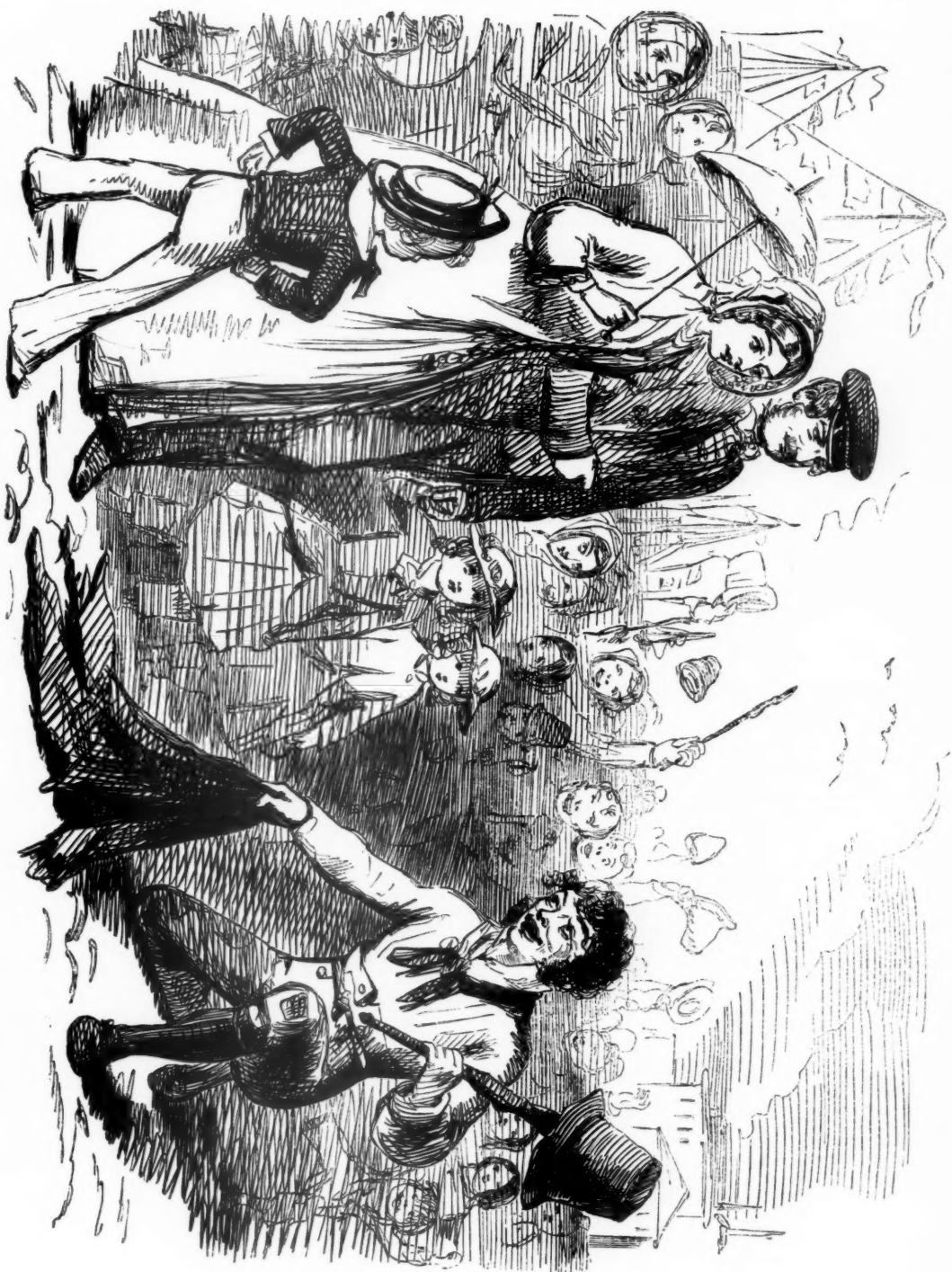
HAVING been informed by the *Salisbury Herald* that a match at cricket would take place on Wednesday last at Pickett-post, with the two elevens to consist of married and single women, it appeared to us that such a cricket-match would be a rare game; so we sent our reporter to see the sport, and the following is his account of it:—

The single went in first, presenting the curious anomaly of single wicket and double innings. The spinsters proved themselves worthy of their name by the rate at which they made the ball spin; but considering their personal advantages, it is wonderful that so many of them were bowled out by the married. On the other hand, strangely enough, several of the latter were caught. Victory, after a long contest, was gained by the wives, who had judiciously husbanded their strength; and we regret to add that the single, who played without their parasols, were beaten brown. Prettier Long Stops, perhaps, were never seen; and both the Long-Slips and Short-Slips were smart, if not fashionable. However, it is in contemplation to get up a *Ladies’ Ground* by way of companion to a *LORD’S*, for the promotion and encouragement of what may now be called the womanly game of Cricket.

Military Intelligence.

We understand that a Medal is being now struck for distribution among the gallant fellows engaged in the siege operations at Chatham. The Medal will be in Tom Trot of the very hardest bake, so that it will bear a considerable amount of suction before it is dissolved, and the expressive motto of “Succour to the Brave” will be inscribed on the margin.

It is not generally known that the only balls given out to the troops on the day of the siege were Brandy Balls. The loss during the battle is greater than was at first supposed, and in one case the whole Guard that happened to be on the watch—comprising a valuable watch-guard—fell into hostile hands, and has not since been heard of.

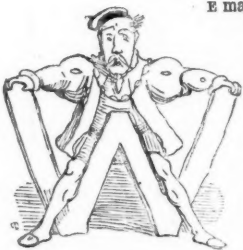


LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN IRELAND.

Sir Patrick Raleigh. "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY TO TREAD ON THE TAIL OF MY COAT."

THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM
OF
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AT
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.



One may judge pretty well what the education necessary for the army was, by looking at the instructions just issued as to what it is to be. The candidate for a commission must in future "be able to read English correctly, and write it from dictation." We presume this means that, in reading English, a proper respect is to be shown to the nice distinctions between V's and W's, and that no H is henceforth to be admitted "except on business"—a regulation that will sadly interfere with those ardent but ill-timed aspirations to which some of our military youths have been accustomed to give utterance. In arithmetic, it is expected the candidate will be "up" in the first four rules, or in other words be able to put one and one together, and he must also show some acquaintance with that simple division of which too many a "general of division," has ere now been ignorant.

In language, it will henceforth be expedient to translate either a little Latin, or a little French, or a little German; the principle of this regulation being, no doubt, that as "a little learning is a dangerous thing," the little of it that is required will render our British Officers very dangerous characters to the enemy. In geography, the candidates must know the names of the capitals of Europe, and it is no doubt, thought they will be rich in geographical stores, when in thorough possession of so large an amount of capital. They must also know the names of the rivers of England, but it will not be necessary for them to effect an insurance upon the Thames, lest it should be set on fire by any one or more of them.

We, at all events, hail the instructions that have been issued as a proof that there is to be an end to that too frequent absence of all instruction, which has heretofore been regarded as perfectly adapted to the first military capacity.

LAW, FILTH, AND PHYSIC.

"MR. PUNCH,

"You are aware that, underlying this fashionable district, there is an accumulation of filth, whence, along a ramification of defective sewers, pestilential vapours are continually ascending. These sewers thus form an apparatus for supplying the superjacent dwellings with noxious gas. It is proposed to clean them out, and to mend or re-construct them, so that they may serve to carry off dirt, instead of exhaling poison.

"I may say, indeed, that most of our aristocratic houses, resting on such a basis as that which I have described, are founded on corruption. Believe me, *Mr. Punch*, I do not mean this for satire, which I consider unprofessional. I am an Apothecary, Sir. I wish simply to state the truth, that our flowers of Fashion are blooming on a real hotbed. Of course you know that the residences hereabouts let on an average at from £1000 to £1500 a year. I mention this fact only in order that I may place it in a new light. Pray consider the value of a medical practice in so opulent a locality.

"I should astonish you, Sir, if I told you how much *Mist. Feb.* I dispense daily; to say nothing of the quantities of chloride of lime that I send out to my patients. But where will be the occasion for febrifuge mixture when sanitary reform shall have extirpated fever, and what will be the use of deodorizing fluids when efficient drainage shall have prevented unpleasant smells?

"Abstractedly, I should—as an olfactory being—desire the removal of the physical conditions which we exist under. But I bought my practice subject to them. I have a vested interest in the effluvia of our gully-holes. To expel the contents of the sewers would be to take the bread out of my mouth. True, much more has been said than done respecting Metropolitan drainage; and perhaps no interference with our subterranean arrangements may take place in my time. But if the filth I live upon be removed, I certainly intend to claim compensation. I shall be quite as fully entitled to it as the practitioners in the Palace Court. Why is a physical nuisance to be abated more summarily than a social abomination; and why is a consideration to be shown to the harpies of Law, which is denied to the carrion-crows of Medicine?

"Your obedient Servant,

"STATIM SUMENDUS."

"*Belgravia*, July 31, 1849.

A SURE SIGN OF A RAPID DISSOLUTION.

It is currently believed that the House will break up on the 1st, as MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEE has a notice of motion for the 2nd.

THE PROGRESS OF PARLIAMENTARY JOKING.

MEMBERS are as fond of a joke as we are. The difficulty only is how to get it. Unless REYNOLDS or SIBTHORPE is speaking, they are sadly at a loss for a good laugh. The smallest approach to a bit of humour from CHISHOLM ANSTEE even makes them smile. This is the strongest proof of the melancholy distress they are frequently reduced to.

A new style of joking, however, has been invented to meet the pressure of the times. It may be called "The Petition Style." It has been very popular as far as it has gone, and the House in many instances has roared at the fun. It is much jollier than SIBTHORPE's, and not so dry as ANSTEE's. We will endeavour to illustrate it by a few choice cases.

MR. G. THOMPSON presented a petition from a native of Battersea, proposing that Government should purchase the enclosure at Leicester Square and turn it for the benefit of the public, into an American Bowling Saloon.

By MR. PLUMPTRE, from a meeting at Exeter Hall, expressing its horror at the Trafalgar Square Fountains playing on the Sunday.

By MR. HUME, from a tailor in the New Cut offering to repair all the breaches the French had left behind them at Rome.

By LORD GROSVENOR, from the Beadle of Exeter 'Change, demanding a searching enquiry into the horrors of the Silent System.

By MR. MACKINNON, from the pie-man at the top of the Haymarket, asking leave to cook his nuffton-pies in the Central Criminal Court.

By MR. OSBORNE, from the butchers, praying for leave to erect in Smithfield Market a statue to the memory of SUETT.

By MR. DUNCOMBE, from PROFESSOR RISLEY, complaining that the Police Commissioners will not allow him to do the Grecian Statues on the vacant pedestal opposite the National Gallery.

These are only a few of the absurd petitions that are presented every night. The greatest absurdity is, that the Honourable Member who presents the petition, is always the first to condemn the absurdity of it. We are confident that it is only done "for the fun of the thing." The House must laugh, and so when OSBORNE and DISRAELI are absent, petitions are presented. Besides if it is not for amusement, for what purpose pray is the practice persevered in? What good ever followed the presentation of petitions? The whole thing is so ridiculous, that we do not wonder at the Honourable Members laughing at it.

DROPPING THE LADIES HALF A LINE.

RAILWAYS have adopted the theatrical principle of half-price. The Brighton Railway has set the example, offering to take Ladies on Cheap Excursions, at half the fare which gentlemen have to pay. We cannot sufficiently admire the cleverness of this "artful dodge." The Directors know well enough that it is the Ladies who always induce the Gentlemen to take a day's pleasure; and, out of gratitude, they present the dear creatures with half a ticket gratis. What husband can possibly refuse now to take his wife with him to the sea-side, when it can be done so cheaply? The old excuse of "The expense, my dear!" will no longer hold. Fathers, too, will be obliged to give all their "dear girls" a treat, when taking two costs no more now than taking one formerly. Brighton will be inundated with the fair sex. It will be the rendezvous of all the Mothers and Daughters of England. The ingenuity of this plan, in fact, is so self-evident,—its advantages will be so certain, that we are confident it will be ultimately adopted, not only upon all our railways, but at all our theatres and places of exhibition. Women love a bit of cheapness dearly, and the idea of going anywhere for half-price will so tempt them that they will never be able to stop away. Some one must take them; and no father, husband, beau, or brother will be allowed any peace till he has done so. We advise St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey to try the same "dodge." Let them write up "ADMISSION, 2d.; LADIES, HALF-PRICE," and their exhibitions will not be so deserted as they lately have been. The Brighton Railway deserves to be presented by the fair sex with a silver tea-pot, or a beautiful pair of braces, or slippers, or some token of female gratitude, for having been the first to start this "dear, delightful, duck of a plan," which is really dropping the Ladies half a line in a manner so friendly, that, we are certain, they will all (in the style of scented note-paper,) "have much pleasure in accepting the Directors' kind invitation for the Cheap Excursion to Brighton." What a clatter there will be in the train, to be sure!

A Friend to Fleas.

ONE HENRY COLMAN, American, has put forth a delicious book on *European Life and Manners*. In one passage of this brilliant volume, he is grateful that he can be of any service to fleas:—

"I could not but reflect, with grateful satisfaction, that I could by my humble instrumentality, either in the way of subsistence or enjoyment, be of service to the meanest of the animal creation."

Upon this principle of self-devotion, MR. COLMAN could hardly refuse the "loan of a bite" to a Bengal tiger.



CELEBRATED COMIC SCENE BETWEEN THE RAILWAY CLOWN (HUDSON) AND THE INDIGNANT SHAREHOLDERS.

MORE OMNIBUS REFORM.

"AN Omnibus Traveller" proposes a Fixed Price for Omnibuses, instead of leaving the amount of the Fare to the capricious taste of the Conductor. This plan would certainly put an end to the numerous squabbles that take place at undetermined distances. Charing Cross is generally the focus of all these disturbances. CHARLES'S Statue may be called the Omnibus Seat of War. Pass when you will, you are pretty sure to hear some noisy altercation, in which a female voice takes the high notes, and the Conductor the very low ones, as to whether the Fare is to be 3d. or 6d. This is not so bad, however, as when the Omnibus is kept waiting for ten minutes in the middle of a high road, whilst the Fare is being argued. It is terrible then to hear the fierce invectives of the three Outsides, and the loud grumbling of the Insides, all anxious to get home to their dinners. Ladies generally hold out the longest. It takes such a long time to convince a woman she can be wrong, especially in Omnibus matters; and we have seen a lady, with a beautiful ermine tippet, run half way down the Kensington Road, sooner than sacrifice three miserable coppers. She was perfectly right in the long run,—(we really believe there are women who would walk round the wall of China to save a halfpenny toll,)—and we admired her dauntless spirit, though we were pained, as we looked at her muddy boots, at the dirty cause in which it had been exercised. A FIXED PRICE, made intelligible to the smallest capacity, would remedy this far-spreading evil, and stop all those numerous stoppages, and quell those frightful *émeutes*, which at present disturb the jog-trot equanimity of the most amiable Bus. At present the Fare is 6d. and a fancied imposition, or else 3d. and a row thrown in. We should like to see it fixed at the latter sum, without the usual appendage. How strange it is, that Conductors never know how to conduct themselves!

A DROP FOR FLIGHTY FOOLS.

The principal Life Insurance Companies have agreed upon the following clause:—"That the Policy is forfeited if the death arises from an accident in a Balloon."

SIEGE OPERATIONS AT MR. DUNUP'S.

THE recent siege operations and sham fight at Chatham having been completely successful, MR. DUNUP, with his usual desire to contribute to the amusement of the public—the only contributions for which he likes to be called upon,—resolved to place his chambers—or rather his outer door—at the disposal of his numerous creditors, who have already had some practice in the task of besieging it.

The business of the day commenced by the advance of a detachment of a Park of Light Artillery from Whetstone Park, who threw in a shower of washing bills at the letter-box, with which MR. DUNUP'S fortress is loopholed, but these small skirmishers having failed to produce any effect, retired within their own (clothes) lines.

This operation was followed by a somewhat more serious advance, consisting of a file of the Old Cognovits, officered by GENERAL LEVY, who came up with the whole force of his peculiarly heavy charge and seemed prepared for speedy execution. MR. DUNUP with great adroitness had stationed a corps of infantry consisting of his own and other boys at the outposts, to create a diversion by going over the posts, and the *ruse* succeeded so well that LEVY'S men had their attention drawn off, leaving MR. DUNUP at liberty to further strengthen his position.

At the conclusion of this part of the siege, a brilliant little manoeuvre was conducted in dashing style by Tailor's division, which made a tremendous charge in single column, aiming several 5, 8 and 10-pounders at MR. DUNUP with an evident determination in every case "to stick it into him." For the purpose of gaining time, he sent a flag of truce in the form of a bill stamp, and Tailor's division having resolved to draw and defend themselves, those terms were offered to MR. DUNUP'S acceptance, and thus the siege ended in what may be called a "drawn" battle.

BOYS' DISTRIBUTION.

MILES'S Boy has quite lost his unity. The singularity which he has so long enjoyed is for ever dispelled, for since the Panoramas have been drawing their slow lengths along, it is clear that BANVARD, BONOMI, and RISLEY, have proved themselves to be *Three Miles' Boys*.

THE LATE MR. KENNEY.

THE benefit advertised in the name of MR. KENNEY, was an occasion of mingled sorrow and congratulation. Ere the curtain rose, the aged author was dead: the brain that for six-and-forty years had laboured in the sweet and bitter work of dramatic literature, had ceased to ache; the hand was clay; the tongue "a tuneless instrument." It is understood that the cares and anxieties of straitened means had antedated the natural result. This is the old, old story; but more especially in England. A meridian of seeming prosperity, and a decline and old age of withering distress. MR. KENNEY had, in his long day, lightened the cares of hundreds and hundreds of thousands—had sent multitudes smiling to their beds. He had been the means of aiding to build a large fortune for the actor; and—such is dramatic reward—he obtained for his enduring work a passing pittance. Until within a few years, the brains of MR. KENNEY were—as with every other dramatist—the free property of any manager. The dramatist—until SIR E. BUTLER LYTON gallantly protected him—bore a *caput lupinum*: he was a literary outlaw: any CRUMPLES might, in a dramatic sense, rob and murder him; a double atrocity that generally went together. Had such a law as the present obtained in the early day of MR. KENNEY, he might by the happy exercise of his genial and refining talents have secured for the winter of his life, the wherewithal to keep off winter wants. At his last day he would not have needed the aid of professional sympathy for the means, that subscribed at last, were told only upon his coffin-lid.

But—it may be asked by Political Economy; that, whatever its wisdom, is not always personified by—

"An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin.
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within,—"

it may be asked,—what has any government to do with the necessities of a dramatist, however gifted the individual? We answer,—everything; where duties are to be performed and paid for. We at once declare our conviction that MR. KENNEY has been defrauded of his rightful due by a Whig Government; and proof shall follow closely at the heels of the accusation.

There is an officer called the Deputy Licensor. It is his duty to search the MSS. of all dramas lest treason, disaffection, indecency, in fact aught against government or good manners, should be orally published by the actors. We have our own notion of the utility of the office—an office denounced almost with his last words by CHATHAM. As well have a censor of the press, it seems to us, as of the playhouse. However, whilst the office exists, it is—in our opinion—the rightful appointment of the eldest dramatist, whose works have either advanced or honourably supported the character of the Stage. The actor has his fund, with the yearly plate presented to a dining public. He has, moreover, money success—a success wholly disproportionate in its results to any conceivable prosperity of the author; for MR. POOLE, for instance, received £300 only for *Paul Pry*, whilst the actor LISTON must have drawn down many thousands—a very rain of wealth upon *Pry's* classic umbrella.

Well, this appointment of Deputy Licensor—the right we contest it, of the dramatist—how has it been bestowed? For many, many years it was enjoyed by an Evangelical gentleman who with a disgust of plays that, no doubt, did him great honour, scrupled not to take the reward of plays, which quite as certainly did him at least equal profit. He died; MR. LARPERT was gathered from a world of sin, in which fees for playhouse licenses are possibly not the least of its wickedness. To LARPERT succeeded GEORGE COLMAN; a most proper succession—the only fitting one upon record. COLMAN, having purged his conscience of his dramatic impurities, by cutting out the "heavens" and "angels" and such bold speaking of other men—"cuts" never attended to, but nevertheless, unflinchingly made—COLMAN dies, seeking the reward of his social virtues and official righteousness.

And now—enter CHARLES KEMBLE, comedian! In 1803, KENNEY wrote *Raising the Wind*, even at the present day a household farce. KNOWLES had added *Virginus* to the classic drama; the kingdom was still echoing with the honest, hearty laughter of POOLE's *Paul Pry*,—nevertheless, the government despised the claims of either of these men. MR. CHARLES KEMBLE the actor, with the Fund at his back, and half Covent Garden in his pocket,—MR. CHARLES KEMBLE is endowed with the office and emoluments of Deputy Licensor.

Yes; "CHARLES KEMBLE"—"classic name, KEMBLE"—"SIDDONS"—"JOHN KEMBLE", and so forth: sonorous words—noble associations, &c., &c., &c. And so, the dramatist pocketed the wrong committed on him in favour of the classic actor with the classic name. But now comes the fulness of the injustice. CHARLES KEMBLE has a son named JOHN; a robust scholar who can translate "*Beowulf*" from the Saxon. Well, the old declining KEMBLE is permitted by the Whigs to vacate in favour of his filial Saxon scholar, and the man deep in "*Beowulf*" is the man chosen for Deputy Licensor, *vice* CHARLES KEMBLE, who retires! A pretty juggle this of the family money-box. Let us be understood. For MR. CHARLES KEMBLE we have no

other feeling than personal respect, elevated and enriched by happiest recollections of his actor's art. We only denounce an injustice of the government, that careless or contemptuous of the legitimate claims of the declining dramatist—of the writer who has done the world genial service by lightening many of its heaviest hours, by making for it "a sunshine in a shady place"—compels him in the winter of his days, and (as in the case of poor KENNEY) even with death at his bedside, to assume the attitude of petitioner for a passing bounty, when he has achieved the right of an honourable competence, by rendering daily work for daily hire. Many years of MR. KENNEY's life might have been made years of placid happiness; but then—there was the name of KEMBLE, and with it associated the great dramatic claims of the translator of "*Beowulf*."

MR. KENNEY is now beyond the sympathy or indifference of Whigs or Tories. Nevertheless, his history is not to be passed in silence. Painful for the present, we trust it may carry a wholesome warning for the future. It is a little too bad that literature should be made to wear, even for an hour, the character of petitioner—and a barren word-monger with a big name eating the bread of defrauded talent.

THE NOES HAVE IT.

It is true enough, unfortunately, that the "Noes have it," as far as the abolition of the Smithfield Market nuisance is concerned, and as the Nose will be likely to have it for some time to come, we have much pleasure in putting forward a proposition to protect the olfactory nerves against those exhalations, which would make us imagine that London, though watered by the Thames, must be surrounded by the Oder. JOIN BULL is somewhat asinine in his patience under nuisances, but we may begin to hope that he may have a tendency to the asinine propensity of being led by the nose, and if he really follows his nose, he will at once have a turn-up against some of those pestilential smells that put the nasal organ completely out of tune, and that he will do something more than meet noxious vapours with idle vapouring.

In the mean time, and until something is done—which never happens until everything has been said—we recommend the adoption of nose bags to protect the nose, in the same way that articles are worn to screen the eye against dust, for it must be quite as injurious to get the nose into bad odour as to have the eye converted into a temporary dusthole.

The plan we beg leave to recommend, is the application of a sort of muffer filled with disinfecting agents to the nostrils, and in thus putting



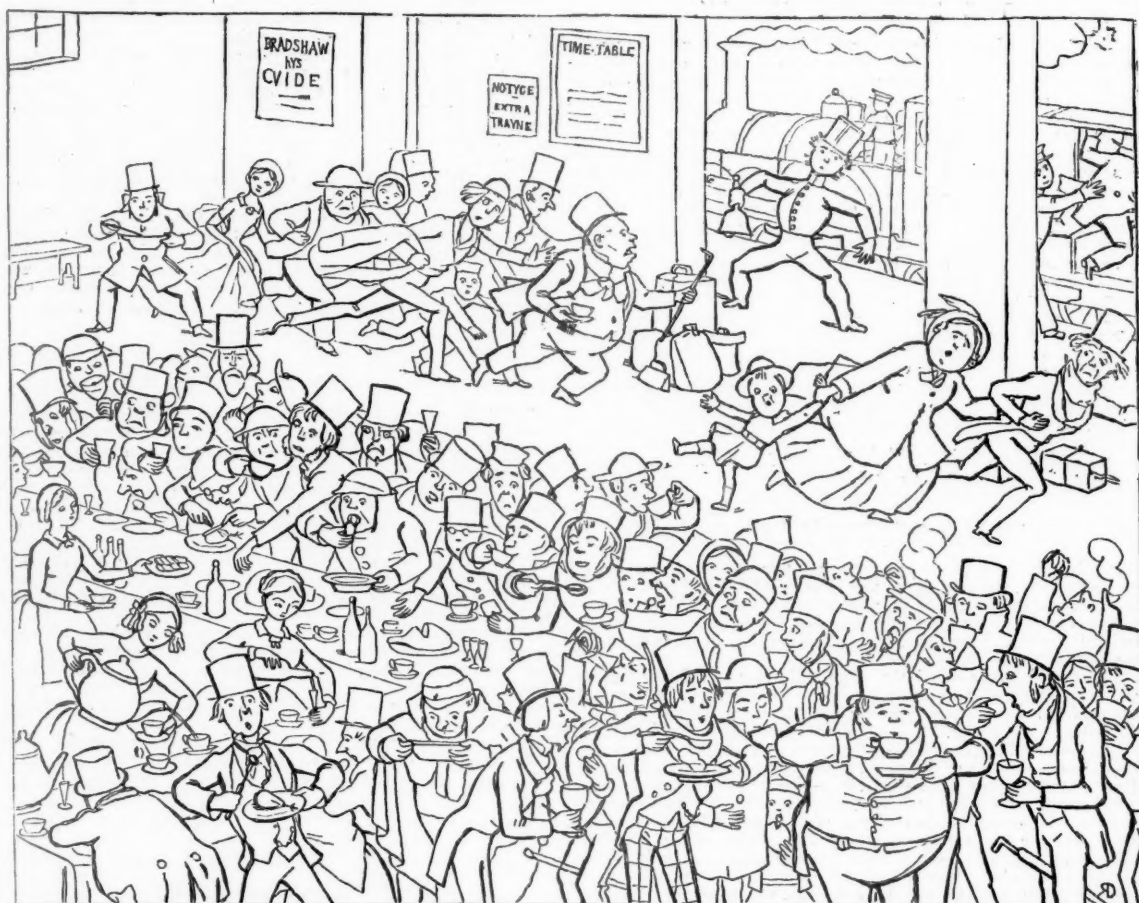
a remedy for bad air under the very noses of the public, we hope the feature in question may be made the scenter of everything that is agreeable. To those who wear moustachios, we recommend a mixture of the chloride of lime, but care must be taken in wet weather to prevent the slaking of the lime by the rain, for a case of spontaneous combustion in the face would be quite enough to put anybody out of countenance.



A Hurried Peep into the Catalogue of the Ety Gallery.

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 15. Bathing. | 58. DIANA surprised at the Bath. |
| 28. Women Bathing. | 69. VENUS Rising from the Sea. |
| 33. Nymphs Bathing. | 77. Naiads Bathing. |
| 39. Woman at the Bath. | 109. Bathing. |
| 44. Girls Bathing. | 122. The Bathers. |

RATHER OMINOUS.—The Country Bumpkins in the neighbourhood of the "Abode of Love," call the Agapemone, which they cannot pronounce,— "A-gape-for-your-money."



A RAILWAY STATION. SHOWYNGE Y^e TRAVELLERS. REFRESHYNGE THEMSELVES.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, July 31, 1849.—Prevailed upon by my Wife to carry her to Bath, as she said, to go see her Aunt Dorothy, but I know she looked more to the Pleasure of her Trip than any Thing else; nevertheless I do think it necessary Policy to keep in with her Aunt, who is an old Maid and hath a pretty Fortune; and to see what Court and Attention I pay her though I do not care 2d about her! But am mightily troubled to know whether she hath sunk her Money in an Annuity, which makes me somewhat uneasy at the Charge of our Journey, for what with Fare, Cab-Hire, and Vails to DOROTHY'S Servants for their good Word, it did cost me altogether £6 2s. 6d. To the Great Western Station in a Cab, by Reason of our Luggage; for my Wife must needs take so many Trunks and Bandboxes, as is always the Way with Women: or else we might have gone there for 2s. 6d. less in an Omnibus. Did take our Places in the First Class notwithstanding the Expense, preferring both the Seats and the Company; and also because if any Necks or Limbs are broken I note it is generally in the Second and Third Classes. So we settled, and the Carriage-Doors slammed to, and the Bell rung, the Train with a Whistle off like a Shot, and in the Carriage with me and my Wife a mighty pretty Lady, a Frenchwoman, and I did begin to talk French with her, which my Wife do not well understand, and by and by did find the Air too much for her where she was sitting, and would come and take her Seat between us, I know, on Purpose. So fell a reading the *Times*, till One got in at Hanwell, who seemed to be a Physician, and mighty pretty Discourse with him

touching the Manner of treating Madmen and Lunatics, which is now by gentle Management, and is a great Improvement on the old Plan of Chains and the Whip. Also of the Foulness of London for Want of fit Drainage, and how it do breed Cholera and Typhus, as sure as rotten Cheese do Mites, and of the horrid Folly of making a great Gutter of the River. So to Swindon Station, where the Train do stop ten Minutes for Refreshment, and there my Wife hungry, and I too with a good Appetite, notwithstanding the Discourse about London Filth. So we out, and to the Refreshment-Room with a Crowd of Passengers, all pushing, and jostling, and trampling on each others' Toes, striving which should get served first. With much Ado got a Basin of Soup for my Wife, and for myself a Veal and Ham Pie, and to see me looking at my Watch and taking a Mouthful by Turns; and how I did gulp a Glass of GUINNESS his Stout! Before we had half finished, the Guard rang the Bell, and my Wife with a Start, did spill her Soup over her Dress, and was obliged to leave Half of it; and to think how ridiculous I looked, scampering back to the Train with my Meat-Pie in my Mouth! To run hurry-scurry at the Sound of a Bell, do seem only fit for a Gang of Workmen; and the Bustle of Railways do destroy all the Dignity of Travelling; but the World altogether is less grand, and do go faster than formerly. Off again, and to the End of our Journey, troubled at the Soup on my Wife's Dress, but thankful I had got my Change, and not left it behind me at the Swindon Station.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

OUT OF TOWN.



HAVE little news, my dear BOB, wherewith to entertain thee from this city, from which almost everybody has fled within the last week, and which lies in a state of torpor. I wonder what the newspapers find to talk about day after day, and how they come out every morning. But for a little distant noise of cannonading from the Danube and the Theiss, the whole world is silent, and London seems to have hauled down her flag, as HER MAJESTY has done at Pimlico, and the Queen of cities is gone out of town.

You, in pursuit of MISS KICKLEBURY, are probably by this time at Spa or Hamburg. Watch her well, BOB, and see what her temper is like. See whether she flirts with the foreigners much, examine how she looks of a morning (you will have a hundred opportunities of familiarity, and can drop in and out of a friend's apartments at a German watering place as you never can hope to do here), examine her conduct with her little sisters, if they are of the party, whether she is good and playful with

them, see whether she is cheerful and obedient to old LADY KICK (I acknowledge a hard task)—in fine, try her manners and temper, and see whether she wears them all day, or only puts on her smiles with her fresh bonnet, to come out on the parade at music time. I, meanwhile, remain behind, alone in our airy and great Babylon.

As an old soldier when he gets to his ground begins straightway *à se caser* as the French say, makes the most of his circumstances, and himself as comfortable as he can, an old London man, if obliged to pass the dull season in town, accommodates himself to the time, and forages here and there in the deserted city, and manages to make his own tent snug. A thousand means of comfort and amusement spring up, whereof a man has no idea of the existence, in the midst of the din and racket of the London season. I, for my part, am grown to that age, Sir, when I like the quiet time the best: the gaiety of the great London season is too strong and noisy for me; I like to talk to my beloved metropolis when she has done dancing at crowded balls, and squeezing at concerts, and chattering at conversaziones, and gorging at great dinners—when she is calm, contemplative, confidential, and at leisure.

COLONEL PADMORE of our club being out of town, and too wise a man to send his favourite old cob to grass, I mounted him yesterday, and took a ride in Rotten Row, and in various parts of the city, where but ten days back all sorts of life, hilarity, and hospitality, were going on. What a change it is now in the Park from that scene which the modern PEPYS, and that ingenious youth who signs his immortal drawings with a D surmounted by a dicky-bird, depicted only a few weeks ago! Where are the thousands of carriages that crawled along the Serpentine shore, and which give an observant man a happy and wholesome sense of his own insignificance—for you shall be a man long upon the town, and pass five hundred equipages without knowing the owners of one of them? Where are the myriads of horsemen who trampled the Row?—the splendid dandies whose boots were shiny, whose chins were tufted, whose shirts were astounding, whose manners were frank and manly, whose brains were somewhat small? Where are the stout old capitalists and bishops on their cobs (the Bench, by the way, cuts an uncommonly good figure on horseback)? Where are the dear riders, above all? Where is she, the gleaming of whose red neck-ribbon in the distance made your venerable uncle's heart beat, BOB? He sees her now prancing by, severe and beautiful—a young DIANA, with pure bright eyes! Where is FANNY who wore the pretty grey hat and feather, and rode the pretty grey mare. FANNY changed her name last week, without ever so much as sending me a piece of cake? The gay squadrons have disappeared: the ground no longer thrills with the thump of their countless hoofs. WATTEAU-like groups in shot silks no longer compose themselves under the green boughs of Kensington Gardens: the scarlet trumpeters have blown themselves away thence; you don't behold a score of horsemen in the course of an hour's ride; and MRS. CATHARINE HIGHFLYER, whom a fortnight since you never saw unaccompanied by some superb young Earl and *roué* of the fashion, had yesterday so little to do with her

beautiful eyes, that she absolutely tried to kill your humble servant with them as she cantered by me in at the barriers of the Row, and looked round firing Parthian shots behind her. But PADMORE's cob did not trot, nor did my blood run, any the quicker, MR. BOB; man and beast are grown too old and steady to be put out of our pace by any MRS. HIGHFLYER of them all; and though I hope, if I live to be a hundred, never to be unmoved by the sight of a pretty girl, it is not thy kind of beauty, O ogling and vain DALIAH, that can set me cantering after thee.

By the way, one of the benefits I find in the dull season is at my own lodgings. When I ring the bell now, that uncommonly pretty young woman, the landlady's daughter, condescends to come in and superintend my comfort, and whisk about amongst the books and tea things, and wait upon me in general: whereas in the full season, when young LORD CLAUDE LOLLYPOP is here attending to his arduous duties in Parliament, and occupying his accustomed lodgings on the second floor, the deuce a bit will MISS FLORA ever deign to bring a message or a letter to old MR. BROWN on the first, but sends me in MUGGINS, my old servant, whose ugly face I have known any time these thirty years, or the blowsy maid-of-all-work with her sandy hair in papers.

Again, at the club, how many privileges does a man lingering in London enjoy, from which he is precluded in the full season! Every man in every club has three or four special aversions—men who somehow annoy him, as I have no doubt but that you and I, BOB, are hated by some particular man, and for that excellent reason for which the poet disliked DR. FELL—the appearance of old BANQUO, in the same place, in the same arm-chair, reading the newspaper day after day and evening after evening; of MR. PLODDER threading among the coffee-room tables and taking note of every man's dinner; of old GENERAL HAWKSHAW who makes that constant noise in the club, sneezing, coughing and blowing his nose—all these men, by their various defects or qualities, have driven me half mad at times, and I have thought to myself, O that I could go to the club without seeing BANQUO—O that PLODDER would not come and inspect my mutton chop—O that fate would remove HAWKSHAW and his pocket handkerchief for ever out of my sight and hearing! Well, August arrives, and one's three men of the sea are off one's shoulders. MR. and MRS. BANQUO are at Leamington, the paper says; MR. PLODDER is gone to Paris to inspect the dinners at the *Trois Freres*; and HAWKSHAW is coughing away at Brighton where the sad sea waves murmur before him. The club is your own. How pleasant it is! You can get the *Globe* and *Standard* now without a struggle; you may see all the Sunday papers; when you dine it is not like dining in a street dined by the tramp of waiters perpetually passing with clanking dishes of various odours, and jostled by young men who look scowlingly down upon your dinner as they pass with creaking boots. They are all gone—you sit in a vast and agreeable apartment with twenty large servants at your orders—if you were a Duke with a thousand pounds a day you couldn't be better served or lodged. Those men, having nothing else to do, are anxious to prevent your desires and make you happy—the butler bustles about with your pint of wine—if you order a dish, the *chef* himself will probably cook it: what mortal can ask more?

I once read in a book purporting to give descriptions of London, and life and manners, an account of a family in the lower ranks of genteel life, who shut up the front windows of their house, and lived in the back rooms, from which they only issued for fresh air surreptitiously at midnight, so that their friends might suppose that they were out of town. I suppose that there is some foundation for this legend. I suppose that some people are actually afraid to be seen in London, when the persons who form their society have quitted the metropolis: and that MR. and MRS. HIGGS being left at home at Islington, when MR. and MRS. BIGGS, their next door neighbours, have departed for Margate or Gravesend, feel pangs of shame at their own poverty, and envy at their friends' better fortune. I have seen many men and cities, my dear BOB, and noted their manners: and for servility I will back a free-born Englishman of the respectable classes against any man of any nation in the world. In the competition for social rank between HIGGS and BIGGS, think what a strange standard of superiority is set up!—a shilling steamer to Gravesend, and a few shrimps more or less on one part or the other, settles the claim. Perhaps in what is called high life, there are disputes as paltry, aims as mean, and distinctions as absurd: but my business is with this present folly of being ashamed to be in London. Ashamed, Sir! I like being in London at this time, and have so much to say regarding the pleasures of the place in the dead season, that, per favour of *Mr. Punch*, I hope to write you, probably, another letter regarding it next week.

BROWN THE ELDER.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

A REMARKABLY ingenious correspondent recommends that, as FATHER MATHEW sneers at his "paltry allowance of £300 a year," the government might take it away and substitute a very handsome "monkey's allowance" instead.

OUR ANGLO-ITALIAN CLIMATE.



SOMEBODY has been saying that during the very hot weather we were favoured with an Italian sky, but we confess we never saw anything in London to remind us much of Italy, except Italian irons, Oil and Italian warehouses, Italian greyhounds, and those very unfortunate dogs, the Italian organ boys. As to the Italian climate, we will undertake to be whipped into an Italian cream, if any reasonable being could confound our confounded atmosphere of London smoke with the transparent air of Italy. Though MEUX and Co. may consume their own, and we may exclaim, "*Tant mieux*," we cannot forget that BARCLAY and PERKINS, with a thousand others, publish their daily volumes of smoke, in columns almost as thick and heavy as those of the morning papers, when the debates have been lengthy the preceding night in Parliament.

THE COVES OF CORK.

CORK appears to be in a state almost equal to that which would be occasioned by the pressure of ginger beer, champagne, or soda-water, whose effervescence acting upon Cork might produce just such an effect as that which Cork itself and all the Coves of Cork are at this moment encountering.

Every loyal subject will imagine that it is the exuberance of delight at the QUEEN'S visit which has given so much buoyancy to Cork, but the truth is, that the excitement originates in a dispute between the Mayor and the High Sheriff, as to the right of one or other, or both, to immediately precede HER MAJESTY on her entrance into the City. The Mayor has rendered himself hoarse in insisting on his privilege, and the High Sheriff is equally vehement, on the strength of an old ancestor, who was standard-bearer in Ireland to HENRY THE SECOND.

It is difficult to work out the calculation, that "*As the standard-bearer was to HENRY THE SECOND, so is the High Sheriff to QUEEN VICTORIA*," but we leave the matter to be settled by the ingenious Coves of Cork, among whom we understand there is one who wears a watch presented to him by WILLIAM at the Boyne, and who claims the honour of letting HER MAJESTY know the "time of day," during the whole of her sojourn in Ireland. It is added that the dispute between the Sheriff and the Mayor has been referred to the proper office in London, where we understand arrangements have been made for "tossing up," to decide the knotty point, as soon as the necessary halfpenny can be remitted for the purpose from the Treasury.

The Gibbet-Cure.

It may seem astonishing that there should exist, in this nineteenth century, such folly as that instanced in the following paragraph, extracted from the *Boston Herald*:—

"SUPERSTITION.—On Friday last a respectable looking female, afflicted with a wen in the neck, applied at Lincoln Castle, after the execution of WARD, for leave to see the body, with a view of curing her disease; the request was very properly refused."

It may, however, be questioned whether a man hanged is not as likely to remove a wen as to put an end to murder. The remedy has been long enough tried for the latter complaint; but without success.

ALARMING PROSPECTS OF THE BRITISH DRAMA.

IN consequence of the dreadful destitution of all the French theatres—an affecting account of their closed and beggared condition has appeared in the newspapers—a meeting of gentlemen materially interested in the support and prosperity of the English drama, was convoked for yesterday at the Cock and Bottle in the Strand, and was very numerously attended by nearly all the English translators of the day. A strong body of police was in waiting to ensure propriety and probity, it having been intimated that several of the swell mob had been seen in the neighbourhood.

The chair was taken by MR. CHAMBAUD JONES—justly known as the father of the Translated English Drama—who briefly opened the proceedings. In a nervous and imaginative speech of five minutes, the chairman went to the root of the matter. Something, he said, must be done to restore the French Stage, or the English Theatre would fall for ever.

MR. LEVIZAC BROWN moved the first resolution. He observed that more than thirty years had made the English and the French Dramatist, he would say it, like Siamese twins. The Channel was—it might seem a paradox—their band of union; for by its means the circulation of ink (though, to be sure, it only flowed from France) was kept up between them. If the French Theatre died, the vital fluid must run dry in the breast of the English Thalia. (*Cheers.*)

MR. BEAUMARCHAIS GREEN, in seconding the resolution, said he would make the matter plain to the meanest understanding. The French stage was the New River; the English Theatre was the cistern, lined with lead. Now, dam the New River,—and how are you to supply the cistern? It was impossible! (*Cheers.*)

MR. BOYER SMITH moved the second resolution; and would illustrate the matter—as he thought—rather felicitously. The French stage was a tree—the English stage a noble bough of that tree. Bark the parent trunk, and—yes, he was bold enough to ask it—what would become of your bough? He was not an alarmist, but unless something was done, he predicted that next winter every English theatre would be knocked down by the hammer,—sold off in lots!—for firewood.

MR. MOLIÈRE JOHNSON (in seconding the resolution) said he thought he could bring the matter much nearer to their business and bosoms. "You want," said MR. MOLIÈRE JOHNSON, "You want a bottle of prime Burgundy. Well, the bottle is before you, and you are about to empty it into an English jug. Very good. The bottle has received a crack, and not a drop of wine remains. Now, the wine being gone from the bottle, what is to fill your jug? Nothing—it remains empty: totally empty. And this, I say, will be the speedy condition of every London Theatre. The Paris Bottle being broken, the English Jug cannot be filled." (*Loud cheers.*) It had been for many, many years his custom to visit Paris Theatres for playhouse fashions; but this season he must stop at home. Let the present state of French Theatres continue, and they might all—as speedily as they would—dispose of their Dictionaries, to say nothing at all of their Grammars.

Here a conversation—a little irregular certainly—ensued. One of the meeting asked, "why confine themselves to France? Why, always take so near a translation?" Another exclaimed that "China might be tried." A third that "there must be something amongst the Japanese." It was, however, finally decided—in accordance with the resolutions—"that a subscription should be opened for the re-establishment of the French Stage, as the only means of supplying dramas to the English Theatre."

Punch Puzzled.

WE are not in the habit of asking questions, because we are not in the habit of finding anything that answers half as well as we do ourselves, but we have really been puzzled by reading a report in the *Times* of the trial of a man for "the illegal conversion of a horse." We should be glad to know what it was to which the horse was illegally made a convert? how the ceremony of conversion was performed? and how the success of the ceremony was recognised?

We remember upon one occasion converting a fifty-pound note into a clever cob, who was too clever by half for us, and who was accordingly converted back again into seven sovereigns, but as to any other kind of conversion of which a horse is capable, we admit ourselves to be wholly ignorant.

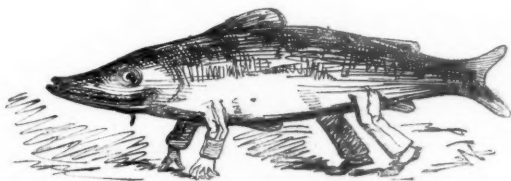
FIRE ENGINES SUPERSEDED.

WE observe that a book is advertised under the title of "*Homœopathy in Acute Diseases*." If homœopathic globules will cure inflammations, perhaps an infinitesimal drop of water will put out a fire.

GIVING THE RAINS TO THE IMAGINATION.

THE fall of Red Rain has, as we anticipated, set the seeds of fancy sprouting in the minds of the penny-a-liners, who have been inundating the newspapers with showers of every kind, that may be likely to give a whet to the public curiosity. The poor frogs must be considered as being definitively gone to the dogs, for henceforth a shower of frogs will fail to find admission into the most easy and accommodating of newspapers. We have already heard of a shower of shrimps, and we dare say we shall soon read of its having pelted with prawns and periwinkles, or of there having been a most unwelcome overflow of whelks in some suburban water-butts. From the smaller it is easy to get to the larger fish, and we may soon be prepared for a shower of jacks, requiring a vast amount of jack-towelling to dry it up; nor should we be surprised if that celebrated rain of terror, the rain of pitch-forks, may one day be realised.

We think the late extraordinary rains must be attributed chiefly to that notorious wet blanket Old SWITHIN, who should be limited at least to one or two materials, instead of damping our energies with all sorts of showers, consisting of all sorts of objects, in all sorts of colours. The gentleman who stands up to his ankles at Greenwich continually for the purpose of writing to the *Times* to announce the number of inches of rain that have fallen, must have been in a series of nice messes lately amidst the real and other miscellaneous rains that have so smartly been down upon him.



A REMARKABLE JACK WHICH FELL AT BRINTON.

THE PROROGATION SPEECH.

A PARTY CRITIQUE.

[A gentleman who signs himself "True Blue," has favoured us with some observations on the QUEEN's Prorogation Speech. We have much pleasure in subjoining our Correspondent's critique; and are highly flattered by the preference which he has shown to us over certain Anti-Ministerial Contemporaries.]

"THE Parliamentary Farce of 1849 has ended with a Managerial Address, purporting to emanate from the Crown, and delivered in the character of LORD PRESIDENT by the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE. This composition of our Whig rulers is characteristically incorrect in grammar, ambiguous in sense, and erroneous, in so far as it is intelligible, in assertion.

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL and Co. begin by telling 'My Lords and Gentlemen' that 'the state of public business enables HER MAJESTY to dispense with their attendance in Parliament.' Do Ministers mean that the satisfactory state of public business allows HER MAJESTY to release Parliament from its labour; or that the disgraceful condition of the national affairs obliges her to send it about its business?

"HER MAJESTY,' say our Whig rulers, 'has directed us to express her satisfaction,' &c. How monstrous a violation of truth to assert that the QUEEN has directed them to give utterance to sentiments on her part, which it is notorious that she, on the contrary, expresses at their direction!

"What are we to understand by the assertion that HER MAJESTY 'has given her assent to the important measure' which Parliament has 'passed to amend the Navigation Laws, in full confidence,' &c? That

the QUEEN has given her assent to the measure, or that Parliament has enacted it in that plenitude of confidence, &c.?—in which whoever participates, we do not hesitate to say, must be an ass.

"Will any one explain to us the meaning of the 'friendly character of her relations with foreign Powers,' ascribed to our gracious Monarch? These expressions, we maintain, are most equivocal, and may merely signify, for aught we know, that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and the other branches of the Royal Family enjoy a cosmopolitan reputation for good fellowship, which, certainly, as far as regards his ROYAL HIGHNESS, we are not disposed to deny.

"But enough of this specimen of Whig duplicity and evasiveness, and traitorous tampering with (literally) the QUEEN's English, which in older and better times (destined, we hope, to revive again) would, beyond question, have brought to the block every head concerned in concocting such mendacious nonsense."

* * If our Correspondent will favour us with his name and address, we shall be happy to recommend him, among our ultra-Tory connexions, as being decidedly a nice young man for a small party.

A CHEAP EXCURSION TO SMITHFIELD AND BACK FOR ONE SHILLING.

We are happy to state that a wealthy Omnibus Company has made arrangements to take passengers to that delightful place of healthy resort, Smithfield, and back, for the contemptible sum of One Shilling. The first excursion is to take place next Monday, that being fortunately a Market day, which will allow the passengers an opportunity of witnessing the innocent gambols of the animals that disport themselves there with such rural playfulness. The Omnibus, the better to enjoy this elevating sight, will proceed through the very midst of the noble oxen, and halt in the centre of the Market, where it will make a stoppage of six hours. Passengers will be permitted to descend, if they like, and to ramble about at their leisure. All the pigsties will be thrown open on this occasion, and every facility given to the excursionists, that they may inhale, unmolested, the health-inspiring breezes of this acknowledged Garden of England.

A Flower Show will be held at the apple stall against the picturesque lamp-post which bears the Royal Arms, in tin, at the top, and, if possible, a cabbage leaf full of currants, gathered on the spot, will be added to the *fête*, to give it something of a horticultural air. The excursion is expected to come off with great *éclat*, as Smithfield never looked so blooming, or was so full, as at the present moment. HIGGINTON'S Brass Band will attend before the Marquis of Granby, and perform some of their most popular airs during the day.

OMNIBUS RACING INTELLIGENCE.

THE fine old English sport of racing has been taken up with much spirit by the omnibus drivers on the Brompton and Putney roads, who turn the highway into a course, and run against each other—or anything else that may be in the way—from about 8 a. m. till midnight. The Putney Pets and the Brompton Beauties, as the competitors are called by their respective backers, may be seen every five minutes at the London Bridge Railway Station, from which, after several false starts, they usually set away together and proceed not only neck and neck, but neck or nothing, past KING WILLIAM's statue to the Mansion House, which may be considered the first heat, when, after a few more false starts, they make all the running they can to Charing Cross, where the second heat terminates. The race increases greatly in interest from this point, for it assumes the character of a steeple chase at St. Martin's Church, and the usual fence work of hurdles, ditches, or other miscellaneous obstructions is supplied by the old women and the fruit stalls, which form a very efficient substitute for the customary impediments in sport of this description. The old two-penny original, which from the broken-winded character of one of the cattle—since retired—used to be known as the "two-penny buster," makes very little running, and in fact is only placed among the outsiders, the number of outsiders that it carries being quite unlimited.

As these races are likely to continue, we think it would be advisable for the public to keep the course thoroughly clear of all vehicles and passengers during the period when the road is occupied by the Pets, Bucks, and Beauties of Putney and Brompton. It is true that the racing continues throughout the day, and it might be inconvenient to shut up the road as a public thoroughfare, but while it is used as an omnibus race-course, the course we recommend is the only one that can be safely followed.

NOT THE SLIGHTEST RELATION TO DUKE HUMPHREY.—SIR JAMES DUKE.

REAL ENJOYMENT.



Annie. "GOOD BYE, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, AND SPEND A GOOD LONG DAY, AND THEN I CAN SHOW YOU ALL MY NEW THINGS."

Clara. "OH! THAT WILL BE NICE! GOOD BYE, DEAR." (*Kiss, and exit.*)

THE CASE OF THE STATION CLERKS.

SINCE our appeal on behalf of the Station Clerks, we have been inundated with letters of thanks from these solitaires, several of whom are getting quite like the prisoner of Chillon—only with the Chill-off—for they don't take it half so cool, but protest warmly against their treatment. Many of them live in such seclusion, that if they were released from their solitudes, they would almost have forgotten how to hold a conversation, or say anything beyond "Right;" and indeed there is one of our Correspondents, who, describing himself as an Odd Fellow, complains that he has so long pursued "the even tenour of his way"—the Railway—that there is nothing odd about him any longer, since he has been debarred from attending the social meetings of his fraternity.

Another unfortunate individual laments bitterly the hardship of being unable to combine with his fellow sufferers in expressing their sentiments, but the only thing they are suffered to express is an express train once or twice a day, while they long in vain for the aid of the only engine that would be of any use to them—that great moral engine, the Press, which has a boiler always boiling over with virtuous indignation at wrong and oppression. Now that we have got our steam up on this subject, we shall continue from time to time on the line we have taken, and we have no doubt that we shall rapidly bring the grievances of the Station Clerks to a terminus.

SHORTLY WILL BE OUT.—SMITH O'BRIEN, MEAGHER, AND CO.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

[From our own Correspondent.]



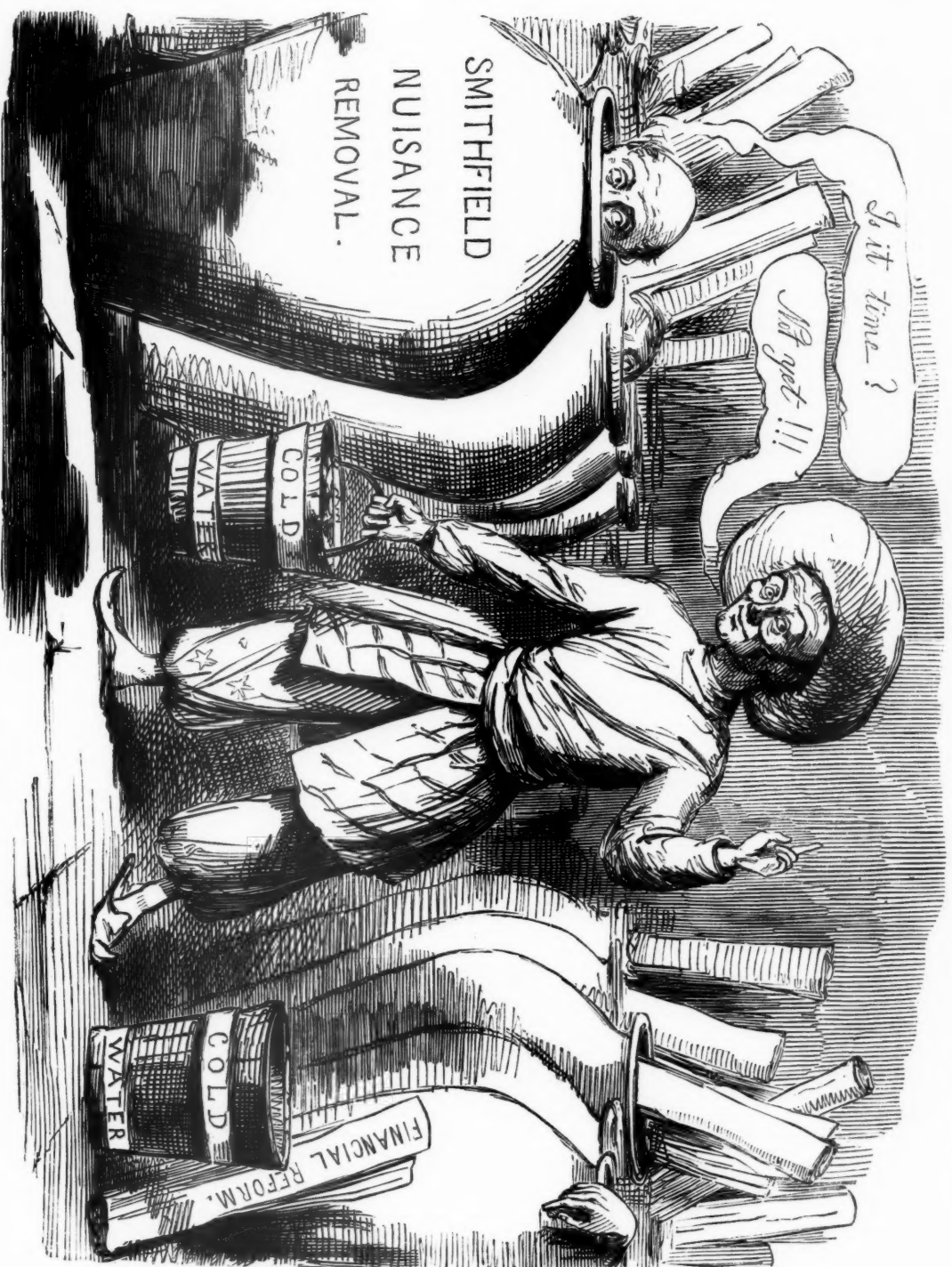
DUBLIN, AUGUST 4.—THE excitement of the city continues, like the beds at the taverns, on the rise. Already, two or three far-seeing members of the Corporation have been on the look out, with telescopes of forty-eagle power, for the smoke of the *Victoria* and *Albert*. This very simple fact will give you some notion of the enthusiasm of this romantic and generous people.

And here, *Mr. Punch*, you must, whether you will or no, permit me to congratulate you on the choice of your own Correspondent at such a

juncture, and to perform so nice a duty as that of detailing to you the events, opinions, and secret thoughts of the population of Dublin. How rarely do you find united in the same person the elegance, the quietude, the serene energy and the accomplishments of the high-bred gentleman with the watchfulness and confidence of the Reporter. One fact—a native modesty does not allow me to make the one fact two—will illustrate my meaning and position. On my arrival, I lost no time in consulting my portmanteau and looking-glass. Shaved and kidded, I drove to the Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park. I sent in my card,—"P. O'NOMAN, of *Punch*." In three minutes a gentleman of the most aristocratic bearing—there is no mistaking blood, *Mr. Punch*; it is nature's own mark, in her brightest red—stood beside my car. He was arrayed in a gorgeous silk dressing-gown, sprinkled with shamrocks, and having at the back the royal arms, worked in damask. I at once recognised my man. It was, of course, the LORD LIEUTENANT. "My dear Sir," said he, shaking me cordially by the hand, and assisting me to jump from the car; "my dear Sir, as we say in Gaelic *mille cead feadh*—a hundred million welcomes. Come in, Sir; come in. You'll make me the most miserable man on earth if you have breakfasted." I had not—at least I said so; for I would not disappoint

the LORD LIEUTENANT. Good fellow, CLARENDON: and the Dublin Bay haddock beyond expression. During breakfast we talked of the state of the country; and CLARENDON was pleased to express his opinion—even on so short an acquaintance—that I appeared to be the only man capable of going to the root of the evil of Ireland. His Excellency may be partial; nevertheless, he is a man of prodigious penetration. Leaving the breakfast-room, what was my surprise to see my portmanteau on the shoulder of a servant, in the viceregal livery, ascending the stairs. "I ordered your luggage to be brought from the inn. You must make the Lodge your home while in Dublin. Indeed you must: it's a way we have in Ireland. Meanwhile, my dear O'NOMAN, one of my equerries shall show you the lions. I am, as you may suppose, a good deal occupied; and must now leave you, as I have to choose a thousand yards of tabinet for the housemaids. By the way, do you smoke,—or is it too early?" And his lordship placed his cigar-case in my hands. "We dine at eight: be punctual; *au plaisir*." Saying this, with another cordial squeeze of the hand, his lordship proceeded upon his duties, leaving me to mine. You will at once perceive that it is impossible for your own Correspondent to write under more auspicious circumstances. I shall now proceed to put you in possession of the feelings and doings of this most excellent, and most impulsive people.

The LORD MAYOR of London is hourly expected. He will, it is said, arrive in his own barge, pulled by Common Councilmen, and steered by SIR PETER LAURIE. It is not generally known, but in order to evince a full appreciation of the Dublin hospitality, the LORD MAYOR will be accompanied (they will arrive per steamer) by GOG and MAGOG. They have been newly painted in bran new suits of emerald green; and will wear potato blossoms in their button-holes, cut expressly for the occasion. It is supposed, however, that the Giants will not appear in public; but during their stay, will remain strictly *incog*. To make the thing as picturesque as possible, the LORD MAYOR will appear in the dress of the time of SIR WILLIAM WALWORTH, and will wear in his girdle the dagger from the City Arms. Of course in all places, and in the most joyous seasons, there will be found poor timorous *guidances* with doubts that would blight amaranths. Hence, I have heard certain alarmists declare that the Saxon Mayor and Corporation of London have no other view in coming here than to absorb the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin. It has been openly prophesied that, long before November



THE POLITICAL MORGIANA THROWING COLD WATER (NOT BOILING OIL) ON
THE IMPATIENT BANDITTI.

[See the Story of Ali Baba, in *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.



next, Dublin's Mayor and Guild will be centralised in the city of London. Or wherefore—ask these people,—wherefore should Gog and Magog cross the Channel? I, of course, attach no credit to this report; neither does my friend LORD CLARENDON: it is, however, my duty at the least to chronicle it.

HER MAJESTY's foot has sent a thrill of expectation throughout the city. The QUEEN is known to possess a *Cinderella* foot; a fairy foot, that would stand tiptoe on an unbent daisy. One of HER MAJESTY's slippers—the perquisite of LADY—, Maid of Honour, has been obtained; and, modelled in silver, is in the window of all the goldsmiths. The silver slipper—the thought is very pretty—is made to serve as a butter-boat; charmingly typical of the belief that, wherever HER MAJESTY treads in Ireland, the richness of plenty will follow.

You can have no idea of the shriek of despair that has gone through—from top to bottom—all female society. No lady is to be presented unless by another lady presented by another on a former occasion in London. Thus, it seems, the Saxon privilege is made another source of heart-burning. 'It was, of course, understood by everybody that nothing more would have been necessary than for every lady wishing to pass the compliments of the time with the QUEEN to send up her card on her own silver salver. At the present moment, as I understand, not being on the spot myself,—at least five thousand well-dressed females are marching on the Lodge to demand an explanation of LADY CLARENDON. I earnestly trust that no collision will take place, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that a squadron of Horse have turned out, artillery pointed, and fuses lighted, to read a great moral lesson to the rioters. I hope the Dublin ladies will listen to reason—for if they won't, they're invincible.

You can have no conception of the rise of rents in every part of Dublin, it being expected that at least two-thirds of London will take lodgings and leases in our city. In a while, and Sackville Street will be as gay as a dying dolphin—and won't chickweed and sowthistles grow in the Quadrant and upwards! There is an alarming report—I speak, Sir, with the love of an adopted son for London—that the QUEEN's Crown, with all the Regalia, are about to be brought to Dublin; which strengthens an opinion—long slumbering, but now awake and kicking—that the Government will remove itself from England to Ireland; and so the Saxon have, in his turn, the smallest taste in life of absenteeism. Only think what the trade of London would come to, if English nobility and gentry bought their liveries and lucifer-matches of Dublin tradesmen!

You will be glad to hear that every attention will be given to Dublin's Lord Mayor, who insists upon meeting the QUEEN on horseback. He will, for safety sake, be tied on the animal; for nothing weaker than cords of silver and gold can keep his enthusiasm from running clean away with him.

They are now covering the Statue of KING WILLIAM with satin bows of green and orange, which bows contain all kinds of combustibles that, at the due moment, will explode, exhibiting the hero in a shower of fireworks.

When the QUEEN lands, at least a thousand turtles (a certain Repealer suggested a few Irish owls) will be set free; and it is said that, at the same time, a bird will be thrown up from the *Victoria* and *Albert*; a bird bearing, in a packet, the pardon of SMITH O'BRIEN to his excellent lady.

I would write more, but that I am interrupted by an Equerry from CLARENDON. The dinner bell will sound in five minutes, and I shall hardly save my soup.

Your own Correspondent,

P. O'NOMAN.

P.S. Until further instructions you will, of course, address me at the Lodge. It has been hinted to me that HER MAJESTY proposes—out of respect to the Correspondents of the Press in general—to honour me with Knighthood. I hope I am misinformed; but if not, I shall endeavour to bear the visitation like a man.

A BILL FOR THE BETTER BEHAVIOUR OF BROUGHAM.

It has been objected to Ministers that the past session—like so many others—has been, after much delay and trifling at the commencement, hurried in the most unseemly manner to a close. Ministers, however, are not incorrigible. They propose to amend this fault; and—to abate a public evil much felt of late—have already ordered a Bill to be drawn, to be called "A Bill for the Better Prevention of LORD BROUGHAM's Powers of Examination in Certain Cases." The reader of the daily papers—see *Hill's Divorce* and similar bills—must feel that, for the sake of public decorum, it is necessary to curb the imaginative loquacity of the erotic and learned lord. We have been favoured with a perusal of the draught of the Bill in question; from which we give the subjoined clauses.

"Neither shall it be lawful for HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX to interlard the evidence of witnesses with any suggestive prurience. Neither shall he, for more than five minutes at a time, dwell upon and

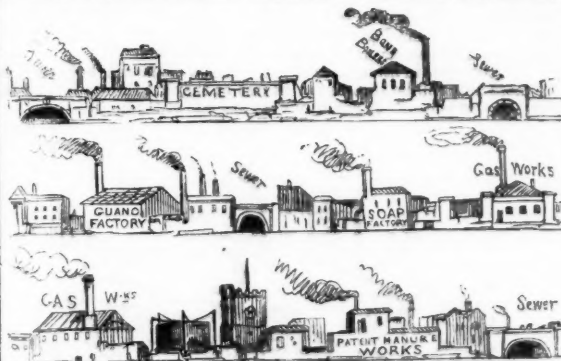
illustrate the testimony of witnesses from his own varied experience. Neither shall he put questions that have no other end save the self-indulgence of a very questionable curiosity,—in no way furthering the ends of justice, but, apparently, tending only to the earthly gratification of the aforesaid HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

"And be it enacted, that the penalty for the infringement of this clause shall be a *verbatim* report of the offender's words in the *Times* newspaper."

It is believed, by the authors of the Bill, that a continued publicity of the errors of speech committed by the venerable offender must abate what, during the present session, has been found, upon all hands, an intolerable nuisance.

A HAND-BOOK TO THE THAMES.

WE wish MR. MURRAY, amidst the variety of his very useful Hand-Books—if he has no objection for once to put his hand into dirty water—would favour us with a Hand-Book to the Thames. The banks of the river would furnish ample food for the antiquarian—if the antiquarian is not very particular what he eats, and indeed we know that he is usually *gobe-mouche* enough to swallow anything. Since we have had Panoramas of the Mississippi, and the said Sippi has found its Missis regular hits, why should we not have a Panorama of the Thames, embracing all the objects that fringe its banks, and infringe upon its waters? A few of the principal establishments would furnish a collection no less interesting to the chemist than to the antiquarian. Every factory would help to give a satisfactory solution of the poisonous stuff that is held in solution by the water in which many of us make our tea, which eventually gives us our gruel. A glance at the buildings on the banks of the Thames would at once furnish a key to the ingredients of



the water, and render any closer analysis superfluous. We require no other test to prove why it is so detestable. We entreat the Sanitary Commissioners, if they would do more than skim the surface of their duties, to go deeply into the Thames, and they will get to the bottom of one of the greatest drawbacks on the health of the Metropolis.

A BLOW TO 'BUS CONDUCTORS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"T'OTHER day there was wun o' hus coves, BILL HANNON, ad up afore ALDERMAN WILSON under the 6th and 7th WICKTORIER, for delayin' and refusin' to give change to a passinger, and was convicted. To be sure BILL thort he was goin' to git off with a fine. No sitch luck. The Beak said he was up to our havin' a subscription among us to pay fines for any one of us as gits into trouble, and says he, 'You shan't come that ere dodge no longer; you larfs at a fine, but I've got the hoption of committin' on yer for 2 months,' and accordingly to begin, he giz poor BILL a week, witch fact I expect to see recorded in your pages under the eading of 'A conductor struck with Lightning'."

"In course we shan't dare for the futur' to come it over our fares as we used to, and consekvently we shall lose about one arf of our inkum. "I've no dout, Mr. Punch, that 'tis thru you bringin' public atenshun and the Beaks down upon us, by dorrin' us and showin' of us up, that we're in for this werry evvy pecunary dammdge, witch I do say you ort to stand somethink towards, and remane, on be-arf of self and confederates, your umble servant

"OLD ARD."

"* * "OLD ARD" and his fraternity should demand compensation of their employers for the loss they will incur by being prevented from cheating. As civility and honesty must now be among the requisites of a conductor, those virtues will, of course, be allowed for in his wages.

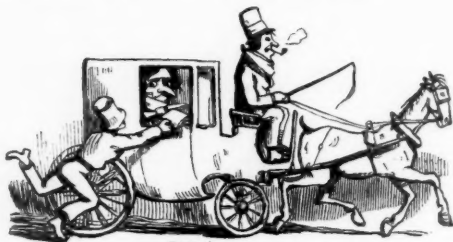
PUNCH'S PROROGATION OF THE OPERA SEASON.



E have it on the very best and highest authority (our own) that *Mr. Punch* will proceed *in propria persona* to the Prorogation of the Season at the theatre of HER MAJESTY. Though no regular proclamation has been issued from the Board (and Lodging) of Green Cloth, we are enabled to give an outline of what will take place, which may

be some guide to those who wish to take places.

Mr. Punch, besides wearing on the occasion his coat of office or office coat, will invest himself in the vest of white jean, and will carry in his pocket the order of the nights and extra nights of the Grand Opera in the Haymarket. Immediately before him will be carried the Editorial Regalia, consisting of the Pen of Justice, the Ink of Impartiality, and the Scissors of Severance, while *Mr. Punch* himself, as President of the Republic of Letters, will hold in his hand the binocular glass of double-sightedness, as an emblem of his being able to see twice as far as any other individual. At the appointed hour *Mr. Punch* will preside at a council, by inspecting a drawer in his Cabinet, to ascertain his means of Cabb(ing) it, and an officer of rank—the waterman—will call from the rank a vehicle suited to the reception of his *Punch-ian* Majesty. On his progress to the House, several Bills will be laid before him by the Commons in attendance at the windows of the cab, but every one of those bills will be thrown out as fast as they are thrown in, and the royal assent will not be vouchsafed to any one of them.



On the arrival of his *Punch-ian* Majesty at the door, the excitement will be of that extraordinary kind, that impressed itself on the minds and toes of all those who have assisted at the LIND and SONTAG *furors* which marked the commencement and the close; forming, as it were, the Alpha and Omega of the now expiring season at the theatre of HER MAJESTY. On the farewell visit of *Mr. Punch*, so great will be the struggle for admission, that several who are fortunate enough to



get within the doors, will leave their skirts among the outskirts; and many a coat will be left without a tail to tell its own story.

Mr. Punch will be met at the barrier by the gentleman clerk of the check, and will be preceded to the critical chair of state by the box-keeper bearing the keys of office. He will graciously give his assent to such bills as may be placed in his hands by the officers of the house;

and he will, after taking his seat, proceed to deliver his speech on the prorogation of the Opera season—the whole assembly remaining uncovered.



The following will be the principal topics which will form the subject of the address:—

Mr. Punch will, in the first place, intimate that the empty state of the Metropolis enables him to release the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre from their duties, and he will express his great satisfaction at the zeal and ability with which their services have been rendered, throughout a season requiring more, than ordinary energy and loyalty on the part of all concerned.

Mr. Punch will intimate his regret at the retirement of one of the most valuable ministers to the public entertainment, in the person of JENNY LIND, whom he nevertheless hopes to recall permanently to her allegiance, as he has once already succeeded in doing, though but for a temporary period; and he will express his sincere satisfaction, that, by the great diplomatic powers of the Minister of State for Operatic Affairs, the secession alluded to was promptly repaired, by the return to the public service of MADAME SONTAG, with increased powers to treat, and great indeed has been the treat, or series of treats, thus afforded.

Mr. Punch will add that the Italian question might have been very gravely complicated but for this event, and he will evince his approbation by putting MADAME SONTAG at once on his own civil list of those to whom he shows civility, at the same time ratifying the appointment of MADAME SONTAG to his good books, by throwing her a good bouquet.



Mr. Punch will say a few complimentary words with reference to the orchestral forces under FIELD-MARSHAL BALFE, to whom he will present a new bâton, with the expression of a hope that it may be useful in preserving that admirable discipline which has made his gallant band so mainly instrumental in promoting that harmony so essential to the operatic interests.

Mr. Punch will express his admiration of the loyalty that has distinguished that class which may be said to embody the public voice, and particularly SIGNOR LABLACHE, as decidedly the most powerful representative of this voice, as well as its largest embodiment. *Mr. Punch* will thank him and others for their personal sacrifices as broken-hearted



fathers, jealous husbands, and despairing lovers, in the numerous very exciting scenes in which they have been called upon to act a part during the progress of a season, calling for more than an ordinary amount of

sorrow and suffering in their operatic characters, and involving the casting off of five daughters for the principal bass, two duels with rivals for the chief baritone, seven cases of jealousy, and one of murder among MORIANT, GARDONI, BORDAS, and CALZOLARI, the first tenors, as well as an unusual weight of "unmerited persecution," at the cost of ALBONI the contralto, and LIND, SONTAG, PARODI, and GIULIANI, the sopranos of the season.

Mr. Punch will revert briefly to the gratifying progress of the ballet, and will intimate his satisfaction at the success of the skating act, recently brought into operation, which has given new activity to this department of the public entertainment, without hazarding the firm footing it has hitherto rested on.



Mr. Punch will leave it to the administration to thank the gentlemen of the Pit and Galleries for the liberal supplies of applause, and will refer them to the same source for the estimates for next season.



Mr. Punch will then congratulate the Speaker of the House upon his only having been called upon to speak once in the way of apology during the whole of the season, which, at the conclusion of the final tableau of the ballet, will be declared prorogued.



For How Long has the Queen gone to Ireland?

We hasten to contradict an absurd rumour, that it is the intention of our Most Gracious Sovereign to reside permanently in the Sister Island. This ridiculous report has originated from the prevalent impression that HER MAJESTY had gone to Ireland for good.

A HEALTH TO H. B.!

HERE'S the Free Trader that found out Navigation Law isn't restriction,
The Reform Bill Chancellor who proves responsible Government a fiction—

The Liberty of Conscience man, who'd the Affirmation Bill reject—
The Queen's ex-Defender, who likes to hear crown'd heads spoken of with respect—

The Anti-Slavery Hero, who hails Russia's invasion with rapture—
The International Lawyer, who looked hopeful for Rome's speedy capture—

The Patriot, who asked CRÉMIEUX for French letters of naturalisation—
The "Schoolmaster abroad," who at home protests against Education—

The Law Reformer, who every abuse of the Law *ex-officio* defends—
The impartial Friend of his Enemies, and the Enemy of his Friends—

The Corporation Denouncer, who puffs Mayor, Aldermen, and Recorder—
The Caller to Order in the Peers, who is always out of order—

He who ne'er recommended one course, but since he has taken another—
He who ne'er held up a new light, that since he has not help'd to smother—

He who'd rather mount the mountebank's stage, than be laid upon the shelf—
He who does with ease the difficult feat of turning his back on himself—

The Vaux *et prætere nihil*, whom nothing can silence or cure—
The only H. B., of whom, strive as you will, you can't make a caricature!

A CASUS BELLI WITH FRANCE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"THOUGH I cordially agree with our present Ministers in their non-intervention principles with respect to foreign nations, I must call upon you to interfere in French affairs, so far as relates to the treatment of travellers at the Railway Station at Amiens.

"Sir, at Amiens, I was dragged to what was termed a *table d'hôte*, but which was in fact an embodiment of Irish destitution in the worst periods of famine. There was a soup tureen certainly, but upon removing the cover 'all was desolate within.' The tureen was a theatrical property, to dress the table; but as CHARLES MATTHEWS says of everything in *Used Up*, there was literally 'nothing in it.' Baulked of my expected soup, I made for a dish of apples, but when I clutched at one, the whole of the rosy fruit adhered together in my hand, and when I put it hastily to my mouth, the apple, though not actually turning to ashes, turned to *papier mâché* on my lip. I waited anxiously for the next course, and a fowl made its appearance, but my hungry and irritated fellow-travellers were beforehand with me, and just as I hoped to have a 'bird in hand,' alas! the bird was flown.

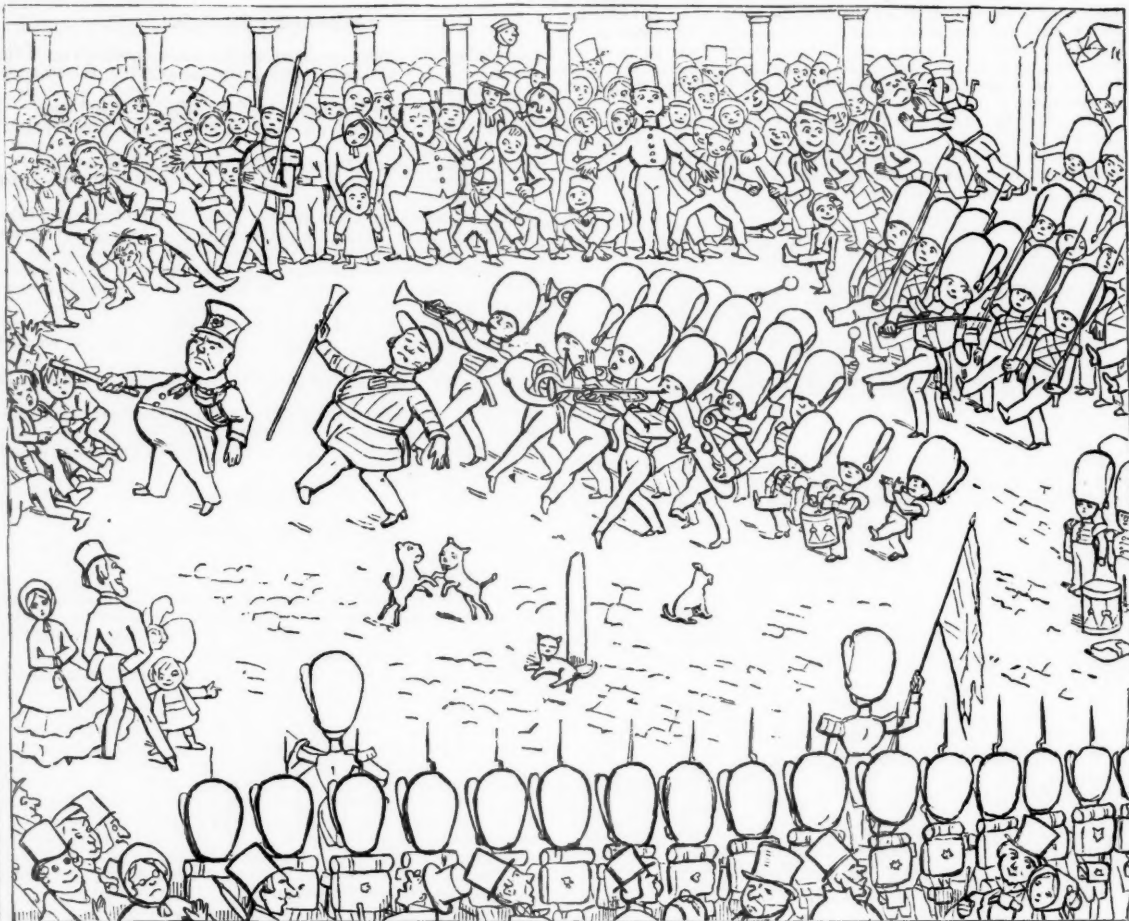
"The bell now began to ring for the departure of the train, and the waiters became busy in their demands for three francs each from the *voyageurs*, who were compelled to pay the sum under a medley of indignant protests in a jargon of mixed languages. One of my fellow-countrymen paced the refreshment-room with fury, exclaiming, '*Je n'ai pas mangé un seul article.*' Another cried, '*C'est un take-in énorme.*' A third shouted, '*C'est infâme; il n'y est pas un objet que je pouvais attraper;*' and a fourth, in a state of desperate bad French, that seemed to indicate a loss of reason, screamed out, '*Je writerai un lettre à la "Times" tout sweet que je land à Folkestone.*'

"Upon this hint I speak. But instead of writing to the *Times* I write to you, *Mr. Punch*, for you are everywhere in France, and I think you must be attended to if you raise your voice against the evil I have pointed out to you. You will admit that a question so nearly affecting an Englishman's dinner, and coming home directly to his heart or stomach, must be a *casus belli*, in the most emphatic sense of which the words are capable.

"There has been so much cordiality and good feeling, as well as so much hospitality, lately between the English and the French, and I and you, and every right-thinking person, *Mr. Punch*, must feel so desirous of keeping up this pleasant understanding between the two nations, that we must all feel indignant against such an outrage as the one I have described to have been committed against the British appetite—*en voyage*—at the railway station at Amiens.

"There are liberal men belonging to both countries on the direction of the Boulogne and Amiens Railway, and I feel assured, *Mr. Punch*, that, through your pages, the caterers at Amiens will be compelled to turn over a new leaf, and the English—as well as the French—traveller will have something more substantial for his three francs than the sight of an empty soup tureen, and the chance of a divided moiety of a chicken's leg, should he be fortunate in the course of 'the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together' that is made at the poor *poulet*.

"AN ADHERENT OF THE OLD DINNERSTY."



"BRITYSH GRANADIERS. A MOVNTYNGE-GAVRD AT ST. JAMES. PALACE YARDE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Wednesday, August 1, 1849.—Up mighty betimes, and after a four Miles' Walk, losing Weight like a Jockey, to the Palace Yard of St. James's Palace, to see the Soldiers mount Guard to guard the QUEEN, which they do every Morning whether she is there or no, and is a pretty pompous Ceremony. Found myself among as dirty shabby a Set of Fellows hanging about as I think I ever saw, with whom two or three with the Look of Gentlemen, and a pretty Sprinkling of Milliner-Girls and Nurse-Maids, but they presently away from the Ragamuffins to the East Side of the Yard, and so did I. Strange how all Women almost do run after Soldiers; which MR. PUMPKYNS do say is because Weakness do, by Instinct, seek the Protection of Courage; but I think is owing to Nothing at all but the Bravery of a Red Coat. In a few Minutes more Riff-Raff pouring in; then a Noise without of drumming; and then just at 4 to 11, a Party of the Grenadier Guards marching in under the Clock-Tower, the Drums and Fifes in Front of them, and at the Head of all the Drum Major, twirling his Staff, strutted like a Pouter-Pigeon, as stately, almost, as ever I saw J. BLAND. The Men at the Word of Command ground Arms with a Clang, and stood at Ease in Lines, and together with the Spectators made a Square, with the Drums and Fifes at one End, and the Band at the other by the Clock-Tower, and a Post in the Middle, and around the Post, with the Colours, the Officers in full Figg, mighty trim; and MR. WAGSTAFFE do tell me that the Guards have brave clothing Colonels. The Band did play while the Men that should relieve Guard were marching off; and I do muse why Soldiers are provided with so much Musique, and conclude it is to hinder them from thinking, and also in battle to inflame their Minds without making them drunk, which Nothing that I know can do equal

to Musique except Love. At five Minutes to the Hour comes the relieved Guard, and draws up, ready to be marched away, and to see them backing for Room on the Crowd's Toes! Droll, also, to watch the Marshalman, in his grand Uniform and with his Staff of Office, going about to make Space and keep Order among the ragged Boys; and I remember how, in my Youth, I thought he was a General Officer. More Musique, in the Mean-while, by the Band; the Band-Master, a rare plump Fellow, in goodly Condition, conducting with a Clarinet for his Batoon. Suddenly the Musique cut short by the Drums and Fifes, the Word given, and the Men did fall in, and away to Barracks, a Grand March playing, and all the Tag-Rag at their Heels. But to see the Lieutenant, the Officer of the Day, set up the Colours on the Post, and touch his Cap and kiss his Sword to them, saluting them, which do seem a senseless Pantomime, and look more like a Chinese with his Joss, than a Christian. Besides, the Flag, a most old and sorry one, blown into Tatters, which, in our long Peace, must have been done by the Breeze and not the Battle; but so left, with a Grenadier to guard it, sticking in the Post. Then the Officer did dismiss the Off Guard, and away to his Quarters for the Day; but am told he may go to and fro the Guards' Club House, which being moved from the Top of St. James's Street to nigh Marlborough House, he is spared now the Fatigue of marching up Hill. Methinks that mounting Guard at the Palace is a Service of little Danger or Hardship; and yet it do appear to be a good Training for fighting Men; and good Lack! to think what Fire-eaters in Battle are the young Dandy Officers of the Guards, and how their Men will follow them through thick and thin, and what Work those Fellows can do when called on, that play Soldiers about St. James's!

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

THE ENGLISH FORCES FIGHT FOR HUNGARY AND ROME.



ARE rejoiced that, by means of our ubiquitous Little Bird—that to our shame, we have for some months neglected—we are this week enabled to chronicle many successes obtained by English arms in the cause of Italy and Hungary. The campaign proceeds with admirable vigour. Every day gives new life to the cause. Recruits pour in from all quarters. BEM and KOSSUTH have within the past week been admirably reinforced; and MAZZINI supported in his exile with the assurance of the resurrection of Rome. The Bear has suffered a damaging hug—the Twin-headed Eagle has been clawed and mauled—and the blood-dabbled Cock plucked on its Roman dunghill of glory.

The English force is made up of men of the true metal; somewhat of the same iron stuff that beat, almost two centuries ago under buff coats. Stern, strong, true-hearted men, with an object clear as a star before them, and a downright will to carry it. The English force has magnificent parks of artillery; shells that carry from shore

to shore; that jump seas and leap mountains. The shells of pop-gun pellets from a sliced potato; school-boy missiles. charged with white powder, and carrying not an ounce of iron, do marvellous mischief at any distance. Though fired at Manchester, they make reverberations in Roman streets, and are echoed amid the fastnesses of Hungary. The troops, armed to the teeth—exactly to the teeth—have neither pike, nor musket, nor side-arms: they bear, however, an invincible weapon—Opinion: thing of ethereal temper forged in the brain of man, and worshipped in his heart.

It is not permitted us to give all the movements of the English Forces in the present campaign. We can only indicate a few, and in very concise terms.

GENERAL LORD DUDLEY STUART carries on a very successful guerilla war with the foe. Now we hear of him at Marylebone—now he descends upon Kensington—to-morrow he may be at Shoreditch—the next day at Wandsworth. Almost every day the General sends forth a flying host in aid of Hungary and Rome. Countless numbers, compressed—like MILTON'S spirits at the council—into such small dimensions, that thousands and tens of thousands can manoeuvre in full column even on no bigger field than a sheet of newspaper; and the battle now waging will, no doubt, be henceforth known as the Battle of the Broad-sheet—a battle bloodless, but holy as the fight of the immortals.

At Manchester, GENERAL the REVEREND DOCTOR VAUGHAN, has made a splendid onslaught, falling upon the weakest part of the enemy. The Reverend General addressing his troops, dwelt with fine emphasis, full and throbbing from the heart, upon the employment of a weapon that, used against iniquity, carries with it a worse than mineral poison: and the weapon is—Contempt. "A man may not care about being feared or hated," said the Reverend General, "but let him feel that he is loathed by the intelligence and the virtue of man, and that will be torture to the very centre." Here the troops gave a loud, deep hurrah, such as is sent from the heart of a forlorn hope, charging to the death.

Contempt is, no doubt, a fearful weapon; and then we of the English force can 'point the instrument with such terrible poison, that, with its subtle appetite, it shall eat through gaols of flint, and manacles of iron. For we can materialise the uttered scorn, and bait it with ink—printer's ink. Wonderful compound! Now a balsam and now a poison; now conveying sustaining comfort, sweetest health, and sympathetic love to outraged man—and now devouring, with the hunger of flame, the heart of tyrannous wrong. Priceless unquench! The salve of suffering, and the bane of crime. Beautiful is a review—very glorious are thousands of bayonets, the impartial sun kissing the murder steel! Inspiring the trumpet, hearts pulsating to its brassy breath! Terrible the cannon; their silent homicidal mouths, gaping stupidly cruel. Nevertheless, all dull—all dumb—all dust, when touched and touched by JOHN GUTENBURG'S Ointment—Printer's Ink. Lay it on well, and wisely, and in good time the bayonets shall break like autumn reeds—the trumpet be choked to silence—and the cannon crack and crumble like sun-split clay.

It is with this said printer's ink that the English forces, assembling in the cause of foreign freedom, are enabled to fight upon that tremendous plain—a plain more pregnant with mighty thoughts and marvellous deeds, than the Plains of Waterloo or of Marathon—the

Plain of Paper; a Plain destined ere long, to be the one battle-field of the civilised world: any other fighting field especially marking the savage, whether he wears the green of Russia, or the blue of France: essentially, and to all human meaning savage, as the scalping Indian, or the Hottentot, gut-engirdled.

Thus the spirit of opinion informing printer's ink, at this moment fights thousands strong on the side of Hungary—at this moment frowns in the eyes, and hisses in the ears of France, clanking her dragoon sabre on the stones of Rome.

England is alive and stirring. Troops are filling halls, and generals and officers mounting platforms. Tongue-fight against cannon-fight! Aromatic printer's ink against foul charcoal and saltpetre! The broadsheet—the glorious Plain of Paper—against the field of blood.

We must rejoice at this. For we have too long sat under the blight of seeming apathy. We have too long, with hands in breeches' pockets, hummed *John Barleycorn*, *The Roast Beef of Old England*, and other comfortable, stomatic melodies; almost heedless of the cries of outraged nations, invoking in their agony the Spirit of Eternal Right. Our silence has been to us a passing shame. We have all too carelessly opened ourselves to the charge of national treachery. We who centuries since arose and smote down tyranny in open fight; we, who look in the face of heaven with loftier gaze, and tread the earth with a more assured foot, touched and strung by the thought that we of all free men are the most free—thanks to the ocean and our own bold blood—we, who have been the teachers of the world; teachers of that elevating lesson that makes life sacred: we have looked somewhat surprised, askant, that we should have disciples, followers; that men, gazing on "the meteor flag of England," smit by its glory, should raise their standard, and dare to die, defending it. In truth, we have for a time seemed trimming teachers who would fain deny their early teachings. Excellent lessons, to be learned and treasured for their sustaining grandeur by ourselves; but not to be communicated; not to be learned and put in action by any sort of folk beyond Dover beach.

We have cast away this passing shame. LORD PALMERSTON has sounded a noble bugle-note: and the English forces from all quarters have gathered, and are still gathering. The battle goes daily on—opinion still increasing in its might; until in the end a triumph. Of course there are scoffers of its power; men who laugh, laugh sardonically in small opinion's peaking face. Poor LORD BROUGHAM grins at opinion; puts his finger to his nose; hilariously cuts a caper at the mere notion of opinion; and further to indicate his contempt would, we doubt not, with all England combined in the utterance of one withering hiss,—play the Jew's harp, blithely accompanying the scorn that cannot—for what was HENRY BROUGHAM is now a Parchment Peer—cannot sear him.

Englishmen, however, are not all become BROUGHAMS. Were it so, the marvellous change would only precede the annihilation of the race, for BROUGHAM would continue to kill VAUX and VAUX to kill BROUGHAM; so that, as with the Last Man of the world, the last BROUGHAM would be the last Briton. The notion is suggestive. Imagine the last BROUGHAM now wandering to the Tower for the crown, and now at Westminster Abbey, solitarily assisting at his own coronation! Now sitting on the throne in Buckingham Palace, and now driving himself—with the cream-coloured horses, eight-in-hand—to open Parliament. For all this, and more of the kind he would do, or he would not, be the Last BROUGHAM.

However, enough of the polygon Peer. Let us end, repeating the note of gladness with which we began. Let us hope that with every day, the English Army of Opinion will increase;

and, in due season, it must triumph. The present may be overcast; but when all is darkest, a glory may be growing even in the very bosom of the gloom: even—as it has been finely sung by him who sang *The Forging of the Anchor*—even as

“—persecuting DIOCLETIAN showed
CHRIST prostrate under JOVE on medals broad,
Even when the heavens to give mankind the sign
Were labouring with the cross of CONSTANTINE.”

A beautiful thought this, beautiful with the hues of hope! Is it not so, asks
A LITTLE BIRD.

THE PUFFERS AND THE POETS.



“We remember, we remember,” as the song says, when it was the peculiar boast of WARREN the Blacking Manufacturer that he “kept a poet,” and the animal used to be seen in the back premises drinking inspiration from a blacking bottle, and polishing off verses on the essentials required for polishing off boots in the most effectual manner. This famous bird of song is no longer a *rara avis*, for there is scarcely a concern that relies on the countenance of the million for support, that has

not a poet or an author of some kind or other upon the establishment. Some rely on the voluntary contributions of enthusiastic letter-writers who divide their time between swallowing pills, rubbing in ointment, and forwarding laudatory epistles on the wonderful effect of the treatment to which they submit themselves.

The collected letters of a certain Earl enjoying a sort of alphabetical pre-eminence in the peerage, and “enjoying” also the very worst health—for it must be an enjoyment to experience the balm of constant cures for his constant ailments—the collected letters of this scion of the aristocracy would form a good-sized volume, and would make a capital companion to *Chesterfield's Letters to his Son*, under the title of a *Nobleman's Letters to his Doctor*. His Lordship must, however, rank among the mere amateurs of authorship, and cannot be included in that honourable list of *litterati* who furnish, not only the fruits of their fancy in gentle song, but the result of their research and industry, in the more solid shape of elaborate treatises on boots, coats, hats, and that great science, second only to that of self-knowledge itself, the science of



self-measurement. No person in these days need be without a library, if he would only accept the offer of the numerous works that are thrust

into his hands as he perambulates the public thoroughfares. The *Bridgewater Treatise on the Hand*, may find fifty companions to go hand-in-hand with it, among the innumerable essays on the foot, that are issued by the various advertising bootmakers.

We have lately perused an admirable chapter in one of those works upon the high low and ankle-jack, in which a great deal of antiquarian gossip relative to high-low-jack and the game is brought in with an adroitness that filled us with astonishment. We were much edified also, by a playful allusion in the same quarter to the famous battle of Ey-lau, with reference to which the author suggests, that “Ey-lau, had it been written High-low, ought to have been graced with the presence of a BLUCHER and a WELLINGTON.” We hope for the sake of the craft, that the authors are reaping a rich harvest from the demand in which their talents appear to be at the present moment among the votaries of trade, but as most of the works are circulated by gratuitous distribution, and as things are usually valued and paid for according to what they bring, we fear that the love of fame rather than the fames (*anglice* hunger) of the writers will stand a chance of getting satisfied.

PORTRAITS TAKEN HERE IN ANY QUANTITY.

The *Nottingham Journal* advertises to give away, in the course of the year, “five Portraits of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.” We are quite puzzled to know how these five Portraits will be managed? Will they be all on foot, or all on horseback? Will they be all taken at the same age, or distributed over different periods of the DUKE's life? We will give an imaginary list of them:—

1. Portrait of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in his long clothes.
2. Portrait of the DUKE cutting his first tooth.
3. Portrait of the DUKE scouring the Indian Empire.
4. Portrait of the DUKE tossing up with MARSHAL SOULT for the battle of Toulouse.
5. Portrait of the DUKE with one boot and one shoe, on the memorable field of Waterloo, shaking hands with NAPOLEON, previous to the commencement of the battle.

We should like to add a sixth to the list. It would be just as imaginary as any of the preceding.

6. Portrait of the DUKE rewarding with his own hand a Veteran of the Peninsula.

We would sooner have the sixth than the whole five put together. It is not too late for the DUKE to sit for the likeness now. We will find the Veteran—and the Medal too.

But stop—we have just found out the secret of these five Portraits. Don't you see? It is because the DUKE is Warden of the *Cinque Ports*. Depend upon it, there is to be a Portrait for each Port.

We are determined not to be outdone, so we give notice that we shall have a

HUNDRED PORTRAITS OF MR. HUDSON

ready for publication, as soon as he accepts the Chiltern Hundreds.

Bombastes a la Francaise.

OU DINOT is still vapouring away at Rome, much to the annoyance of Austria and Naples, for he claims all the honour of having restored the Pope to his papal chair. Now, as Italy has been compared to a Boot, and Rome forms no small part of it, since it is the *soul*, we propose a large caricature of OU DINOT, as *Bombastes Furioso*, making to his allies the celebrated speech:—

“Who dares this sacred boot displace,
Must meet *Bombastes* face to face.”

The KING of NAPLES would not make a bad *Fuscos*, whilst the EMPEROR of AUSTRIA might be introduced with great effect as the stupid old King *Artaxominos*.

Six v. Half-dozen.

THE Bar is such a noble profession—it defends the widow and the orphan!

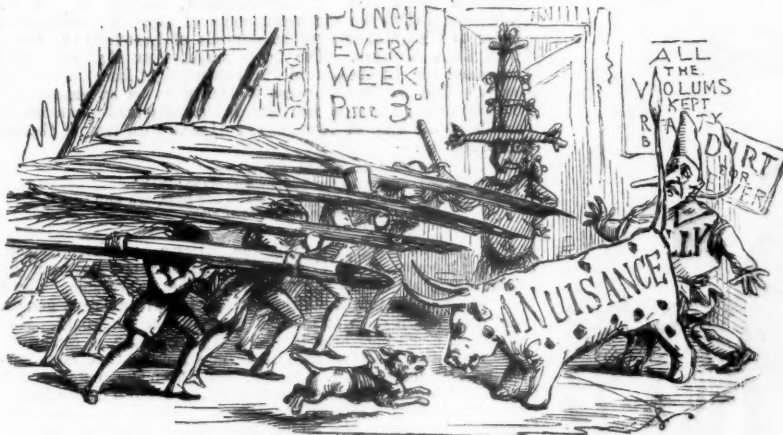
Yes; but then it must be recollected that for every Barrister that defends the widow and the orphan, there is always one that opposes them.

So that *Punch* seriously advises any young man about to wed himself to the Bar, to take good care he chooses “the better half.”

Run to the Abbey! Choose your Place for a Statue!!

THE MIGHTY DEAD!—TO PERSONS ANXIOUS TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF DEPARTED Political, Literary, or Scientific WORTH. FOR SALE—Sundry convenient lots of VALUABLE GROUND affording suitable localities for the erection of MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES, and eligibly situate in that venerable receptacle of the ASHES of GENIUS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY. These DESIRABLE FREEHOLDS will be unreservedly disposed of at £15 per Square Foot. For further particulars see the *Globe* newspaper. TRUSTEES, COMMITTEES, and others, wishing to avail themselves of the above dead BARGAINS, are invited to apply to the DEAN and CHAPTER of WESTMINSTER.

THE DOWNFALL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.



THE fall of Smithfield Market is sealed, and we have supplied the whacks in which the sealing process has been completed. The Pens of the cattle cannot stand against the Pens of *Punch*, and upon the use of our pens we may well plume ourselves, when we find we have so thoroughly shaken the monster nuisance to its foundation, that we are at length able to knock it down with a feather. Our gallant literary army, consisting of a single wing, and that the wing of a goose, has caused the cohorts of corruption to retreat before the driving of those quills which are always so effective in our hands, because we invariably know thoroughly what we are driving at. The Smithfieldites are already shrinking from an encounter in which they have done nothing but imitate the old *Papal* policy of sending forth furious Bulls, in defiance of sense and argument.

A TREAT FOR TRAVELLERS.

Now that the pleasures of the road are cut short by the velocity of the rail, there is nothing by which the "linked sweetness" of a journey can be so thoroughly "long drawn out," as by means of a voyage in a suburban omnibus. The western road is perhaps the one upon which the old "slow coach" system is the most thoroughly kept up; and it may truly be said, that if you wish for a revival of "old associations," the Hammersmith and Kensington Omnibus Association presents the most suitable vehicles for such a purpose.

To a traveller who really likes to have enough travelling for his money, we can safely recommend the Kensington 'Bus, which makes the grand tour of Coventry-street, and thus gives the public the benefit of an extra half-mile—which, being exactly so much out of the way, is a gratuitous ride—that the real lovers of locomotion, for locomotion's sake, cannot be too grateful for.

The Notting Hill and Bayswater Omnibuses, though varying comparatively little from the direct route, make up for this apparent parsimony of distance by a liberal allowance of time, and by treating their passengers to an almost unlimited number of stoppages. This plan enables the curious and inquiring traveller to indulge his curiosity by wondering why the 'Bus don't go on, and inquiring of the conductor the cause of so much loitering. To foreigners the advantage of this system is very great, as it enables them to pay particular attention to the various spots near which they pass, and opposite to which they are kept waiting for periods of greater or less duration. The gunsmith's shop in Oxford-street is no doubt a subject of peculiar interest to the foreigners frequenting the Bayswater 'Buses, for these machines are always drawn up for some considerable time in a position to enable the traveller to take the most lengthy and deliberate observation of the spot alluded to.

The Hammersmith Association must be truly enamoured of the scenery between the Bank and the Broadway, for there is a "reluctant amorous delay" throughout nearly the whole route, which proves a degree of affection for certain spots that is truly wonderful. The cellar of the White Horse in Piccadilly has such charms for the 'Bus drivers that they have been known to linger near the spot with a pertinacity approaching in its intensity the home sickness or *mal du pays* of the Swiss peasantry. We are expecting to see excursions advertised ere long under the taking title of a Summer's Day on a Kensington Omnibus, and we shall not be surprised to meet with the announcement of a trip to Hammersmith and back in one day, as an expedition full of promise to the traveller.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE OXFORD SPIDER.

Araneus Oxoniensis, the Oxford Spider. Class, *Sanguinea*. Order, *Invidiosa*. Variety, *Haberdasher*, &c.

THIS crafty and voracious insect weaves his web in a lair or den, which is called his shop. His prey consists of human victims, of the class Undergraduates. He entangles them in his toils by a cunning device, which consists in offering them long credit; according to an intimation posted up in his den. Who they are or what they are, he never inquires; his object being only to involve them in his meshes, in the hope that should they prove to be a worthless booty, a sufficient prey will be found in the friends who will come to their assistance. The victims of this old hoary Spider (often fifty years of age) are mostly youths of from eighteen to twenty; but he generally allows them to attain to maturity before he fixes his fangs in their vitals, and has often been known to stick to them and drain them for years.

Persons who have taken a fancy to keep Spiders are related to have found their extraordinary pets very fond of the quills of squabs, or young pigeons, which are full of blood. A similar predilection for the plucking of young pigeons is characteristic of the Oxford Spider.

As the cobwebs of these pernicious Spiders are found to obstruct most seriously the progress of the Students at Oxford, it is much to the discredit of the University Authorities that no effectual means have been taken to sweep them away.

TO THE WOMEN OF READING.

MR. STANFORD, the fire-new M.P., heroically determined, at any sacrifice, to carry out his promise of marrying a lady of the town of Reading, has issued the following circular: a copy of which has been sent to the habitations of the 1300 electors, the letter superscribed—"To the Unmarried Lady or Ladies of the House."

The letter is as follows.—"MR. STANFORD, M.P., gives notice to the spinsters and widows of Reading that, determined to redeem his pledge given at the hustings; desirous that the wedding-ring thrown to the unmarried women of the borough, should be taken up by at least one of them (the present defective state of English law not permitting even M.P.'s to commit polygamy),—he is ready to receive sealed tenders (the more tender the better) from candidates for orange blossoms.

"MR. STANFORD, M.P., therefore requires that every lady shall send in a true report of her age; her personal attractions; her height; her temper; her standing in society, and her sittings in church. Further, that she shall give a faithful account of her present fortune; by no means exaggerating her expectations. MR. STANFORD would further suggest that every candidate should forward her miniature, none the worse if set with brilliants.—(Please to state if vaccinated).

"MR. STANFORD, M.P., pledges himself to have selected at least one thousand ladies by the first of April, 1850; these ladies to be reviewed by him on a given day, at a place to be named, in or near the town of Reading; and the bride selected, MR. STANFORD further pledges himself immediately to enter into the bonds of matrimony, with the maid or widow of his choice.

"A grand tea-party, a dance, and other entertainments—concluding with tumbling and fire-works—will be given by the bridegroom on the auspicious occasion. Also the portrait of MR. STANFORD, M.P., impressed upon congenial cake, will be distributed to all the pupils of all the schools of the borough.

"Ladies are requested to send in their Tenders by Michaelmas Day, addressed to JOHN FREDERICK STANFORD, Esq., M.P., Saracen's head, Snow Hill."

KEEP YOUR ADVICE TO YOURSELF.

THE *Morning Chronicle* says, "We have just received Advices from Vienna." We should say that Austria was at the present moment more in a state to take advice than to give any. If it will take *Punch's* advice, we would advise it as its best friend to leave Hungary alone, and for the future to mind its own affairs, which sadly want it.

PROPER PRIDE.



A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

THE MARC ANTONY OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS.

ALL the newspapers "understand from undoubted authority" that the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERY, Colonel of the 2d, intensely anxious for the spotlessness of pipe-clay, addressed a letter to HER MAJESTY on the nuptials of LIEUTENANT HEALD with LOLA MONTES. The letter prayed HER MAJESTY would command the Lieutenant to wheel about, right face, and cut the corps. The worthy Marquess is known to be an enthusiastic Shakespearean; and it is said that, in the subjoined quotation, he paralleled the case of LIEUTENANT HEALD with that of *Captain Marc Antony*:—

"—those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the 'Park,'
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office and devotion of their view,
Upon a tawny front."

For our own part, we think the extreme humility, the self-denying modesty of the COUNTESS OF LANDSFELD has been ungratefully forgotten in the indignation of the respectable. There can be no doubt that the Countess had in her sufficient genius, sufficient audacity, to attack and marry whom she would. Had she taken it into her head to invest Apsley House, it cannot be questioned that even the Iron Duke must, in due time, have surrendered at indiscretion. Seeing, then, the many matches that lay before her (no vendor of lucifers could grasp a choice from a greater number,) we think the Donna Countess has shown considerable humility. She might have carried off a Generalissimo, and she is content with, certainly, the very smallest of Lieutenants. Very self-denying this of the Bavarian Broom Girl.

How Prejudices Linger.

On going through the portrait gallery of Hardwick Hall we stopt to admire the venerable head of an old man. "Whose portrait is that?" we inquired of the guide, and the explanation was, "That's HOBBS, the *Infidel*!"

TO DRIVE AWAY CRICKETS.

WE notice in the country papers a recipe for the above purpose. The Government, however, can claim the credit of the best plan, for if one thing has been more fatal to cricket than another, it has certainly been—THE COMMONS' ENCLOSURE ACT.

MR. BROWN'S LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

OUT OF TOWN.



AREERING during the season from one party to another, from one great dinner of twenty covers to another of eighteen guests; from LADY HUSTLEBURY'S rout to MRS. PACKINGTON'S soirée—friendship, to a man about town, becomes impossible from February to August: it is only his acquaintances he can cultivate during those six months of turmoil.

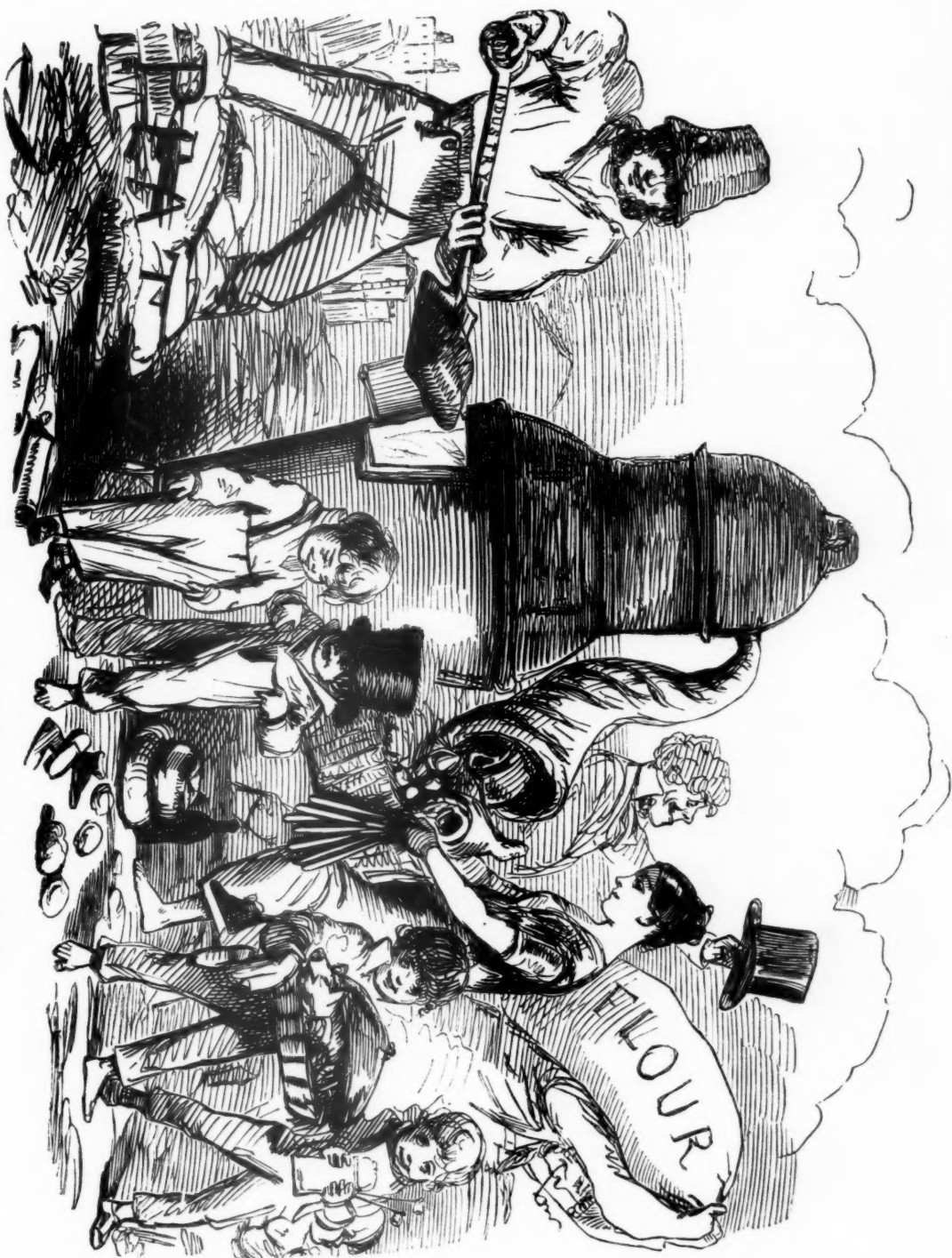
In the last fortnight, one has had leisure to recur to more tender emotions: in other words, as nobody has asked me to dinner, I have been about seeking dinners from my old friends. And very glad are they to see you: very kindly and hospitable are they disposed to be, very pleasant are those little calm *réunions* in the quiet summer-evenings, when the beloved friend of your youth and you sip a bottle of claret together lei-

surely without candles, and ascend to the drawing-room where the friend of your youth's wife sits blandly presiding over the tea-pot. What matters that it is the metal tea-pot, the silver utensils being packed off to the banker's? what matters that the hangings are down, and the lustre in a brown-hollands bag? Intimacy increases by this artless confidence—you are admitted to a family *en deshabille*. In an

honest man's house, the wine is never sent to the banker's; he can always go to the cellar for that. And so we drink and prattle in quiet—about the past season, about our sons at college, and what not. We become intimate again, because Fate, which has long separated us, throws us once more together. I say the dull season is a kind season: gentle and amiable, friendly and full of quiet enjoyment.

Among these pleasant little meetings, for which the present season has given time and opportunity, I shall mention one, Sir, which took place last Wednesday, and which during the very dinner itself I vowed I would describe, if the venerable *Mr. Punch* would grant me leave and space, in the columns of a journal which has for its object the promotion of mirth and good will.

In the year eighteen hundred and something, Sir, there lived at a villa, at a short distance from London, a certain gentleman and lady who had many acquaintances and friends, among whom was your humble servant. For to become acquainted with this young woman was to become her friend, so friendly was she, so kind, so gentle, so full of natural genius, and graceful feminine accomplishment. Whatever she did she did charmingly; her life was decorated with a hundred pretty gifts, with which, as one would fancy, kind fairies had endowed her cradle; music and pictures seemed to flow naturally out from her hand, as she laid it on the piano or the drawing-board. She sang exquisitely, and with a full heart, and as if she couldn't help it any more than a bird. I have an image of this fair creature before me now, a calm, sunshiny evening, a green lawn flaring with roses and geraniums, and a half-dozen gentlemen sauntering thereon in a state of great contentment, or gathered under the verandah, by the open French window; near by she sits singing at the piano. She is in a pink dress: she has *gipot* sleeves; a little child in a prodigious sash is playing about at her mother's knee. She sings song after song; the sun goes down behind the black fir-trees that belt the lawn, and Missy in the blue sash vanishes to the nursery; the room darkens in the twilight; the stars appear in the heaven—and the tips of



THE NEW IRISH STILL.

SHOWING HOW ALL SORTS OF GOOD THINGS MAY BE OBTAINED (BY INDUSTRY) OUT OF PEAT.



THE
GREAT
OCEAN
OCEAN

the cigars glow in the balcony; she sings song after song, in accents soft and low, tender and melodious—we are never tired of hearing her. Indeed, BOB, I can hear her still—the stars of those calm nights still shine in my memory, and I have been humming one of her tunes with my pen in my mouth, to the surprise of MR. DODDER, who is writing at the opposite side of the table, and wondering at the lackadaisical expression which pervades my venerable mug.

You will naturally argue from the above pathetic passage, that I was greatly smitten by MRS. NIGHTINGALE (as we will call this lady, if you will permit me). You are right, Sir. For what is an amiable woman made, but that we should fall in love with her? I do not mean to say that you are to lose your sleep, or give up your dinner, or make yourself unhappy in her absence: but when the sun shines (and it is not too hot) I like to bask in it: when the bird sings, to listen; and to admire that which is admirable, with an honest and hearty enjoyment. There were a half-dozen men at the period of which I speak, who wore MRS. NIGHTINGALE'S colours, and we used to be invited down from London of a Saturday and Sunday, to Thornwood, by the hospitable host and hostess there, and it seemed like going back to school, when we came away by the coach of a Monday morning: we talked of her all the way back to London, to separate upon our various callings when we got into the smoky city. SALVATOR RODGERS the painter, went to his easel; WOODWARD the barrister, to his chambers; PIPER, the doctor, to his patient, (for he then only had one), and so forth. Fate called us each to his business, and has sent us upon many a distant errand since that day. But from that day to this, whenever we meet, the remembrance of the holidays at Thornwood has been always a bond of union between us: and we have always had MRS. NIGHTINGALE'S colours put away amongst the cherished relics of old times.

N. was a West India merchant, and his property went to the bad. He died at Jamaica. Thornwood was let to other people who knew us not. The widow with a small jointure retired, and educated her daughter abroad. We had not heard of her for years and years, nor until she came to town about a legacy a few weeks since.

In those years and years what changes have taken place! SIR SALVATOR RODGERS is a Member of the Royal Academy. WOODWARD the barrister has made a fortune at the Bar; and in seeing DOCTOR PIPER in his barouche, as he rolls about Belgravia and May Fair, you at once know what a man of importance he has become.

On last Monday week, Sir, I received a letter in a delicate female hand-writing, with which I was not acquainted, and which MISS FLORA, the landlady's daughter, condescended to bring me, saying that it had been left at the door by two ladies in a Brougham.

"—Why did you not let them come up stairs?" said I in a rage, after reading the note.

"We don't know what sort of people goes about in Broughams," said MISS FLORA, with a toss of her head, "we don't want no ladies in our house;" and she flung her impertinence out of the room.

The note was signed FRANCES NIGHTINGALE,—whereas OUR NIGHTINGALE'S name was LOUISA. But this FRANCES was no other than the little thing in the large blue sash, whom we remembered at Thornwood, ever so many years ago. The writer declared that she recollected me quite well, that her mamma was most anxious to see an old friend, and that they had apartments at No. 166, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, whither I hastened off to pay my respects to MRS. NIGHTINGALE.

When I entered the room, a tall and beautiful young woman with blue eyes, and a serene and majestic air, came up to shake hands with me: and I beheld in her, without in the least recognising, the little FANNY of the blue sash. Mamma came out of the adjoining apartment presently. We had not met since—since all sorts of events had occurred—her voice was not a little agitated. Here was that fair creature whom we had admired so. Sir, I shall not say whether she was altered or not. The tones of her voice were as sweet and kind as ever;—and we talked about MISS FANNY as a subject in common between us, and I admired the growth and beauty of the young lady, though I did not mind telling her to her face (at which to be sure the girl was delighted), that she never in my eyes would be half as pretty as her mother.

Well Sir, upon this day arrangements were made for that dinner which took place on Wednesday last, and to the remembrance of which I determined to consecrate this present page.

It so happened that everybody was in town of the old set of whom I have made mention, and everybody was disengaged. SIR SALVATOR RODGERS (who has become such a swell since he was knighted and got the cordon of the order of the George and Blue Boar of Russia, that we like to laugh at him a little) made his appearance at eight o'clock, and was perfectly natural and affable. WOODWARD the lawyer forgot his abominable law and his money about which he is always thinking: and finally DR. PIPER of whom we despaired because his wife is mortally jealous of every lady whom he attends, and will hardly let him dine out of her sight, had pleaded LADY RACKSTRAW'S situation as a reason for not going down to Wimbledon Common till night—and so we six had a meeting.

The door was opened to us by a maid who looked us hard in the face as we went up-stairs, and who was no other than little FANNY'S nurse in former days, come like us to visit her old mistress. We all knew

her except WOODWARD the lawyer, and all shook hands with her except him. Constant study had driven her out of the lawyer's memory. I don't think he ever cared for MRS. NIGHTINGALE as much as the rest of us did, or indeed that it is in the nature of that learned man to care for any but one learned person.

And what do you think, Sir, this dear and faithful widow had done to make us welcome? She remembered the dishes that we used to like ever so long ago, and she had every man's favourite dish for him. RODGERS used to have a passion for herrings—there they were: the lawyer, who has an enormous appetite, which he gratifies at other people's expense, had a shoulder of mutton and onion sauce, which the lean and hungry man devoured almost entirely: mine did not come till the second course—it was baked plum-pudding—I was affected when I saw it, Sir—I choked almost when I eat it. PIPER made a beautiful little speech, and made an ice compound, for which he was famous, and we drank it just as we used to drink it in old times, and to the health of the widow.

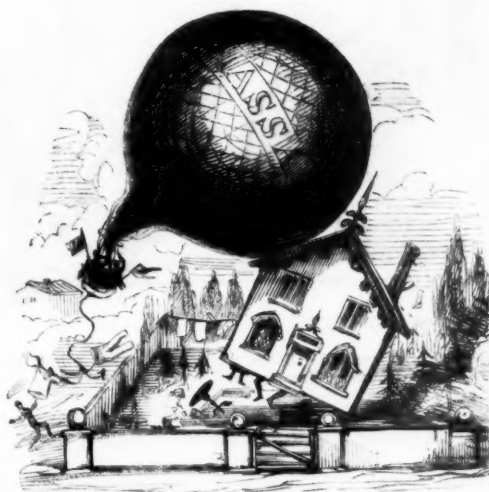
How should we have had this dinner, how could we all have assembled together again, if everybody had not been out of town, and everybody had not been disengaged? Just for one evening, the scattered members of an old circle of friendship returned and met round the old table again—round this little green island we moor for the night at least,—to-morrow we part company, and each man for himself sails over the *ingens ægur*.

Since I wrote the above, I find that everybody really is gone away. The widow left town on Friday. I have been on my round just now, and have been met at every step by closed shutters and the faces of unfamiliar charwomen. No. 9, is gone to Malvern. No. 37, 15, 25, 48, and 36A, are gone to Scotland. The solitude of the Club begins to be unbearable, and I found MUGGINS this morning, preparing a mysterious apparatus of travelling boot-trees, and dusting the portmanteaus.

If you are not getting on well with the KICKLEBURY'S at Hambourg, I recommend you to go to Spa. MRS. NIGHTINGALE is going thither and will be at the Hotel d'Orange; where you may use my name and present yourself to her: and I may hint to you in confidence that Miss FANNY will have a very pretty little fortune.

BROWN THE ELDER.

BALLOONS! BALLOONS!



If the present ballooning mania should be carried much further, it will become necessary for the Police Commissioners to issue regulations as to the taking up and setting down, in the same way as they now do with regard to carriages. We do not know what may be the meteorological arrangements of the next month or two, and what may be the course of the stars; but the probability is, that they may be driven out of their course, and that a cry of "MR. GREEN'S balloon stops the (milky) way," may reduce some of the moving stars to fixed planets. It is difficult to go down Piccadilly after six o'clock, P.M., without getting your eyes filled with sand thrown out by the occupants of a balloon car, who, making themselves as jolly as sand-boys, sprinkle London with their discharged ballast.

Whatever may be the state of the vegetable market, it must be allowed that the rise in Greens has been prodigious during the past

week or two. The "veteran GREEN," the "intrepid GREEN," the "undaunted GREEN," Mrs. GREEN, Mrs. C. GREEN, and all the little GREENS, have been taking the air in its most exalted sense, and, in fact, there has been such a glut of Balloons, that one of our correspondents, whose "humble lot" is a "pleasant cot," has been expecting every day his lot to be knocked down by the car of one of those aerial machines, that are now daily enjoying a sail in the air, and carrying the principle of aerial navigation to a height hitherto unparalleled.

CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

SCENE—Not a hundred miles from the I—le of W—t.

N. B. (Mr. So-and-So hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a continuance of those favours, which it will ever be, &c., &c., &c.)



Traveller (much excited.) "BLESS MY HEART! THERE'S THE BELL RINGING ON THE PIER. HOLLO! WHY, WHERE'S THE CARPET BAG I LEFT IN THE PASSAGE?"

Hotel Keeper (faintly). "OH, HOW SHOULD I KNOW! DON'T ASK ME, I'M ONLY THE LANDLORD. YOU HAD BETTER TRY IF YOU CAN'T WAKE ONE OF THE WAITERS."

PUNCH'S CHEAP EXCURSION UP AND DOWN THE NILE.

You start from Piccadilly. It has long been a matter of doubt which was the real source of the Nile. That doubt is for ever set at rest,—it is the umbrella-stand of the Egyptian Hall. Never mind about band-boxes, carpet-bags, or trunks—travel for once without luggage. Go up that dirty staircase on your right, enter that dark room and you are on the steamboat which is starting for the Nile. Be quick, or else you will be too late.

The first city you observe through the chiaro-obscurio is Cairo. There is no capital in the world which is "so well off for soap" for it has no less than seventy baths; but this must not be wondered at, for, if you recollect, Egypt was the land where the pail of civilisation was first discovered.

The houses at Cairo are like those in Sussex Gardens in the Regent's Park. They are all doomed, and they are quite ugly enough to be so.

Those minarets may, possibly, give the city the heavy, sombre look it has, for any one can see with half an eye that there is "the weight of Care (oh!) on its brow."

The Mosque of SULTAN TOOLOON is well worth notice. The ascent is on the outside by a spiral flight of steps. The idea was doubtlessly taken from the Lyceum Theatre, which, when it was built, was found to have no staircase to its gallery. A fire-escape had to be run up outside, and does duty to the present day for an *escalier*.

The women at Cairo ride about on donkeys, just like the English ladies at Blackheath. It is astonishing how much the Egyptians have borrowed from us. The decorations of their houses even are stolen from our Gents' shirts, for if you remark, they are ruled with thick lines of red ink, which, *en passant*, is about the ugliest front a man can live under.

We must give them, however, their camels. No animal can be more strongly marked with the bump of originality. We will back it in that respect against the whole animal creation.

You will have an opportunity here of hearing an Egyptian barcarole. We cannot say much for them. We cannot imagine MARIO singing, "*Ya mellawānee*," or "*Gey, ho, heelēya!*" which latter we guess is only the Egyptian for the costermonger's friendly exhortation to his steed, "*Gee woe, you Lazy!*"

We now come to Memphis, which was formerly called Moph, or Muff; and the colossal hand of red granite which is now in the British Museum, originally came out of this Muff.

Round Memphis are sixty-nine Pyramids. It must be confessed there never was, and never will be again, such a "nation of bricks" as Egypt!

Two of the Pyramids of brick have temples attached to them. This clearly must have been suggested by our "Brick Court, Temple." What thieves those Egyptians were!

One of the Pyramids has a great hollow in its back. Probably this has been owing to the "weight of ages," or it may have been that the "forty sentries," whom NAPOLEON placed on the top of its head, were more than the poor Pyramid could bear. By-the-by those forty sentries must have been Bedouin Arabs, or else they never could have got up to the top.

As we are now approaching the Desert, you had better run out to FARRANCE's, and get an Ice,—you know that Ices generally come in with the Desert! Besides you cannot be far wrong, for if WILKINSON and GUNTER tell us rightly, the tutelary deity of Egypt was ISIS.

EQUITY FOR THE ARMY.

It is stated "on undoubted authority" that the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY has felt himself called upon to instigate the QUEEN to recommend Mr. HEALD of the 2nd Life Guards to resign his commission for having married LOLA MONTES. If a gentleman who has merely contracted a *mésalliance* is not to be tolerated in HER MAJESTY'S service, *à fortiori*, no one can be suffered to remain in it, who shall run away with another man's wife; and, moreover, we should think, equity requires that if the former is to be obliged to retire quietly from his corps, the latter shall be condemned to be drummed out of the regiment.

Mark'd You Her Eye?

THERE is a song that is generally sung at public dinners on drinking the health of the QUEEN DOWAGER. It is called, *Mark'd you her Eye?* We do not see the relevancy of the words to the toast; and for our part can only fancy them applicable to a man who is in the habit of going to fisticuffs with his wife.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF HUNGARY.

DEMOLISHING six dozen Natives, with innumerable breads and butter, and not paying for them.—*The Ghost of Dando*.

THE ROYAL SPY-GLASS.—Just invented, a new Telescopic Spy-Glass, which is warranted to see to a greater distance than any glass yet produced. It will penetrate into the most obscure recesses, and bring to light the most retired privacy. Nothing can escape the penetration of its powers, save perhaps, a deal board. It is capably adapted for a Royal trip, as it has been known to bring down PRINCE ALBERT at a distance of 3 miles, and to cause a letter which HER MAJESTY was reading in the state cabin of her yacht to be as legible as a newspaper at the further end of Kingstown harbour,—so much so, that the letter was read out aloud by the town crier, and eagerly responded to by thousands of HER MAJESTY'S loyal subjects.

N.B. A liberal commission allowed to the Captains of steam-boat excursions.

THE MILITARY MARCH OF INTELLECT.

(From an Original Drawing made expressly for this Work.)



We are happy to find that the progress of education in the Army is commensurate with the bold and vigorous steps in advance that have been taken by the proper authorities. The arithmetical class has already arrived at 12 times 12, and the drawing division has gone so far that drawing for the militia is quite easy work compared to the result of its labours. We have been favoured with a few specimens of

the first efforts of those who are being prepared to draw the sword by being taught to draw with the pencil. It may be objected that the pencils of the military artists want point, and that there is a deficiency of finish, but considering that the works are those of beginners, a lack of finish may be allowable.

A CONDITIONAL AMNESTY.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, when the QUEEN's carriage was passing through Parkgate Street, Dublin, a MR. T. NUGENT approached HER MAJESTY's vehicle, and—mistaking himself, probably, for the Irish people—exclaimed, "Mighty Monarch, pardon SMITH O'BRIEN." This ridiculous gentleman appears to have formed his conception of the British Monarchy from witnessing the conduct of sovereign potentates in melodramas and burlesques, wherein they are represented as hanging, banishing, or pardoning, at their mere will and pleasure, offenders, on the impulse of the moment. He could not have been aware that the prerogative of mercy is always exercised by the Crown under advice; or else he behaved like a very impertinent Snob, in trying to make it a personal matter with the QUEEN. If he wished to intercede for O'BRIEN, he should have petitioned the throne through the Home Office, or that of Mr. *Punch*, or some other regular and accredited channel.

And were Mr. *Punch* applied to with such an object, he does not know that he should not be inclined to advise the Sovereign to forgive O'BRIEN, MITCHEL, and the whole batch of trumpety traitors who were engaged in the late puny conspiracy against her crown—upon this one condition. Every man Jack of them should be obliged to read carefully through the report of the Royal Progress in Ireland. It would be a sufficient punishment to them to see, in the loyal manifestations of their countrymen, how miserably contemptible has been their failure in the attempt to get up a rebellion.

At the same time, Mr. *Punch* would feel bound to counsel HER MAJESTY to extend the same mercy to the ginger-pop conspirators; and whilst letting off O'BRIEN, to restore poor little CUFFY, the tailor, to his goose; recollecting the just equality of sauce which is proverbially due to goose alike with gander.

"Her Majesty's Servants."

A NEW move has lately taken place in theatrical matters. A company goes to a different theatre, when its own business is rather slack, and a fresh run of luck is immediately the consequence of the change. We advise the Commons and the Lords to try this plan next Session. Let LORD JOHN RUSSELL's Company go to the Lords, and LORD BROUGHAM remove his audience to the Commons. The result of this exchange might be, in stage phraseology, "much better Houses."

THE MODERN TIMON.

"SIR, Please, Thiers a time-keeper at the Wight Hos Seller whose such a tarnation x un that we calls in 'TIMON THE TARTAR.'

"Yours, "A REGULAR BADGER."

"P. S. Sir, I encloses you my Bus, and No.

A CATHEDRAL WITH A BAD NAME.

THE world may not require to be informed by *Punch* that two historical accounts of this wonderful metropolis, each excellent in its way; one entitled "*The Town*," by MR. LEIGH HUNT, the other called "*The Handbook for London*," by MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM; have lately been published. Perhaps, however, the readers of the works in question, and of *Punch*, may have omitted to notice, in connection, two remarkable statements, one regarding Old, and the other concerning New St. Paul's, made by MR. HUNT and MR. CUNNINGHAM respectively. "Old St. Paul's," writes MR. LEIGH HUNT, "throughout almost the whole period of its existence, at least from the reign of HENRY THE THIRD, was a thoroughfare and a den of thieves." "At New St. Paul's," says MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM—whose authority may always be depended upon—"the cost of admission is, to view the monuments and the body of the church, 2d.; whispering gallery and two outside galleries, 6d.; ball, 1s. 6d.; library, great bell, geometrical staircase and model room, 1s.; clock, 2d.; crypt and NELSON's monument, 1s.; total, 4s. 4d." It is clear, therefore, that according to the above descriptions, New St. Paul's differs from Old St. Paul's only in not being a thoroughfare; for the former obviously deserves, no less than the latter, to be styled a den of thieves.

LIBERTY'S FRENCH HORNPIPE.

It seems expected that Paris will, every now and then, require to be placed in a state of siege; just as it is calculated that a lunatic will, occasionally, have to be put in a strait-waistcoat. Accordingly, a Committee has been appointed by the French National Assembly to examine a bill framed to make arrangements for imposing that restraint when necessary. The subjoined paragraph in the *Times*, relative to the report of this Committee, was conveyed by electric telegraph, which in communicating it must have inflicted a decided shock on every lover of freedom.

"The Committee recommend that the state of siege shall be declared not only in case of war or insurrection, but likewise in case of imminent peril to internal or external security. The Committee refuse, moreover, the privilege of trial by jury to the proprietors of newspapers charged with a violation of the law on the press."

Verily, the fratricidal destruction of the Roman Republic begins to be avenged in double quick time! Paris to be subject to martial law at a moment's notice, and trial by jury to be abolished in cases of political libel! Our French friends were last year dancing round their Trees of Liberty. They should now repeat that graceful performance—only let it be a hornpipe in fetters.

LEGAL EXAMINATION QUESTION.

Q. WHAT is a *feme sole*?

A. A Ladies' boot that has lost its fellow."



A PROSPECT OF A FASHIONABLE HABERDASHER'S SHOP.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, August 7, 1849.—Finding Fault with my Wife, for that she do not use enough Exercise; whence her continual Headach, and FADDELL, the 'Potticary' his Bill of £5. She replying that I would never take her out, I said I would, whenever she liked; whereupon, we agreed to go a Walk forthwith, and my Wife did propose Regent Street. So we thither, pleasing ourselves with observing the Passers-by and the Carriages, though their Number do now begin to diminish, and the Streets do daily blaze less and less with fine Ladies and flaming Liveries. Going by LINDSEY AND WOOLSEY'S, my Wife's Eye taken with a Scarf in the Window, and would stop to look at it with a Crowd of other Women gazing at the Finery, which MR. SKITT do call Bait, and a Draper's Shop a Lady-Trap. Presently she recollected that she wanted a Collar; so we into the Shop, where some sixty or eighty Ladies sitting before the Counters, examining the Wares, busy as Blue-Bottle Flies at a Sugar-Cask. Behind the Counters the Shopmen and Assistants, showing off the Goods, and themselves also, with mighty dainty Airs, every one of them, almost, NARCISSUS his Image. But I fear me they owe their pale delicate Looks and languid Ways in Part to the Want of sufficient Air and Exercise; which is a sad Consideration. One of these dapper young Sirs did help my Wife to her Collar, cost 3s. 6d.; when she thought she had better get another while about it, cost 3s. 6d. more. Then, says he, in his soft condoling Voice, "What is the next Article?" as though taking for granted that another was wanted—which was too true. For hereupon, my Wife bethought her of lacking some Lace Cuffs, four Pair cost 12s. "And now, Mem," (meaning Madam) says the young Fellow with a Simper, "allow me to show you a Love of a Robe, a

Barège, Double Glacé, brocaded in the Flouncings, and reduced to Twenty-one-and-Six from Forty-five." But she professed that she needed it not; whereat I was glad; when he did tell her he would do it at One-and-Four less; and she then saying that it was indeed a Bargain, which I find is a Woman's Word for anything cheap whether wanted or no, I let her have it: cost £1. 0s. 2d. But, to be sure, the Pattern was pretty, and my Wife being well-dressed do please my Taste, and also increase my Consequence and Dignity. The Robe bought, it comes into her Head that she could not do without a new Shawl to match it, blue and scarlet, cost £2. 2s., but will look mighty fine, and, I hope, last. Here I thought to walk her at once bodily away; but seeing a stout middle-aged Gentleman doing the very Thing, and how mean it looked, did forbear; and in the Meanwhile the Shopman did beg, as he said, to tempt her with a superior Assortment of Ribbons. She rummaging over this Frippery, I to gaze about the Shop, and with Fellow-Feeling did mark an unhappy small Boy, while his Mother was comparing some three-score different Pieces of Satin, perched on a Stool, out of Patience. My Wife would have 5s. worth of Ribbons, and here I hoped would make an End; but the Shopman did exhibit to her some Silk Stockings; and I telling her they were unnecessary, she declared that then she must wear Boots, which she knows I utterly hate; and concluded with buying half a Dozen Pair, cost 24s.: with this my Martyrdom finished; and we away, bowed out of the Shop with Congees by the smirking Shopwalker, rubbing his Hands and grinning, as obsequious as could be; and so Home; I mighty serious, having laid out £5. 10s. 2d.; and the next Time I take out my Wife for a Walk, it shall be in the fields and not in Regent Street.

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.



posted. This brilliant manoeuvre at once put the intrepid Pole in possession of the *tête du pont*, situated in the midst of the Carpathian range, where the whole of the enemy's luggage had been *écheloned* under a feeble guard of Uhlans. Up this height the Carawacz Grenadiers charged with the bayonet nine times, with irresistible impetuosity, headed by FIELD-MARSHAL LIEUTENANT PRINCE TITGENSTEIN, and the Russian General SLOBBERS. The fire of the enemy's howitzers was so murderous, that the tassels of the boots of our gallant Hussars were shot off three times in the course of the action. COCKHATOFF's regiment was here severely punished whilst operating on the left flank of the enemy at O'Glanders. Our loss was 2 killed and 3 wounded: whilst the enemy paid dreadfully for his temerity, leaving on the field 4000 Honveds, three battalions of Carpathian Rangers, literally cut in pieces, and 286 pieces of artillery, besides those lost in his tumultuous flight across the river. The 3rd Russian division (SHOUZOFF's) marching into action singing the well-known air, "*Gobno strodogol slok slabolo*," was described by an Austrian officer attending with the corps of GENERAL SLOBBERS as awfully impressive. After singing that well-known melody, the old Russians are known never to give or receive quarter. They were accordingly cut down to a man on the ground they occupied. And having been lately provided with new uniforms of which the 4th division (BOUTZOFF's) were greatly in want, as the latter had been compelled to fly from before Comorn in their nightshirts, when KLAFFA made his midnight sally from that fortress, GENERAL BOUTZOFF at once ordered them into the clothes of the SHOUZOFF division, and lost no time in pursuing the victory.

The insurgents were commanded by BEM, who was wounded early in the action, and flung himself shrieking with pain, and with a few desperate followers, into the morasses of Squalch, whither our troops are hotly pursuing the defeated partizans.

The FIELD-MARSHAL PASKIEWITCH is at O Fids; DEMBINSKI is at Hasch with 30,000 insurgents, perfectly surrounded by FOGAMOW's 28th Russian division and the corps of SLECKNADEL and SKINK. The Jews of O Schave cheerfully brought a contribution of 80,000 great coats and 2,000,000 of florins to GENERAL HAYNAU, who is received with open arms wherever he goes.

Rumours have arrived of a great battle fought on the 19th, when the united force of DEMBINSKI, BEM, and KLAFFA were utterly defeated by the Prince Field Marshal at Temeswar. GYORGY was wounded early in the action.

M. KOSSUTH is at Stigidin. The infuriated Magyars tear up his notes, and fling them in his face. He has had the cholera, the jaundice, the yellow fever, and the small-pox. He has been deposed, some say assassinated, by the populace.

[Another Account.]

GREAT HUNGARIAN VICTORY.

Our letters from Vienna are of the 18th. Another glorious success has attended the Magyar arms. Another battle has been fought, not the great battle which ere this must have taken place on the Maros, where the Hungarian leaders have united a force of 125,000 men and 639 guns, and by a series of masterly evolutions have enveloped LUDERS, outflanked PASKIEWITCH, and completely turned HAYNAU's left, so that Strongwo, the former pivot of his operations, becomes merely a barrack for 36,000 of his best men—not the great battle which ere this has settled the war, but a brilliant and decisive victory which must inspirit every friend of freedom.

From the lying Austrian bulletins we gather quite enough to show us that the Imperialists have been utterly routed in the engagement in which they pretend to have had the better. The battle took place at Szuglok, where GLZAKCS, with 30,000 Bulgarians, came up with NOBLOG's Russian division and annihilated it. The most notorious liar in the Russian army, as NOBLOG is known to be, cannot be credited when he talks absurdly of having lost one grenadier after nine charges with the bayonet. The fact is, the Russians were repulsed nine times. CARAWACZ was slain. TITGENSTEIN and SLOBBERS are most likely prisoners in the hands of the dashing and chivalrous GLZAKCS, and a wounded officer of artillery, whose letter has got out of the Austrian War Office, reports that NOBLOG himself conducted himself with such shameful cowardice during the action, that the second in command seized him by the nose, and publicly caned him in front of the Carawacz regiment. So much for NOBLOG—the Emperor's favourite, the St. Petersburg dandy, and Czarko Seloe martinet. If he survives the campaign, which he cannot possibly do, he will be knouted, his epaulets slapped into his face, and he will be sent to the Ural Mountains. For NICHOLAS, though a despot, is a brave one, as every ROMANOFF is.

SHOUZOFF's brigade has been destroyed, the Austrians themselves own, to a man. Is this a victory? We laugh such victories to scorn. The truth of the matter would seem to be this: GLZAKCS pressed severely, by the immensely superior forces of the allies, from his position at New Bogstro, took the only course in his power, and fell back upon the Garglwzo, across which river he allowed the enemy to

follow him. But as each division arrived, his immensely strong artillery enabled him to annihilate it—the SHOUZOFF brigade was destroyed; the battalions under CARAWACZ pounded into annihilation; and the frightful sabres of the Magyars did their work upon the remaining Russian corps, which was dispirited by the fate of its defeated predecessors.

The Kossuth notes are at a premium. The cruelties of the Austrians have been such that a magnificent corps of 200,000 Jews have taken the field in favour of the Hungarians, and flocks of the persecuted people are pouring down from all quarters of the globe to rally round the ancient Lion Standard.

[From the next day's paper.]

The report of an engagement between the corps of SLOBBERS and NOBLOG and the troops under GLZAKCS turns out to be incorrect. Letters from Vienna of the 20th say GENERAL SLOBBERS is still at Farcy, while GLZAKCS has not quitted his position at O'Glanders.

AGRICULTURAL FONETICS.

We have extracted the following lucid description from the account of the Northumberland Agricultural Show. It is taken literally, *gs, ds*, and all, from the *Newcastle Courant*. It is a beautiful little puzzle in its way. We have read it backwards, read it out, read it to ourselves, shaken it, translated it into French and German, but all in vain, the puzzle is too strong for us. We must write to *Bell's Life* about it. In the meantime some of our readers, perhaps, would like to try their skill upon it. Here it is:—

"For the second best bull, 10*t*, to Mr. J. POKKUSOROS, Senhouse, Netherhall, Maryport. Ploughboy, calved May 7th, 1844, by His Royal Highness (4039), d (Playful) by Gainford (2044) gr d (Princess) by Sorcerer (5250) g g d (Amelia) by Regent (1368) g g g d (Mayflower) by Western Comet (689) g g g d (Strawberry) by Yarrowborough (705), g g g g d d by Duke (224), g g g g g d d by Traveller (655), g g g g g g d d by Bollingbroke (96)."

The reader will observe that there are no less than eight-and-twenty *gs* in the above puzzle. The mention of this important fact may probably assist him in guessing the answer to it.

The above extract, however, proves one thing, for which all lovers of true fun cannot be sufficiently grateful. It is a pleasing proof that the *Phonetic Nuz* is not yet dead.

Archæological Impudence.

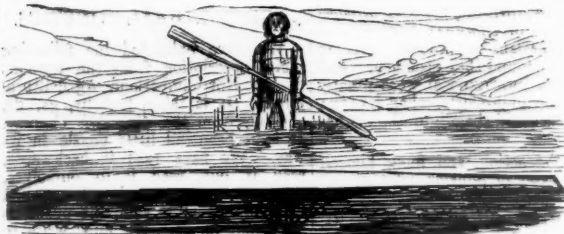
A MEMBER of the Archæological Association, we see, at a *soirée* of that learned body held in the Town Hall, Liverpool, delivered a Lecture "On the Brass of SIR WILLIAM MOLYNEUX in Sefton Church." Really the Archæological Association should stick to archæology, and not attack private character in this kind of way. What has SIR WILLIAM MOLYNEUX done that an archæologist should take it upon himself to make personal remarks on the subject of that gentleman's brass?

"WHERRY RIDICULOUS."



MR. DUNUP'S BOAT, AS IT APPEARED WITH HIM.

WE have just heard that our friend, MR. DUNUP—and, in fact, everybody's friend but his own—has, by way of adding to the difficulties he has to keep himself above water, become the owner of a wager-boat. He madly contemplates competing for the silver sculls; and when spoken to on the subject of the rash act, he declares that, things having come to the worst, it is literally sink or swim with him. He adds that, though he has fallen greatly into arrears, he hopes, some day or other, to "pull up" against the tide of fortune. We fear that his anticipations, like his income, will never be realised, and that he will soon be aground, with his "boat upon the shore," for if anything "turns up," it will be merely the craft he has been foolish enough to rely upon.



MR. DUNUP'S BOAT, AS IT APPEARED WITHOUT HIM.

A HINT FOR THE MILK TRADE.

WE have just hit upon an idea that will make the fortune of even the most desponding of dairymen, and set firmly upon his legs, however great may be the hobble he may be in, the owner of any Milk-walk.

During the prevailing epidemic, we know that the favourite prescription of the faculty—who, while differing in everything else, would appear to be agreed in this—is a Chalk Mixture. Let any London milkman come forward boldly and honestly to proclaim his new milk for what it really is; or, in other words, to paint his sky-blue in its true colours, and he will be a rich man in a week or two.

The first milkman who has the courage to advertise his New Milk from the Cow as the "Genuine Chalk Mixture" may carry everything before him, and leave something handsome behind him for his family.

Episcopal Antipodes.

THE *Morning Post* lately published the following extract from a letter relative to an Australian Bishop:—

"He lives in a cottage, goes about on horseback and on foot; always the Bishop, but accessible and tolerant, and not disdainful to clean his own boots or brush his own clothes when in the Bush."

What would WARREN have given for such a Prelate to confer renown upon a "Bishop's Blacking!" These are the Bishops for our money—that is, for a trifle less than £10,000, or even £5000 a year. But we fear such Bishops can only be found in Australia, as being the antipodes to the Right Reverend Bench.

A Pope's Benediction.

"THE Pope is to visit Albano," says the *Times*, "and give his benediction there to the French army." We thought the disgrace of the French army was complete, but there seems no end of its degradation.

THE ITALIAN HURDY-GURDY.

LOUIS-NAPOLEON has attempted this instrument with small success, playing most desperate music. And England's, or rather Ireland's, MOORE O'FERRALL of Malta is another melancholy instance of something worse than bungling. The past week has added to the list of hurdy-gurdy offenders; and GIOVANNI GERAZZI and DOMENICO GERAZZI, a couple of Italian padrones, are only worthy of the French Consul, and the English Governor.

The GERAZZI were charged before MR. HARDWICK with ill-usage of two little Italian boys, brothers, named MAZZOCHI. The poor children had been farmed to the padrones, who were to pay for the human goods 10 and 11 francs per month to their rascal father. The children played the hurdy-gurdy: lived on dry bread and tea, with a little rice: when they took home no money, they were flogged. They slept in filth: their "sleeping shed," testified a mendicant officer, "was unbearable."

MR. HARDWICK, to the great astonishment of GIOVANNI GERAZZI, committed him to the House of Correction for one month; where, we trust, his feet will play that hurdy-gurdy on a large scale—the treadmill. The children to be taken care of, and, as soon as possible, to be sent back to Italy.

As yet there is no treadmill for LOUIS NAPOLEON. He has traded upon glory's hurdy-gurdy at Rome to the accompaniment of cannon-shot and bomb-shells—he and his instruments have treated Roman hearts with a far worse ferocity than the GERAZZI wreaked upon the small MAZZOCHI; the French Government has been more contemptibly cowardly,—and where, oh, where, the treadmill for the offenders? We must await the day. For as surely as there is a police court for the individual bully and ruffian, so surely is there the Court of Eternal Treadmill for nations and governors. The seeds that shall grow the treadmill for LOUIS NAPOLEON—of whatever sort the punishment may be—are sown, and fast growing.

Turn we now to England's hope and representative at Malta, MR. MOORE O'FERRALL. He is surely companionable, company meet for the GERAZZI. Two hundred Roman refugees, with English passports, viced by the English Consul at Civita Vecchia, arrive at Malta in the French steamer *Lycargue*, and a vessel called the *Robin*. They sailed in the fullest belief of the protection of the English passport; for many might have departed in the *Lombardo* for Genoa. But no: they had a religious confidence in the faith of England. Among these emigrants were men and women; the sick and the wounded. Well, the Governor of Malta, contemptuous of the British passport, would not permit the landing of the sufferers. He denied the boon even to a child of thirteen, named ANDREA FOLLO, of Bassano: showing kindred mercy to the goodness of the hurdy-gurdy farmers, the GERAZZI. Only five of the two hundred refugees found means to sail in the *Ripon*, for England: the remainder, by the last accounts, were still in the Mediterranean.

It was otherwise, when the Governor of Malta was last year beseeched by the Jesuits driven from Italy. They were permitted to land; so gracious to the sons and preachers of political and social slavery was our English representative, MOORE O'FERRALL. Doubtless, he will be honoured by the Pope, who will badge his noble breast with a Roman order. No doubt, too, he will be defended by LORD BROUGHAM and the excellent ABERDEEN; but the people of England will inflict on him their own peculiar brand—will link his name with words not Parliamentary. In the meanwhile, we would we might entrust MR. HARDWICK with a mission from Marlborough Street, with full power to erect a political tread-mill at Malta. The hurdy-gurdy MAZZOCHI are avenged; not so ANDREA FOLLO. Far luckier than GIOVANNI GERAZZI is MOORE O'FERRALL.

The Sleepiest Medlar on Record.

THE *Weekly News* inquires, "What has become of the celebrated Waterloo Medal die on which SIGNOR PISTRUCCI has been employed at a salary of from £350 to £500 per annum, ever since the year 1815?" Who wouldn't turn meddler, when it is a business so liberally rewarded? Medlars, we believe, become very sleepy when kept long, but SIGNOR PISTRUCCI must be the sleepiest meddler that ever hung to a Government branch. Not so sleepy either, when he has managed to pocket near upon £12,000 for one die,—which one die is not even finished yet, after a labour of thirty-four years! We begin to suspect that SIGNOR PISTRUCCI's motto must be "Never say Die."

Irish Consolation.

"WELL, PADDY," said THADDY; "these illuminations are the death of Repale."

"True, indeed," said PADDY to THADDY; "but sure it's an illigant WAKE."

LONDONDERRY AT THE HORSE GUARDS,
AND THE HOTEL.

THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY has once more walked into the light of common print. He is again in the newspapers. Should we regret it? MOMUS forbid! For the Marquess is never dull. He is either the hero or the victim of a joke: and in this flat season, with LORD BROUGHAM—like his great prototype CINCINNATUS among the turnips—far from Courts of Appeal, and for awhile regardless of the sweets of cross-examination in delicate cases,—the Marquess in print may be considered a public benefactor; and let all the world be ungrateful, *Punch*, at least, must thank him.

The Marquess figures in a two-fold capacity. In the first he constitutes himself the great moral assayer of the military wedding-ring. It is not sufficient that that mystic circle have the Hall mark, it must also carry with it the sanction of the Marquess—must bear, at least for mess-room validity, the LONDONDERRY stamp. An ardent young Lieutenant has, on the sudden, his heart scorched like a burnt cork, by a pair of eyes mortally levelled at him in Hyde Park. He is at once done by Cupid: for all Hymeneal purposes, the young officer, like a Michaelmas victim, is "cooked." He marries a woman who makes a revolution as easily as a housewife could make so much raspberry jam; and who has no more awe of the ex-chancellor wig, than if it were trifle-cake. Whereupon the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, determining that the "green one" shall be no longer "red," cashier the Lieutenant. There is no sort of fuller's-earth, says the Marquess, that can take such spots from the military cloth. Scarlet must not wed with scarlet. The mess-room must be above suspicion. All very right. For are not the morals of the army proverbially pure? Is it not patent to an admiring world that any officer, from the cornet upwards, assessed in "damages" in any case of conjugal untruth, is from that moment dead upon the *Army List*? No sooner does a jury give a verdict against the defendant, be he peer or commoner, than the culprit is significantly ordered to sell out, such an offender being held all unworthy of the companionship of "officers and gentlemen." With this fact before us, the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY only showed a patriarchal anxiety for the morals of the 2nd Life Guards; and in so far, for the immaculateness of the army in general, when he turned out a young lieutenant, who loved not wisely, but—sinning by marriage—loved too well. As *Mrs. Peacham* says—

"'Tis marriage makes the blot."

There can be no doubt, had the lieutenant lured MRS. JAMES from CAPTAIN JAMES, the seductive offender would have been ordered to withdraw from military life. Therefore, it is but right that, having married frailty, instead of making it, LIEUTENANT HEALD should suffer the equal punishment. How many military peers, how many colonels, are at this moment pining, each under his withered laurel-tree, cashiered from the sweets of the mess-room, when found guilty in the Court of Queen's Bench or Common Pleas! At least, the unfortunate HEALD has, in his sorrow, many companions of higher rank, and more aristocratic origin. He is in lofty company.

It is now pleasing to turn from the contemplation of military severity—a discipline so necessary to the spoilslessness of the army—and to encounter the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY in a humbler and sweeter path of life, relaxing his mind—all unbent from the adamant rule of the Colonel—by criticising a tavern bill. The soldier tired "takes his ease in his inn." *Falstaff*, in his most liberal moments, was never so condescending, so urbane, to the proprietor of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap,—as is VANE LONDONDERRY to "MR. BAKER, proprietor of Morrison's Hotel, Dublin." Laying by his Life Guardsman's sword, that hath just scratched out the name of HEALD from the *Army List*, the Colonel takes up his iron pen, and dipping it in sugar and water, writes a certificate testifying to the cheapness of Morrison's Hotel. Other men testify to the virtue of Morrison's Pills,—but the Marquess, soaring with his subject, sings the praises of Morrison's Bills. The Marquess certifies that the Marchioness and family, during HER MAJESTY'S happy visit to her Irish capital,—

"Have been surprised and pleased at the moderation of your charges, and the fairness of your cuisine and wines; and above all, it does you the greatest credit that you only charged me for your best suite of six rooms, and servants' ditto, the same price of 12s. for the week, which I paid to you three years ago, when Dublin was in a tranquil state, and when I believe all other hotels doubled and trebled their prices."

And the civil Marquess, thinking this "should be known," gives Morrison's proprietor liberty to publish "this note." Well, it is creditable to the proprietor that he should charge no more for Queen's visits than at times of "a tranquil state," and that too, "when" (for so writes the noble pen) "other hotels doubled and trebled their prices," tranquillity being, we presume, chargeable as a luxury in Ireland.

Corn-cutters daily publish noble certificates of the ability of the operators. Following the high example set by LONDONDERRY, peers may give testimonials to inn-keepers. As thus:—

"I certify that the mutton-chops at the Bag-o'-Nails are cheap and admirable; and he must be crass, indeed, who would turn up his nose at the pickles."
"BROUGHAM."

"F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON certifies that a rump-steak at the Blue Posts is a good rump-steak. Potatoes good. Port good. F. M., not eating horse-radish, will not testify to that commodity."

"I herewith declare that at the Plough a dinner fit for a true-born agricultural Englishman can be obtained at the cheapest cost; without any degrading obligations to the foreigner. The port wine, though of sloe growth, is English. The claret has never crossed the Channel. The brandy is the real British: the tea from our native hawthorn, and the coffee, truly, *bene*."
"RICHMOND."

Thus, copying the example of LONDONDERRY, our House of Lords may be the best authorities for our Houses of Entertainment. Any way, Morrison's Hotel is obliged to the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, whose word, by the way, in such matters, should be of no small weight, there being, throughout all Ireland, no better landlord than the Marquess himself.

PUNCH TO EXTRAVAGANT MINORS.

GALLANT youths of the Guards, noble minors so gay,
Can't you live on your present allowance and pay?
Every thinking man's mind with amazement it fills,
That you cannot help giving post obits and bills.

It is really surprising that you're not more keen,
'Tis so innocent—'tis so remarkably green—
'Tis a story so stale, a misfortune so old,
By bill-discounting rogues to be diddled and sold.

In the stead of hard cash, to take jewels or wine
From a Hebrew—'tis verdant as Ocean's deep brine,
To be caught by so gross, so transparent a do;
Why a thimble-egg'd bumpkin's a SOLON to you!

Ye young fellows of fashion, who glance o'er these rhymes,
Do you ne'er see the newspapers—ne'er read your *Times*?
Don't the Law Reports warn you, like beacons' bright flames,
From an ISAACS and LEVI, and such pretty names?

I preach you no sermon—for morals don't go—
To adopt such a line I'm aware would be slow;
But isn't it shallow and spooney, my Nobs,
To be choused by a crew of extortionate Snobs.

CROWN OFFERINGS.

THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY is reported to have said at the dinner of the Dublin Agricultural Society—

"Ireland has received her Sovereign with enthusiasm,—nay, with intoxication."

The Company cheered most lustily at this, and entered so fully into the spirit of the charge, that they fined themselves 5s. all round.

The amount was paid the next morning into the poor boxes of the different police offices, under the head of "CONSCIENCE MONEY."

However, if Ireland, as the Marquess says, was "intoxicated" on the occasion of the QUEEN'S visit, it is most highly creditable then that, out of the million cases of intoxication, there is but one instance known of an Irishman forgetting himself!

MORAL TEACHING OF THE GALLOWES.

At Limerick CATHERINE DILLON was hanged on Saturday for conspiracy to murder her husband. Her mother, her brothers, her sisters, and her children were present, to witness her death. And it is argued that the hangman can be a teacher, with *such* scholars!

FRATERNITY WITH FRANCE.

THE time has at length arrived for England to fraternise with France. Let old prejudices be forgotten, animosities sink into oblivion. Community in suffering is the strongest bond of brotherhood. Frenchmen! You are about to be subjected to an Income-Tax. Brethren in misfortune, come to our arms!

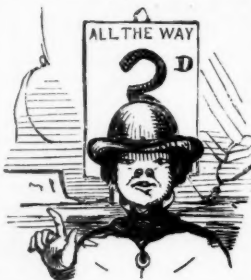


Awful Appearance of a "Wopps" at a Pic-nic.

THE BUS CONDUCTOR'S GUIDE.

ON the same principle that he who "drives fat oxen should himself be fat," we think it may be fairly argued, that he who conducts an omnibus should be able to conduct himself. Few people consider how much they are in the power of the 'bus conductor. Our progress in life depends upon him, and fortune itself may as well be blind to our necessities, if the 'bus conductor refuses to let us catch his eye when we are anxious to avail ourselves of his assistance in getting forward to our goal. Our comfort and our convenience—to say nothing of our change out of a shilling—are to a great extent in his hands. We have therefore heard, with intense anxiety, of a book said to be forthcoming on the subject of *A Conductor's Duties*, including not only what he owes himself but what he owes his passengers, when he takes from them more than the legal fare. We trust the contemplated work will contain a chapter on that vexed and horribly vexing question, the geography of Charing Cross.

In defining its longitude, the conductors allow themselves the utmost latitude, and there appears to be an impossibility in drawing the line, for there seems really but one step from the sublime (of Cockspur Street) to the ridiculous (of the Strand). Charing Cross proper is, we believe, bounded on the east by the end of the tail of the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND'S Lion, on the north by the nostrils of GEORGE THE FOURTH'S Horse, on the west by the beak of the Phoenix, who sits on half a hundred of burning coals at the fire office, and on the south by the ringlets of the unfortunate CHARLES. The result is that when you are flush with the lion's mane, at right angles with the horse's nose, parallel with the forehead of the Phoenix, or in a line with the martyred monarch's wig, you are liable to be called upon for the additional three pence, and in fact you never are safe in alighting, unless you do so within the



spray of the Trafalgar ginger-beer bottles, or under the shadow of NELSON'S cocked hat.

In addition to the settlement of the boundary question, we sincerely trust that some notice will be taken of those pantomime tricks that



are frequently played off by conductors, after the fashion which the annexed sketches will fully exemplify. The delusion is well worthy the attention of the caterers for Christmas entertainment, as the trick possesses the treble advantage of simplicity, cheapness, and effectiveness. By the mere act of grouping a couple of figures—the figure 3, and the figure of the conductor—an announcement of ALL THE WAY 2, may be converted, on the alighting of the passenger, into "3d. to Charing Cross." The pantomime system of scrolls has for some time been in full force among the conductors; and such are the tricks, transformations, and substitutions that take place between the passenger's taking his place and vacating it, that he would scarcely believe the omnibus he got into, and the omnibus he is getting out of, to be one and the same. Twopences have been converted into threepences; for by every 2 there hangs (concealed) a tail, to turn it into a 3, when the occasion arrives, and the adroit introduction of "near to," with other similar devices, will completely alter the ostensible destination of the 'bus from that to which it purported to be going when the passenger first took his seat inside.

ANOTHER VACANCY IN THE CITY.

THE continuation of Farringdon-Street-Without, still remains a vacant space, a refuge for houseless dogs, and a cemetery for dead cats. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood call it "Farringdon-Street-without-an-end."



THE LOAN-MONGER GRINDING SWORDS FOR AUSTRIA
AND RUSSIA.



MORE ELIGIBLE OPPORTUNITIES.

In glancing over his paper of Wednesday last, any person in want of an "Eligible Opportunity" might have found one perfectly ready for him to drop into. In the first place there was that pattern of universal benevolence, our old friend Y. Z. offering to the whole world an "Opportunity" of realising 50 per cent. without the trouble of attendance, on condition of £1000 being forthcoming from the individual wishing to realise. We admire the considerate delicacy of dispensing with the attendance of the possessor of £1000 after he has once parted with that trifle, and leaving the realisation of the promised 50 per cent. to be accomplished by some process in which his presence will not be required.

In the same column of the same paper, X. Y. has a philanthropic little scheme, for giving a salary of £80 per annum to any young man with £200 or £300, who will moreover enjoy, as an addition to his fixed annuity, "a commission on all business transacted."

The amount of the commission is left indefinite, and as to the "business," Y. Z. would probably intimate that "that's his business," if any too inquisitive applications should be made to him. We have no doubt that the young man with £200 or £300, availing himself of this "Opportunity," would in due time find himself in for "a very pretty business" of one sort or another.

For those, however, who have no faith in the proposals of Y. Z. and X. Y., there is a benefactor ready, in the shape of A. B., who invites "a young man of capital wishing to employ himself in a Situation of Trust," which is to be had by an immediate advance of £30 or £40 to the benignant Alpha, who, it is to be regretted, should be "hard up" for such a paltry pittance.

As the nature of the "Situation of Trust" is not fully explained, it might be desirable to ascertain before parting with the required £30 or £40, whether the "Trust" alluded to implies that sort of confidence which is all on one side, and whether, in fact, it will have to be exercised chiefly on those days when the salary should be forthcoming.

We are perhaps over-nice in these little matters, and there is no doubt that the large-hearted A. B.'s, Y. Z.'s, and other would-be benefactors of their race, would hurl back upon our heads—if they could get a shot at us—our unworthy suspicions, but we, nevertheless, recommend a little caution to those who are on the look out for an "Eligible Opportunity."

We are perhaps more particular from having once known a friend who put down £500 to enable a sanguine individual advertising as P. Q., "to carry out a grand object," and the result proved that P. Q. was perfectly sincere, for he was himself the "grand object," and he wanted the £500 to "carry out" himself to America. Since this little affair, we have been very particular in recommending all our friends to mind their P's and Q's whenever they are met with in advertisements of a very promising character.

PUNCH'S CHEAP EXCURSION UP AND DOWN THE NILE.

We are now approaching Manfallout. You have just come back in time to see the Nile change its bed. The lazy thing does not do this with one good vigorous plunge, but after a series of leaps, as if it were stretching its arms, and a number of whirlpools, that look like so many yawns,—all proving what a sluggish river the Nile is—and how difficult it is to get up.

The yearly Caravan that runs—or rather walks—from Darfur to the Midland Counties of Africa, stops at E'siout. We mention this fact, in case you may have anything to send to those distant parts.

We will now take a short stroll on the back of a Crocodile. This scaly monster is usually waited on by a valet, in the shape of a small bird, which is called, we cannot tell for what reason, the Sic Sac. This valet runs on all the little errands of the crocodile, tells it where the largest eggs and the fattest sheep are to be found, and brings it word when there is a fine Ethiopian bathing close in the neighbourhood. The crocodiles generally go about in parties of four, which would almost lead one to suppose they were fond of a rubber of whist. The Egyptians hung diamond rings in the ears of their crocodiles; we do the same in the noses of our pigs, only their rings have no precious stones in them—that would be indeed throwing pearls to swine. They used to have tame crocodiles. Fancy CLEOPATRA with a tame crocodile on her lap, patting it on the back, and feeding it with tamarind cake!

Let us change the subject. We have now reached This. This is an invisible town, so it is useless looking for it. It is sunk to the top in sand, and it must be, we should say, a most highly-polished town. By-the-by, since nothing now exists of it but a chimney-top or two, we suggest that This should be called That, for it is absurd to speak of a town in the present tense, that has been dead and buried for years, and probably is a mummy by this time. But if This does not like That, it may take a French title, and write over its remains the following

appropriate inscription, "*Immédiatement, sous presse, les Ouvrages complètes de SAND.*"

Do not forget to observe the noble tree, which of all others carries off the Palm in the estimation of the Egyptian. Take off your hat to it, for it is from this tree that we English get our Palm oil and PALMER'S CANDLES. The fruit, we are told, has the taste of gingerbread, which must be "fine nuts" for the little boys.

Right and left, up and down, look in any direction you please, the ground seems sown with thick crops of Temples. It is true that many of these crops have been shamefully trodden down by the heavy foot of Time, but still there is an immense field of them left standing, more than sufficient to yield to the archaeologist, who knows how to separate the Egyptian chaff from the Egyptian corn, a most bountiful harvest. Here he may read not only "sermons in stones," but histories, whole encyclopædias, and, aided by the new light which the *Fonetic Nuz* has lately thrown upon the dark study of hieroglyphics, he may yet discover in the mouth of some colossal statue the recipe for the long lost "black sauce" of the Lacedæmonians, or accidentally find in the granite ear of some monster Sphinx the tunes which Old MEMNON most delighted to sing.

We are again compelled to halt awhile. We will rest for a minute under the shade of the welcome Gemaiz, and enjoy in peace the national Kaif. Repose is most needful in travelling in Egypt, as without it the mind would become quite petrified with astonishment at the marvels it was continually called upon to digest in this wonderfully-gifted country of millstones.

Next week we will finish our Cheap Excursion. Recollect there is no additional charge for these delays. You pay 6d. to go to the Bank, which is merely in Threadneedle Street, and we are sure you will not object to 1s.—for that is all the fare—to see the two Banks of the Nile.

MATRIMONY AT REDUCED PRICES.



T the late Meeting of the Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association at Drury Lane, SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY, the Chairman, is reported to have said, in noticing the unusual number of Ladies in the Assembly, that "he only echoed the sentiment of every gentleman present, when he thanked them gratefully for their countenance." Everybody, of course, will say that the countenance shown by the ladies to the Association was extremely handsome; but we quote the remark of SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY not so much for the purpose of getting a poor pun out of it, as of making some serious reflections on the fact to which it relates.

We are glad to see that the bright eyes of Beauty are now beginning to be opened to the necessity of economy; and we hope that the maxims that may have been learned at the political meeting will not be forgotten in the drawing-room, the kitchen, and the jeweller's and draper's shop. The principles of Financial Reform, carried out by female resolution, will convert many an uncomfortable fire-place into a happy hearth, and the exchange of expensive tastes for saving virtues will be found by all husbands to be, in the truest sense, no robbery. We recommend the fair disciples of Thrift to all persons meditating matrimony, who, we are sure, will find them the dearest creatures in the world—but the cheapest of wives.

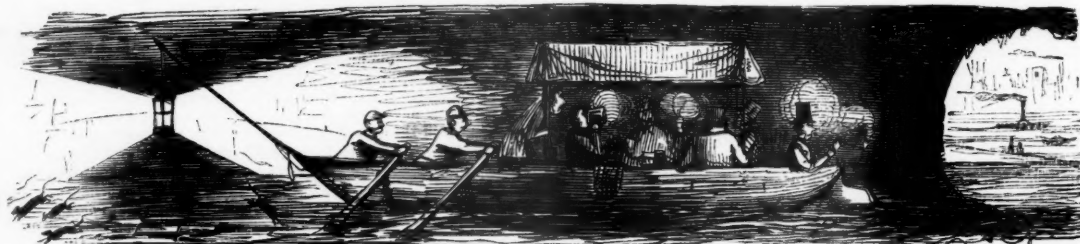
Lady Match-Makers.

THE *Daily News* says:—

"The Queens of Prussia and Saxony, the wife of PRINCE JOHN of Saxony, and the ARCHDUCHESS SOPHIA, are two pairs of twin-sisters, to whose activity is traced much that goes on in the political world."

They are now match-making between the houses of Saxony and Prussia. All well and good. Let them make love-matches that are blessed by Hymen, and eschew the political that are tipped by Lucifer.

A SMITHFIELDITE EXCURSION.



We have seen excursions advertised lately to suit every taste and every pocket, from those who are able and willing to go and eat their *bistek arrondée*, with rum, ale, and sherry in Paris, to those who have got a stray fourpence to spare for a return ticket in the iron excursion boat to Battersea, but we have met with nothing yet that seems calculated to hit the peculiar disposition of those who find health and pleasure in the Bucolic life of Smithfield Market. It has at length occurred to us, that the idea borrowed from the business visits of the Commissioners of Sewers to the receptacles over which they preside may be turned to the purpose of pleasure, by suggesting that those subterranean excursions may be thrown open to those whose love of

Smithfield air has caused them to contemplate with dismay the removal of that great nucleus of bad odours. An excursion boat starting from Fleet Ditch, proceeding along the main sewer, and calling at all the points of local interest, where the Thames receives its tributaries of filth, would be extensively patronised by amateurs of malaria, to whose noses the *véritable eau de Smithfield* is a more fragrant *bouquet* than the most delicious scent that ever dropped from the gutters of the Cathedral of Cologne into JEAN MARIA FARINA'S bottles. The sewers will present many features of attraction to the lovers of nature, for the land rat and the water rat may both be found in perfection in that great mart of mud and concentrated essence of exhaustless effluvia.

PUNCH'S MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY.

The measles having assumed the character of a prevailing epidemic in *Mr. Punch's* nursery, a meeting of medical men was convened by *Mr. Punch* to discuss the nature and treatment of that disorder. About fifty professional gentlemen attended at the Literary Institution, situated over *Mr. Punch's* extensive office.

MR. PILKINS, M. R. C. S., took the chair at 7 o'clock, and was supported by MR. SLAB and MR. GRINDER.

The Chairman said, he would suggest that in the remarks which any gentleman might offer, irrelevant details had better be avoided, and that some fact or principle of importance, bearing on the subject, should be established if possible.

MR. SQUILLS believed measles to be contagious, because a child who had been to a school where that complaint was prevalent, had taken it home to her brothers and sisters, who were previously healthy.

MR. SCRUPLES wished to know if measles had not broken out spontaneously in several houses in the neighbourhood to which it was supposed to have been conveyed in the case just mentioned?

MR. SQUILLS admitted that the disease had occurred in some instances, to appearance independently of any communication with parties affected by it; but that circumstance had no influence on his opinion.

MR. CONFECT, MR. HAUST, and MR. MIST had seen numerous instances in which, when measles had been contracted by one member of a family, it had been imparted to the rest.

MR. PULV, MR. TINCT, and MR. EXTRACT had met with cases equally numerous, wherein measles had attacked one individual in a school or nursery, and had spared the remainder.

MR. MAC PHUN recollected a case in Scotland where a single person in a district was seized with measles, and all the others were left Scot-free.

DR. GRAINS had great confidence in calomel as a remedy for measles. He had tried it in one case, and the patient recovered. He therefore considered it a never-failing specific.

MR. MINIM said the calomel treatment had been tried several years ago and failed. Until they knew something of the nature of measles it was useless to go into the subject of its treatment.

MR. VIALS would mention two curious circumstances with respect to the measles. The worst cases were those which he had been called up to at half-past three in the morning; and the most favourable were those that occurred on a Monday afternoon.

MR. SIMPLES had seen eight persons out of ten recover under the administration of infusion of senna.

MR. WATERS had known as many that had got well under liquor pump.

MR. PUNCH anxiously inquired if there was really no cure for measles? Several gentlemen replied that there was not; but, nevertheless, they treated it.

It was then unanimously resolved that the subject required farther investigation, and after the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman, the meeting separated to attend their respective patients.

PREBENDS AND PASTRY.

In times like these, when there exists a too prevalent disposition to carp at the Clergy, and pick holes in the cloth, it is pleasing to meet, in a public journal, with such a tribute to the clerical character as that implied in the subjoined extract from an advertisement in the *Times* :—

TO PASTRYCOOKS AND CONFECTIONERS.—To be disposed of, in one of the best Cathedral towns, in the south of England, a BUSINESS, established thirty-five years, and enjoying the patronage of the clergy and leading families in the neighbourhood.

The prominent position assigned to these Cathedral Clergy—precedence being given them over the leading families in the neighbourhood—as patrons of a pastrycook, must appear remarkable, as an evidence of their reputation for good living. But besides that, the predilection of Prebends for pastry is a proof of the innocence of the tastes of those Reverend Gentlemen; since a liking for tarts and buns is incompatible with that extreme partiality to port wine, so generally ascribed to Deans and Chapters.

THE NEWEST THING FOR A LONG TIME.

THE French have a proverb "*Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*," which means "getting nothing for your trouble." This is not the case, however, with the Prussian Minister of Finance, for, in the Royal Speech which has just been delivered in Berlin, we meet with the following most rare announcement in Royal Speeches now-a-days :—

"The country has not been so deeply shaken that the revenues of the State did not suffice to answer even heavy requirements."

The English of which is, we imagine, that, if there is no surplus, at all events there is no deficit—a result which, as these times go, when almost every State has been living beyond its income, is an unparalleled achievement of financial economy. We advise LOUIS-NAPOLÉON to tear a leaf out of the Prussian Ledger, and we recommend the Whigs to send their Chancellor of the Exchequer over to Berlin, that he may take six lessons in Arithmetic during the recess, and so employ his leisure in the manner most profitable to his mind and the next year's Budget.

The Nobility of Whitewash.

MR. RUSKIN, in his beautiful book, "*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*," says—

"Whitewash has so often been used as the dress of noble things, that it has thence received a kind of nobility itself."

This can easily be proved by ascertaining how many bill-discounting, horse-racing, stage-coach-driving, jockey-lords have availed themselves of the privileges that are attached to this new order of nobility by going through the Insolvent Debtors' Court. Many a nobleman, who has been "out-at-elbows," has not been able to appear in public till he has received a coat of whitewash!

MELODY OF THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

BY BRIAN BOBOIHME'S BARD.

I'd be rehearsin' the great divershin',
And say excursin' of VICTORIA famed,
Whin across the Channel, spite of JOHN O'CONNELL,
Wid screw and funnel the squadthron sthamed.

On board her yacht, in her silk and satin,
The QUEEN sat chattin' and takin' the air;
Whin afther the presage of an aizey passage,
FITZ CLARENCE sint a message that they were there.

It was on a Friday, for ivir a high day,
That our Gracious Lady made the Irish shore;
And ADMIRAL DIXON, for her protection,
Blazed away wid blue lights and the cannon's roar.

The Corporation, in botheration,
Begg'd the QUEEN 'ud have patience till Saterdag,
But notwithstandin' PRINCE ALBERT commandin',
Insisted on landin', 'cause he wasn't well at say.

So the QUEEN, in reliance on MISTHER LYONS,
Said she'd see the lions, as it wouldn't be long,
And with hurried stitches at coort coats and breeches,
And loyal speeches they hammer'd along.

Like crathers mad run the Cork boys glad run,
To see the squadthron s'hame up the Lee;
And I'm bound to mintion the condescension
And great ahtition of HER MAJESTY.

It's proud the Mayor was when he then and there was
Made a Knight of the Garter wid the QUEEN's own hand;
And in their coaches the Aldermen approaches,
And themselves encroaches on the royal stand.

But the MARQUESS OF THOMOND he wouldn't let no man,
Much less a woman, come where she sat,
Till the QUEEN, condescendin', begg'd he'd be mendin'
His manners, sendin' the people out o' that.

Sure them I pity that didn't see Cork city,
Wid its recreations and lashins ov flowers;
The triumphal arches of laurels and larches
On the line of march is beyant my powers.

Cork's iligant sthruclures and manufacthurs
Wid satisfaction the QUEEN survey'd,
And the height of curiosity and generosity
Widout banimosity to all display'd.

Wid banners sthramin', and people scramin',
And ladies cranin' from the windies round;
It's the QUEEN might wondther if it wasn't a blundther
To look for rebels upon Irish ground.

Next to Dublin City, upon the Liffy,
The QUEEN in a jiffy her way did take,
And to greet her pennant, the Lord Lieutenant
Wid Lords and Senators haste did make.

Sure no description or recollection
Could tell the 'ruction that at Kingstown came:
So 'praps I'd bether not say who met her,
For SAUNDER'S News lether could not recount the same.

From Sandymount ridge then, and over Ball's Bridge then,
And up to Bagot Street and Dublin Gate,
The QUEEN in her carriage, and her childther by marriage
Wid the noble PRINCE ALBERT, advance in state.

At an arch-way station, the Corporation,
Wid ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, was in the sthreet;
In regard of prayin' she'd come that way in,
And also ov layin' the keys at her feet.

There was MISTHER FITZGERALD, the stout City Herald,
In a coat widout sleeves blowin' fit to burst;
And none looked quarer than O'Dowd the Mace-bearer,
That thried would the Mayor or he get there first.

But the Mayor did push on wid the keys on a cushion,
And wid a blush on him made a speech—
But, by that same token, when the QUEEN 'ud have spoken,
Her discourse was broken by the Aldermen's screech.

Myself I'd be throublin' to tell how Dublin
Was boilin' and bubblin' just like the say,
How pealer and sintry had to keep back the ginty
To the royal entry that throug'd so gay.

How the Phanix Park, sir, was like NOAH's ark, sir,
Wid clane and unclane that did to it resort;
How she stay'd a long while in the famed Blind Asylum,
And how at the Castle she held her noble Coort.

Where, besides Lords and Ladies, I saw the O'GRADY'S
(That only in thrade is, set them up wid the great!)
And a dale of Doethors and Ginirals and Proethors,
And loyal repalers, with their coats turned mighty nate.

Sure my time is past, sir, to sing of Belfast, sir,
And how the black North went clane mad wid joy
When she looked at their Opinion, in a manner most winnin',
And bought Irish linen of Misther McEvoy.

So to end my narration of this grate celebration
Which the Irish nation has made proud and blest,
Here's health and long life, boys, to QUEEN, moither, and wife, boys,
Who's so good as all three, and as such is the best.

POLITICAL CORMORANTS.



In the *Preston Pilot* there is an account of
the use and abuse of cormorants that are
made to fish in the Wyre. But—

"In order to prevent the gratification of their glut-
tonous inclinations, and to secure the fish which they
succeed in catching, a strap is placed round the lower
part of the throat of the cormorant, which hinders the
swallowing of a fish of a tolerable degree of bulk, but
not of eels."

Punch begs to recommend the attention
of the Reform Finance body to this cormo-
rant case. Why could there not be made a sort of strap, say from an
Act of Parliament, that, put round the lower part of the throat of the
cormorant placeman and pensioner, should hinder them swallowing gold-
fish of the enormous size at present bolted, allowing them just a fair
sufficiency of nutritive silver eel?

ANATOMICAL SCHOOL OF LINENDRAPERY.

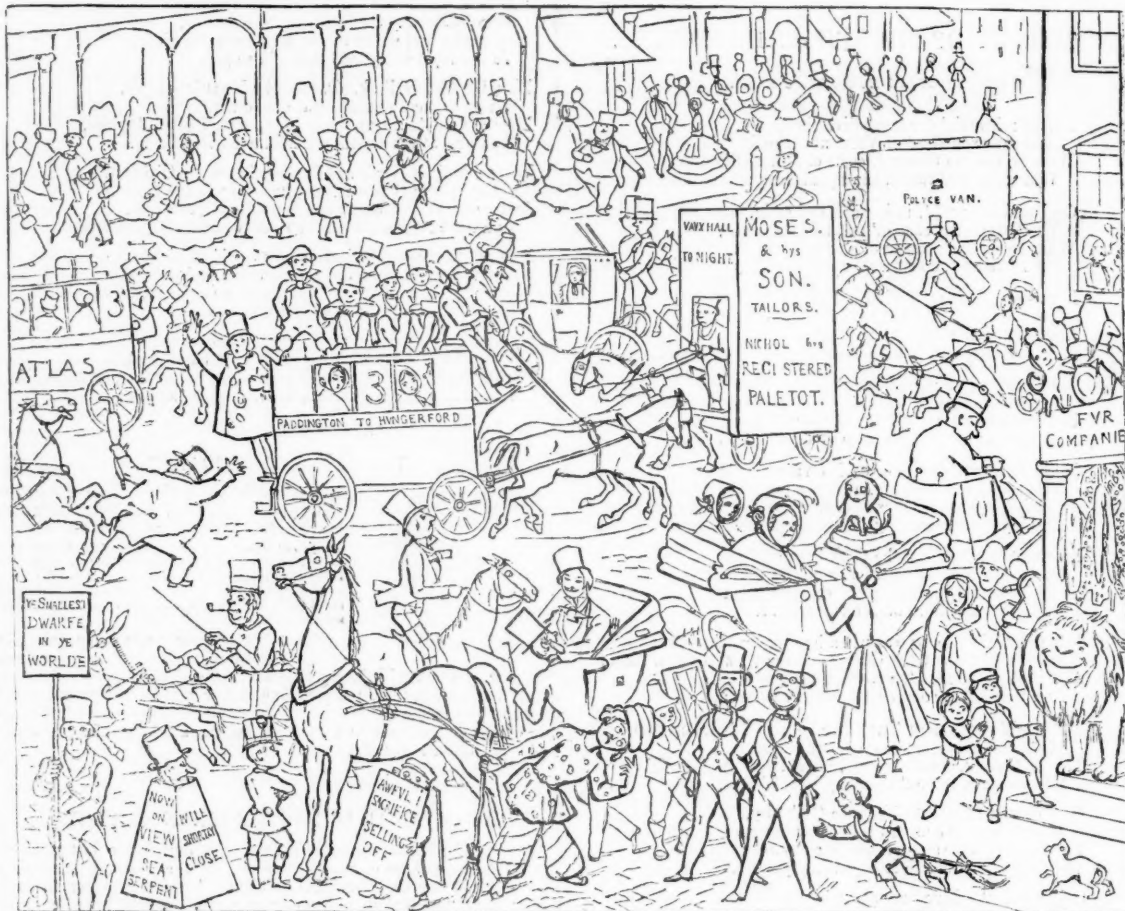
OUR surprise has been excited several days during the last week or
two by the appearance of an advertisement in the *Times*, headed with
the remarkable words "DISSECTING CLERK," and proceeding to state
that there is "wanted in a large drapery establishment in the country
a respectable young man as Dissecting Clerk, who must be well ac-
quainted with drapery goods." We are sorely puzzled to account for
the necessity of such an officer as a Dissecting Clerk in an establishment
whose operations, however extensive, would we think demand the
employment of the scissors, rather than the use of the knife.

What can a draper want with a Dissecting Clerk, unless in the milli-
nery department it is found necessary to cut up the bodies—of ladies'
dresses—as well as the skirts? The mysterious announcement may
perhaps have something to do with those "alarming sacrifices" which
are peculiar to the linendrapery trade, and which seem to turn the
mildest, not to say the milk-soppiest, of occupations into one of the
most melodramatic of pursuits. It is indeed a regular bonneting of
horrors, with an accumulation of more horrors, when, in addition to
the usual batch of terrific announcements, as to "failure," "bank-
ruptcy," "ruin," "slap dash smash crash," we are publicly informed
of the existence of "Dissecting Clerks" in these drapery concerns,
where, though we have sometimes heard of "shaving the ladies," we
were not aware that the knife of the operator was ever brought into
requisition. We shall never pass a cheap linendraper's again without
giving a peculiar and horrible meaning to the words "alarming sacri-
fice," and we shall look at such an intimation as "must be cleared off"
with a painful reference to the advertisement for a "Dissecting Clerk,"
which has suggested these comments.

A NATION OF ALFREDS.

MUCH credit has been given to our KING ALFRED for dividin' his
loaf with the beggar, but equal honour is due to the nation, which,
though Hungary, has given those Austrian beggars a bellyfull.

COLD WATER.—THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND met with a heavy shower
on her approach to the shores of Scotland. The President of France,
on his late progress, met with nothing else but cold water. The Pre-
sidential robes of LOUIS-NAPOLÉON are evidently a wet blanket.



REGENTE. STRETE. AT FOUR OF ~~THE~~ CLOCKE. P. M.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Thursday, August 16, 1849.—This Afternoon, about four of the Clock, did walk in Regent Street, with much Delight. In the Evening to the Queen's House in the Haymarket, to hear MOZART his famous Opera "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," and SONTAG in *Susanna*, which she do act mighty skittish, and with the prettiest sidelong Looks, but the most graceful and like a Lady, and do trip the Stage the daintiest, and make the nicest Curtsies, and sing the sweetest that methinks I ever did hear or see: and to think that MR. VIEUXBOIS should tell me she do it as well now as he did see her twenty Years ago! Pretty, to hear her sing "*Venite, inginocchiatevi*," where she do make Cherubino kneel down on the Cushion before the Countess, and put him on a Girl's Cap, and pat his Chin and Face. Also her singing of "*Sull' Aria*," with PARODI, the Countess, dictating the Letter to her; and PARODI did sing well too, and the mingling of their Voices very musical. Likewise that jolly blooming she-BACCHUS ALBONI, who was Cherubino, with her passionate fine singing of "*Non so più*" and "*Voi che sapete*," and all her singing, did delight me much; and she did play a Stripling of a Page in Love to the very Life. BELLETTI did mightily take me with his Knaveries, in *Figaro*, and singing of "*Non più andrai*," which is a most lively and martial Song; and the Grand March very brave as well, and did make my Heart leap, and me almost to jump out of my Seat. COLLETTI, too, the Count, did content me much, and to the utmost in "*Cruel! perché finora*." But then to hear LABLACHE, what a great Thing he do make out of so small a Part as Bartolo, with his Voice in the Concert-Pieces heard above all the rest, and thundering out "*La Vendetta*," like a musical STENTOR; and his undertaking of little Characters to make an Opera perfect is very magnanimous; and MR. WAGSTAFFE do well say that he "*Ingentes*

Animos ingenti in Pectore versat," and have as much Brains as Body. Mighty droll to hear the Quartett, with each Singer in Turn holding the Voice on the word "*Io*," called for three times, and the Singers each Time spinning "*Io*" out longer, wherat great Laughter; and the Performers laughing as much as the Audience. Wonderful how still all the House was while SONTAG was a singing of "*Deh! vieni non tardar,*" and the Braes and Clapping of Hands when she had ended; and what did as much as anything please me in her Singing was to hear how she did stick to the Text, and not, like a vulgar silly *prima Donna*, disfigure noble Musique by ridiculous Flourishes. The House extraordinary full, though the Season over; and to compare the fine Fore-heads and Faces of an Audience come to hear good Musique with the insignificant Looks of mere common Opera-Goers! Methinks I could never hear *Figaro* often enough; the Overture being such pretty Fiddling, and all the Musique so beautiful, and heavenly almost, with several of the Airs as innocent and angelicall as Hymns; but, to think that all these Pearls are strung on so vile a Thread; the Intrizues and Trickery between a Count and Countess, with a Wairing-Woman, a Page, and a Lackey: a Story that do seem to have been hatched in a Servants' Hall! The Ballet after the Opera pretty, and a Scene of Skating on the Ice, very natural, did end with the Skaters pelting each other with Snowballs, and look pleasant and cool this hot Weather. Home to Supper, it being late, though, walking up the Haymarket, did sorely long for stewed Oysters. Telling my Wife of the Opera, did speak of *Sassano* boxing *Figaro* his Ears, and let out that I could have been glad to have her box mine too, which my Wife did say she could do as well if I pleased; but I said I had rather not, and so, whistling "*Non più andrai*" rather small, to Bed.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

THE BERMONDSEY HORROR.—THE COMMODITY OF MURDER.

God's lightning pursuing murder is become a true and active thing. What was a figure of speech is now a working minister. A phrase in the mouth of poetry, is now a familiar presence—a household retainer, doing hourly errands. We have brought devastation into servitude; we have made a bond-slave of destruction. Thus, Murder has hardly turned from its abomination—scarcely set forth upon its shuddering flight, when the avenging lightning stays the homicide.

Marvellous is the poetry of our daily life! We out-act the dreams of story-books. The Arabian tales are flat, crude gossip against the written activities of our social state. *Sindbad*, with his wonders, so many glories about him, is become a dull fellow, opposed by the electric workman—the Clerk of the Lightning.

Murder, with its black heart beating thick, its brain blood-gorged, reads the history of its damnation. Hundreds of miles away from its ghastly work, Murder in the stupidity of deepest guilt—for the greater crime the greater the folly that ever as a shadow accompanies, and betrays it—Murder, with forced belief in its impunity, reads its own doings chronicled and commented upon in the newspaper sheet; and—so far away from the victim's grave; the retreat so cunningly assured, the hiding-place so wisely chosen—Murder draws freer breath, and holds itself secure!

—And the while, the inexorable lightning—the electric pulse—thrills in the wires—and in a moment idiot Murder stammers and grows white in the face of Justice. In the marvellousness that sublimates the mind of man, our Electric Tales make poor work of the Arabian. Solomon's Genii may sleep in their brazen kettles. They are, in truth, the veriest smoke compared with the Genii of the Wires.

In the contemplation of this last atrocity—a horror that, traded upon, seems to taint the wholesomeness of daily life; for, in every variety of utterance, Murder cries to us in the public streets—in this last great wickedness, there is matter for sad congratulation, for mournful thanksgiving. An abomination is committed, and—so wonderful are the means of apprehension; so sure and so astounding in their operation—and guilt has but a few gasps of fancied freedom, and lo! guilt is captive. Considering the certainty—the fate that travels the wires—we take hope that from the self-conviction of discovery—from the disheartening belief that there is no escape—no evasion from the consequence of crime, the miserable wretch tempted to evil, will turn in his mind the many odds, and refrain upon the lowest principle—that of calculation. This is something. The murderer in mind who would not be stayed in his guilt by the thought of after lightning—may pause, awed by the thought of lightning ready—the unerring telegraph.

And, in the present hour, there is another cause of mournful pride to the English nation. It was a solemn business, a stern and awful work begun, when the *Fire Queen*, with her black flag of smoke, stood out from Portsmouth; bound to cross the Atlantic if need were—to stay and overhaul the *Victoria*, freighted with the curse of Murder. There is a fine, stern lesson in this; a noble sermon, preached *extempore* to embryo crime. Justice at the Home Office makes the wires speak, saying to a certain Admiral, "Send a fast-sailing ship to sea, that retribution may be done upon bloodshedders." There is something solemn, awful, in the warning uttered in this. It says to crime,—"Though the sea encompass you; though you have baulked pursuit, and Justice—like a hound at fault—beats and gropes confounded; though you have begun to count the profits of blood, and how to make the most of them; how, in your new country, to live a life of impunity and ease, —nevertheless, give up the dream; dismiss the vision, and awake to horrid truth. For there, in the horizon miles away, is a thin dark vapour—the man at the mast has seen and reported it—and, with every ten minutes, it becomes more distinct, and now the distant gun is heard across the water, booming command; and the ship's yards swing round;—she lays to; and—how rapid the ceremony, how brief the time! and Murder, aghast and manacled, is made again to turn its face towards the land it has outraged with the sacrifice of blood."

And so far we gather a sad satisfaction from a consideration of the Bermondsey horror. All else is matter of disgust and loathing. Again Murder-Market is begun; again Homicide Fair opens its devilish shows. The rag-pickers of crime are at work, and we have, and—save in the lull that precedes the Sessions' opening,—shall continue to have as daily, weekly fare, the past and present doings of a man and woman accused of a crime infernal—doings told at the longest, to make the greatest show; presenting to the sense of the purchaser, the fullest pennyworth. Small, indeed, is the single evil of the one life lost, to the greater iniquity committed upon the moral health of society, when Murder is made the staple subject; when a tale of bloodshed, set forth in every sort of phrase, and exhibited by every sort of means, assails us at every step. At this moment, refined, civilised, philanthropic London reeks with the foulness of the Bermondsey Murder. There, in words of ink-black blood, it stains the walls; there it is gibbeted in placards, and is carried shouting, in the highway. Certain

Frenchmen have, within these few days, written upon the dreariness of an English Sunday. "To pass the day all alone," says M. GAUTHIER, "without a light at the bottom of the well of the Great Pyramid, is preferable to a Sunday at London." Ha! MONSIEUR GAUTHIER, doubtless, you timed your visit at an unlucky season. It was not in a time of diabolic murder. Otherwise you must have owned that a London Sunday is not without a certain excitement. There is a part of the Sunday press that, for the delectation and improvement of serious English families, makes a real murder as fascinating—flavouring it with the hottest spice of style—as though written by your own SUE; as though patched and stolen by your own DUMAS. Nor are the literary graces without the company of the Fine Arts: Murder has its R. A.'s; and the respectable English family may contemplate the countenance of the human butcher: may consider the cut of his coat, and the tie of his neckcloth;—all these things being sought for with the earnestness of truth, and set forth with the anxiety of thrift. And so, the English public is made to pet a criminal. To hang him certainly: indeed, it is in the hanging that we have the interest; but to pet and cocker him, and take a world of pains in him until hanged; and then to enshrine his effigies, and treasure as a curious thing the hat he wore—the shoes he trod upon.

Good MADAME TUSSAUD, devoting art to homicide, turns to the pleasantness of profit the abomination of blood. With her so much murder is so much counted money; and—knowing the susceptibility of a British public—it must be owned she sets forth her wares with a wise eye to business. Every day in the newspapers MADAME TUSSAUD offers to the heads of families and their little ones,—"*RUSH the Murderer, taken from life, at Norwich, during his trial, in his usual dress!*" Every morning do we behold the miscreant gibbeted in the newspaper column, with the intelligence that the wretch is the last new tenant of the Chamber of Horrors, to be seen for only an extra sixpence. The ordinary exhibition, composed of kings and queens, philosophers and so forth, is one shilling; murderers, sixpence more. Blood, like condiments at a meal, must be paid for extra.

Thus considered, the crime of murder—as traded upon in our commercial London—is a national evil. The individual suffering and sin is as nothing to the general mischief arising from the marketable uses made of the wickedness. The murdered man O'CONNOR bears—"in all," testifies Mr. SAMUEL LOCKWOOD, surgeon—"eighteen wounds." Shall we not, in due season, have engravings of the murderers? Take the eighteen wounds of the victim, and multiply them a thousand times if you will—and they will be as a score of scratches, compared with the hurts inflicted on the body social by the "cuts" of the butchers. And, moreover, as mute preachers of a moral lesson,—is there not for the assassins an immortality of wax?

Be certain of it. Already MADAME TUSSAUD—fine arithmetical artist—has cast her eye around her Chamber of Horrors for a niche. Yes. GREENACRE may stand a little to the left: COURVOISIER somewhat to the right; and so—and so there will be room for the profitable new-comers, the butchers of Bermondsey.

A LITTLE BIRD.

GEMS OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.



UDGING from the *Times*, there never was such an opportunity for the "opening out" of those who are prepared for "opening out" their pockets in a spirit of confidence. The gems of advertising literature are indeed diamonds, and, although the ink converts them into black diamonds, they are no less brilliant on that account. We have not far to dig for these gems, and a single copy of the *Times* of one day last week, furnishes us with some rich, though by no means rare specimens.

In the first place we find that highly favoured class, the "*Elderly Gentlemen of Fortune*" tempted by "a lady who has met with many misfortunes" with the offer of "a cheerful and commodious home," the lady's multifarious "misfortunes" having failed to deprive her of that buoyancy of spirit, which would enable her to cheer such "elderly gentlemen" as may be possessed of sufficient fortune to pay for the delightful privilege. We confess we rather doubt the result, for speaking only from our own experience, we have found quite enough to do with a simple case of "Woman in Distress," but we greatly fear that a lady with "many misfortunes" would prove utterly unbearable.

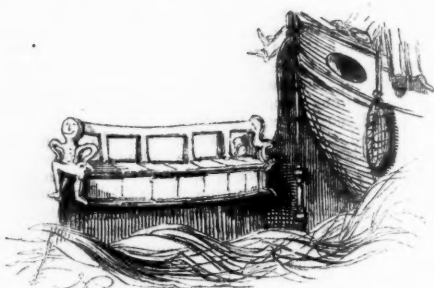
The same column from which this gem is selected contains another unctuous morsel of female melancholy in the shape of an announcement

from "a Lady in a feeble state of health," who is in search of "quiet" and an "airy chamber" with any "pious widow;" but though the chance is open to all England (in the widow line) there is an avowed preference for the neighbourhood of Camberwell. It almost gives us an attack of the dysmoria to contemplate the desired junction between the "lady in feeble health" and the "pious widow," for we can understand that they would stand to each other in the relation of Jon's comforters.

We turn at once from this mournful picture to the more lively announcement of "a profitable opportunity for a young man with £400," which sum he is expected apparently to dub up in exchange for a little employment in the shape of "duties of a merely routine nature." What the duties are, or what they will produce, except that pleasing sense of usefulness which the discharge of any duty will create, is not specified. The advertisement adds that "the sole reason for disposing of the business is the retirement of the proprietor,"—a state of things we can well understand, for we have heard of persons, after obtaining a few hundreds by the offer of an "eligible opportunity" sinking at once into such thorough retirement that all attempts to disturb it by finding it out have proved impossible.

We think the above afford a very fair day's sample of Gems of Advertising Literature.

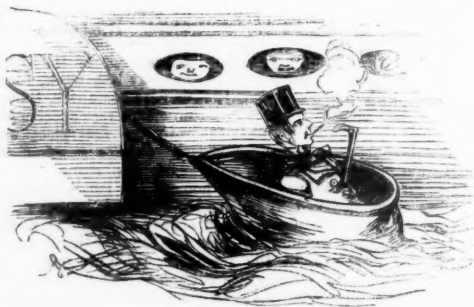
THE THAMES STEAM CONDENSERS.



SCIENCE may talk as it will about the condensation of Steam, but the effect is quite insignificant compared with the marvellous condensation of steamboat passengers. COCKER has told us that "fifties into one won't go," but we have seen five or six hundred go into one steamboat, and the wonder has been that the whole concern did not go to the bottom.

We have heard of the horrors of the Middle Passage, but let any one take a middling or average passage in a Thames steamboat, and he will be sent packing, or rather packed, in a style that scarcely the slave ships themselves could surpass for the economy of space, and the annihilation of comfort.

Since it appears impossible for the authorities to prevent the steamers from taking an unlimited number of passengers, we presume that the public must be left to probe the evil one of these days on their own account, by diving deeper into it some day than may be found consistent with safety. Amidst the odd names that are given to the craft, we wonder the really appropriate one of the "Down, down, derry down," has not yet been hit upon. We think, however, if the crowding cannot be stopped, it may at least be mitigated by some new contrivances for "stowing away" the surplus passengers, instead of leaving them to find accom-



modation on each other's toes, till the contest as to whose shoe leather shall be the upper leather, is their sole employment during the voyage.

The funnels might surely be made available by having rows of seats placed all round them, and as it may be observed that the more dangerous a place looks to be, the more eager the public will be to crowd into it, there would be no difficulty in filling the funnel at perhaps higher fares, under the pretext of keeping them as "reserved seats," for the more exclusive among the passengers. The rudder would also admit of a row of stalls along the top, and one passenger might be permitted by previous booking to occupy the place usually devoted to the figure-head, which should be rendered movable expressly to admit of such an arrangement.

We have no doubt the Thames Steamboat proprietors will present us with a day ticket to Hungerford, for having given them the hints for further accommodation, embodied in the suggestions and sketches that are here presented to their attention.

A LAMENTABLE CASE OF DISTRESS.

A BOOK has just appeared with the title, "What shall I do with my Money?" We are laughing in anticipation at the countless answers this poor gentleman will receive as the proposed remedy for his extraordinary complaint. Every swindle, every bubble, every humbugging scheme about town will be writing to him, advising him by all means to invest his money in their office. As the poor fellow will naturally be puzzled out of so many answers to know which one to choose, we will give him our advice.

"If you are wise, my dear boy, you will keep your money."

But upon second thoughts, we think we can advise him better.

"If you do not know what to do with your money, we recommend you, my dear fellow, to send it to No. 85, Fleet Street, where we know a certain gentleman who will be happy to invest it for you to the very best advantage. For fear of mistakes, the gentleman's name is Mr. Punch. He will be happy to relieve you in your present distress, charge you nothing for it, and send you into the bargain a copy of his invaluable work every week, price only 3d. Please ring at the private door."

This author must be a great original. If he were to exhibit himself at the Egyptian Hall, he would make more money than he really would know what to do with, for he is the very first person to our knowledge, who, during the last two or three years, has had any money. The secret is now out,—when every one was wondering where all the money had gone to, it was quietly in the possession of this gentleman, who is now reduced to such a state of overpowering distress, from an accumulation of millions, that he is obliged to ask, "What shall I do with my money?" He deserves being compelled to take an Opera House.

PUNCH'S PEACE PRIZE ESSAYS.

PUNCH perceiving that some societies of the Peace Congress are giving Prizes for Essays in furtherance of pacific principles, is happy to present them with a brief list of subjects, which he conceives may be worked advantageously for their great cause, namely:—

1. On the Sensations attendant on the Entrance of a Bullet into any sensitive Part of the human Body, and accompanying its Extraction by the Surgeon's Scalpel: Also on those which, when lodged in some Bone or Joint so that it cannot be removed, it continues to excite for Life.
2. On the Feeling of having the Knee crushed by a Cannon-Ball, and that of subsequently undergoing Amputation; and on the State of a Man's Existence who goes about with a wooden Leg.
3. On lying with mangled Limbs on a Field of Battle and having them trampled on by a Troop of Horse.
4. On the Variety of Maims and Mutilations to which a Soldier is liable, and their After-consequences with Respect to Comfort and Enjoyment.

Papal Gratitude.

SWEET is it to chronicle acts of thanksgiving and gratitude of the great ones of the earth, among whom it is undeniable, are PIUS THE NINTH and LOUIS NAPOLEON THE LAST. The President restores the Pope to Rome, and the Pope restores the Holy Inquisition. And the Pope, out of conscience and tender heart offers to his champion, when his Presidency shall have expired, the post of Secretary of the Holy Office. When Italian liberty is to have a taste of the thumb-screw, the Frenchman will no doubt—as he has already done—give her "a good turn."

THE ANTIQUITY OF EUREKA SHIRTS.

WHAT are Eureka Shirts? The word "Eureka" signifies "I have found." Falstaff, in *Henry IV.*, speaking of his ragged recruits, says, "They'll find linen enough on every hedge." These, we suspect, were the original Eureka Shirts.

THE WAR CONGRESS.



VER in opposition to the friends of Peace, a meeting of the War Congress last week took place in London around a table in the smoking-room of a crack club. The assembly consisted of above half-a-dozen young military gentlemen of Fashion. The Chair was taken by everybody at 8 o'clock, and after cigars had been lighted,

LIEUTENANT PHIPPS (of the Greens) said he would be glad if any one would tell him what those fellows were doing in Paris?

CAPTAIN DANDISON thought they were pretty quiet now.

LIEUTENANT PHIPPS did not mean them. He meant those Peace fellows.

CORNET BUCKSEY had no idea. It was such a bore to

read the papers. But those disciples, or apostles, or whatever you called it, of Peace, to go about preaching in that way was absurd.

LIEUTENANT TRITE was decidedly of opinion that the idea of international arbitration was utopian.

ENSIGN LOGIC would ask if you might not just as well think of settling all disputes by seconds?

MAJOR SAVAGE would have that fellow CORBEN shot. He believed that it was the object of that man to destroy the Army in order to subvert the Crown.

LIEUTENANT PHIPPS thought he had much better have stuck to cotton-twist.

CAPTAIN DE WITT would suggest hemp-twist; for all the set deserved to be hanged.

CAPTAIN DANDISON asked if they were not mostly Quakers?

LIEUTENANT PHIPPS believed so. Quakers and Wesleyans, and all that sort of thing.

CORNET BUCKSEY said that they were a parcel of confounded rascals at any rate, but wished to know what was the good of talking about them?

No one appearing able or willing to answer this question, the conversation, after a pause, turned on the subject of a horse, and was protracted to a late hour.

A HOME FOR DESTITUTE YOUNGER SONS.

THE *Morning Chronicle*, in speaking of the Government of Ceylon, says, "LORD TORRINGTON was appointed because he had family claims, was poor, and required out-door relief." It is a great pity something cannot be done at home for the benefit of these pauper Lords. Why send them abroad where they only commit irreparable mischief. We should like to see some workhouses—or rather clubs—established for the Younger Sons of the Nobility. They should have every luxury—a billiard-room, a smoking-room, a concert-room, a stable and a couple of horses each. The income of every member should not be less than £500 a year, and white kid gloves à discrétion. This would be cheaper than finding secretaryships, and governorships, and ambassadorships, and every other ship excepting hardships, for them all over the world. Every pauper lord should be eligible to these almshouses, upon his pledging his word not to meddle with Government. Out-door relief might occasionally be administered to the poorer class of the nobility, to consist of haunches of venison, and pots of currant jelly, twice a week, with daily supplies of cheroots, snuff, grog, the newspapers and *eau de Cologne*. What a blessing such a charitable institution would have been at the time LORD TORRINGTON was sent out to Ceylon. That talented nobleman has evidently mistaken his vocation. His abilities evidently recommend him to a higher sphere, and we earnestly hope, in common with all true lovers of homage to talent, that he will be recalled at the earliest opportunity, and appointed Beadle of Torrington Square.

A TRIFLE FOR GEORGEY.

WE understand that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, by the advice of the CZAR NICHOLAS, intends to confer on GEORGEY, ex-patriot and Magyar chieftain, in reward of his convenient and well-timed surrender, an order of nobility with the title of COUNT KNOCKUNDER.

GREAT RAILWAY ATTRACTION.

THE South-Eastern Railway Directors are trying the puffing system with great energy upon the dead walls and perambulating advertising carts of the Metropolis. Whenever we see a speculation relying much upon mural means of publicity, the old proverb about the weakest going to the wall, immediately occurs to us. One of the South-Eastern "dodges," which has been much in favour during the last year, has been the bold catch-line of,

"PARIS IN 12 HOURS."

Since, however, a correspondent of the *Times* has shown that the "12 hours" in theory, amount in practice to 29, the public will not henceforth be taken in, or rather taken out by the South-Eastern Railway; at least, when rapidity of travelling is the object of the tourist. We should recommend the Company to try the other tack, and adopt the "enough-for-one's money" line of advertisement, by showing how the greatest quantity of time, and the smallest amount of cash, may be spent on the route between London and Paris. With this view a series of attractive posting-bills might be got up with such catch-lines as

"CIRCUITOUS ROUTE," "CURVES OF BEAUTY" "PLEASURES OF THE ROUNDABOUT;"

and stress could also be laid upon the opportunities of being present at the

"GREAT PUBLIC MEETING"

of two or three trains at one station, where the delay caused by the irregularity of one or all, gives ample opportunity for

"LISTENING TO THE SPEECHES"

of the impatient travellers, as well as for hearing the

"DISTANT TINKLING OF THE BELLS"

of the Electric Telegraph, creating a sort of

"Semi-realization of the pleasures of Arcadia, with the Silver Tones of the Sheep Bells in the shadowy distance."

When it may be added, moreover, that all this can be enjoyed

"At a Single Fare,"

the attraction seems almost irresistible. To those who take delight rather in the picturesqueness of scenery than in the less substantial charms of poesy, much might be offered in the

"GRAND PANORAMIC EFFECT"

produced by the

"SAILING OF THE STEAMER FROM THE HARBOUR IN SIGHT OF THE TRAIN;"

a double *coup* combining the

"SURPRISE AND EXCITEMENT OF MISSING THE BOAT,"

with admiration at the prospect of

"MIGHTY OCEAN,"

and the pleasing anticipation of

"A DAY AND NIGHT AT THE PAVILION HOTEL IN FOLKSTONE."

These are some of the every-day *agrémens* experienced during a trip, by those who are caught tripping on the South-Eastern Railway, under the impression that they are going to

"PARIS IN 12 HOURS."

The Inconveniences of being Fat.

WE read in the account of the Northumberland Agricultural Show, that

"The morning was so very hot and oppressive that the poor animals seemed, from their fitness, to suffer greatly, and their keepers to alleviate their distress, occasionally washed their faces with water."

We are told their humanity did not stop here. Many of the pigs were provided with salts and smelling-bottles, whilst an old Boar, who had evidently a great deal upon his mind on account of his enormous obesity, which completely weighed him to the ground, was kindly favoured with a copy of the *Familiar Instructions for making Wills*. He filled up the form in the usual manner, gave a grateful grunt, and died shortly afterwards. We believe he left everything to the generous master who had brought him up all the way from Hampshire, and had never left his side once since he had been upon the road.

SOLVENCY AND SONG.—The Royal Italian Opera, by advertisement, has invited all persons having claims on it to send in their accounts for payment. Hence we have the pleasure of concluding that this well-conducted establishment is paying in gold as well as notes.

MR. PUNCH'S SONGS OF THE HEART.

(Heighs! They are making quite a snob of me.)

"WILT THOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?"

"DEAREST, THEN I'LL LOVE THEE MORE!"

THE MUSICAL LETTER-WRITERS.

THE song-writers have at length happily exhausted the Loves of the Lights; and we hope soon to be released altogether from further invitations to evince our affection towards the Merry Sunlight, the Dewy Starlight, the Gentle Moonlight, the Gaudy Gaslight, and the Dreary Rushlight, which have been recently the musical idols of our great Metropolis. The degrees of comparison have also, we trust, had their day; and we shall no longer be apostrophised as "Dearest," with a promise of being "loved more" or "less than then," or "then as now," or "now or never," or "once again as half,"—a style of song-writing which has so severely worked the grammatical degrees, that comparisons have been rendered doubly odious.

The Grammarian, however, having been laid aside by the balladists, the Writing-master has been taken up with much earnestness, and a shower of "Wilt thou write to me's?" "Yes, I'll write to thee's," "Did'st thou write to me's?" and "May I write to thee's?" has been poured forth from the London music-shops.

We know how very apt the balladists are to be seized with corresponding sentiments; for one of them has only to say or sing, "Wilt thou meet me?" and a dozen voices respond immediately with "Yes, I'll meet thee,—Price two shillings;" so that if the Letter-duet mania has once regularly set in among the song-writers, we may expect that there will be a dozen answers by return of post to every one who puts in the form of a ballad the exceedingly suggestive question, "Wilt thou write to me?"

As the subject begins to be pursued in earnest, we may anticipate its being carried further than mere invitations to write, and we shall find the balladists diving deeper into the matter by asking, "Dearest, didst thou pay the Post?" or inquiring, in reference to a letter received, "Was it headless then as now?" followed by an exclamatory ballad of "I was charg'd a penny more!" together with a variety of songs in the same strain, which the postal turn lately taken by our lyric poets will be suggestive of.

We beg leave to throw out a few hints in the shape of "Titles for songs," inasmuch as the difficulty of "making a title" is the chief

one that occurs in creating a good interest in lyrical as well as in landed property:—

"SIX LESSONS I HAVE TAKEN, LOVE!"

"WILT THOU TAKE SIX LESSONS MORE?"

"DEAREST, IS IT WRONG TO WRITE?"

"OH, GIVE ME BUT A PENNY STAMP!"

"THY LETTER, LIKE MY HOPES, IS DEAD!"

"MY INK'S MY OWN, MY PEN IS FREE!"

Something Short and Sharp.

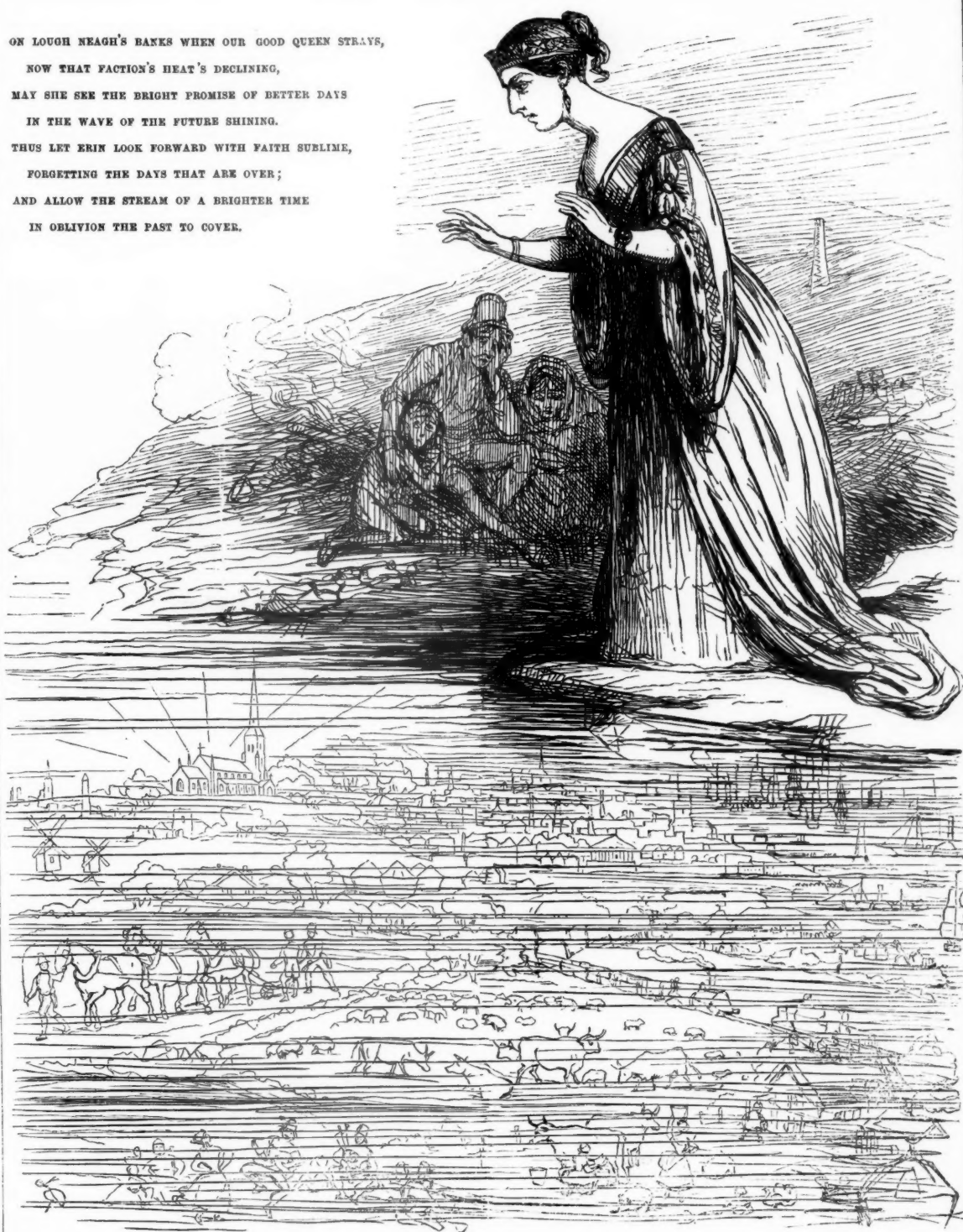
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE has been distributing alms among the poor at Damascus, and it is said that he has put the population into such excellent humour with him, that he has positively improved the temper of the Damascus blades, an achievement hitherto regarded as almost impossible.

LET ERIN FORGET THE DAYS OF OLD.

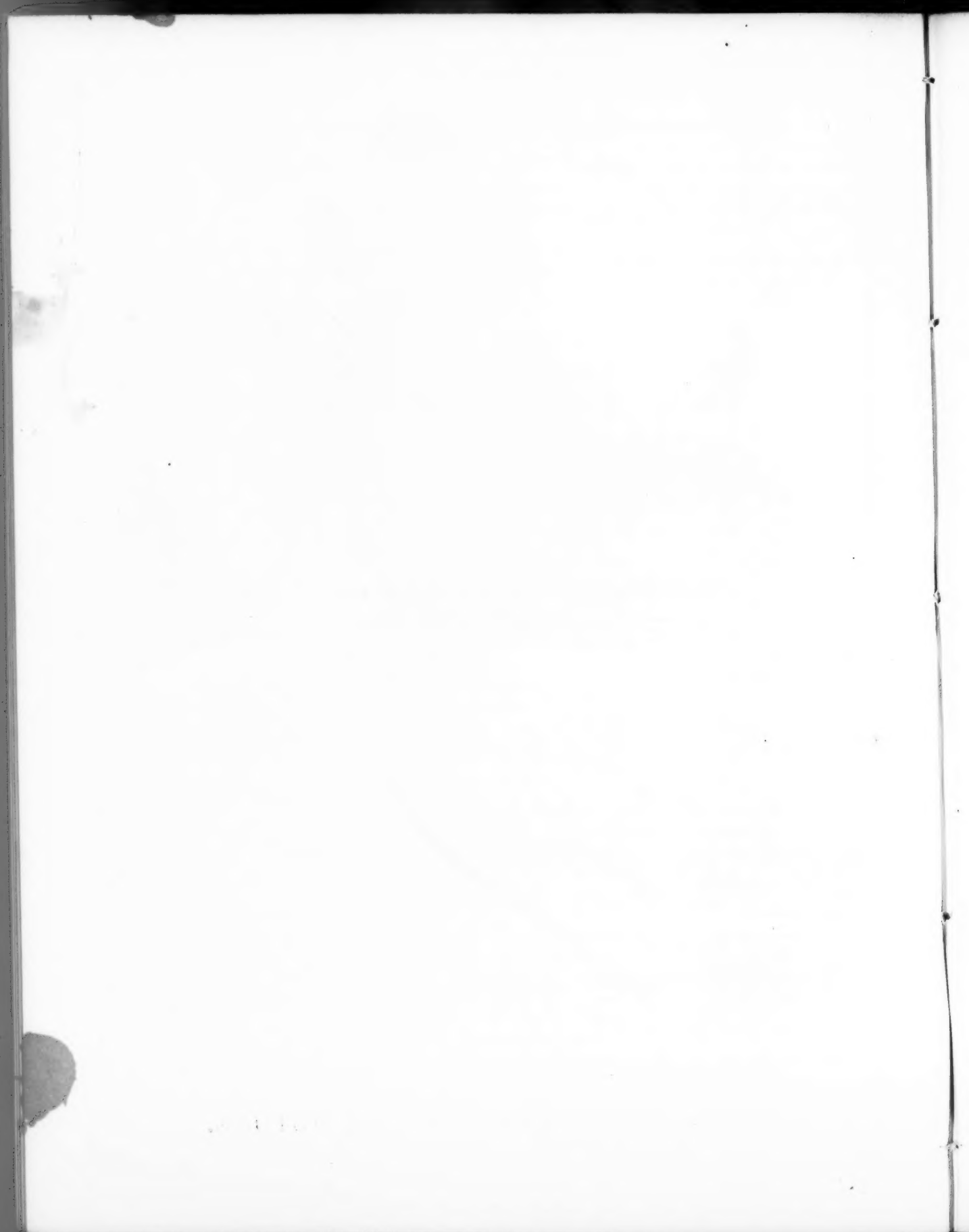
LET ERIN forget the days of old,
When her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Charlatans wrung from her hand the gold,
Which with "Blarney" they repaid her;
When her sons, as green as the flag they unfurl'd,
Were led into anarchy's danger,
By those who abuse at the Saxon hurl'd—
As a tyrant, a foe, and a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's banks when our good QUEEN strays,
Now that faction's heat's declining,
May she see the bright promise of better days
In the wave of the future shining.
Thus let ERIN look forward with faith sublime,
Forgetting the days that are over;
And allow the stream of a brighter time
In oblivion the past to cover.

ON LOUGH NEAGH'S BANKS WHEN OUR GOOD QUEEN STRAYS,
NOW THAT FACTION'S HEAT'S DECLINING,
MAY SHE SEE THE BRIGHT PROMISE OF BETTER DAYS
IN THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE SHINING.
THUS LET ERIN LOOK FORWARD WITH FAITH SUBLIME,
FORGETTING THE DAYS THAT ARE OVER;
AND ALLOW THE STREAM OF A BRIGHTER TIME
IN OBLIVION THE PAST TO COVER.



IRELAND—A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.



MIS-PELLING OF HOMBURG.



AN advertisement now lying before us, headed "BATHS OF HOMBURG, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine," announces that—

"The proprietors of the mineral springs at Homburg have the honour of informing their numerous friends in England and elsewhere, that the CASINO is OPEN, as in former years."

What is the connection between the Baths of Homburg and the Casino? The Swimming Baths in Holborn, some little time ago, were converted into such an establishment, and we should be glad to know if the Homburg Baths have undergone a similar transformation. Among

other attractions pertaining to these Baths, the advertisement mentions the following:—

"A new club has been established this year, to which strangers are admitted, and in which the games of trente-et-quarante and roulette are played, the same advantages being reserved to the players as in former years when the public was admitted indiscriminately."

We are afraid that the Baths of Homburg near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, savour too much of the Main and the Deep. We have no objection to aquatic exercise in safe water, but had rather not indulge in rolling at roulette and sportively gambling at trente-et-quarante, exposed to the peril of sharks. Assuredly the Humane Society would designate the Waters of Homburg as "Dangerous." Give us, in preference, the straightforward bathing of the Serpentine. We suspect that people resort to Homburg, not to improve health but to stand the hazard of the die. It is to be wished that the advertisers would call these Baths by their right name, or at least be correct in its orthography, and when next they put their puff in the papers, change *o* into *u*, in "Homburg," and strike out the *r*.

NEWSPAPER MEDICAL LITERATURE.

REALLY, ordinary newspapers ought to let medical science alone. The following article, which appeared in one of our contemporaries, on a case of pulmonary disease, is calculated to have a very pernicious effect, by diffusing the most erroneous notions respecting the nature and treatment of that dangerous class of maladies:—

"A Surprising Cure of a Bad Cold that had settled on the Lungs, by Holloway's Pills.—JANE K. was reduced to a mere skeleton, owing to a violent cold, so that her liver and lungs had become dangerously affected; when she last attended Bartholomew's Hospital, her mother was told by a medical gentleman, 'that he scarcely thought she would live to reach home.' Her father, then, as a *forlorn hope*, commenced rubbing her chest, sides, and loins, with HOLLOWAY'S Ointment, and gave her these famous Pills twice a-day, which, to the surprise of all, saved the child's life and effected a perfect cure.—See Advt."

To speak of "a Bad Cold that had settled on the Lungs," is to indulge in a very loose kind of medical phraseology. The assertion that a patient "was reduced to a mere skeleton, owing to a violent cold, so that her liver and lungs had become dangerously affected," evinces grossly unsound pathology. From the punctuation of the sentence, it is evident that the pulmonary and hepatic diseases are ascribed to the emaciation; whereas that phenomenon, had it been actual, would have been the consequence of those affections, if they had existed; both of which circumstances we doubt.

The medical gentlemen at Bartholomew's are too well versed in diagnosis to have made the remark attributed to one of them, except on a person in the last stage of consumption, bronchitis, pericarditis, or other organic or active disease, who would be curable neither by the pills and ointment of HOLLOWAY, nor by those of anybody else. We protest against a statement tending to recommend the treatment of any such disease with those medicines; a species of practice which would almost certainly be followed by fatal results. The representation that the child's life was saved by HOLLOWAY'S pills and ointment, is, we believe, wholly false, even admitting there was a particle of truth in the case. We must add that the style of the writer is utterly unprofessional, and we could almost fancy that this monograph of his upon catarrh was one of those puffing paragraphs which certain unprincipled journals, for a consideration, allow to be inserted by Quacks.

AN ALARMING STATE OF THINGS.

We see advertised in the morning papers "Ladies' Vests." We cannot imagine what a lady wants with such a thing, but this gradual invasion of the gentleman's attire begins to alarm us. They have already stolen our paleots, they now seize upon our vests. Gracious goodness! what will they take next!!!!

MORE AGRICULTURAL FONETICS.

MANY of the prizes at the Agricultural Shows are astonishing in their small mysterious way. For instance, in our profound Cockney ignorance, we cannot help expressing our astonishment at the following prizes given at Morpeth, in Northumberland.

First of all there was, £5 "for the best pen of 10 gimmers." What is a "gimmer?" We thought we were acquainted with all sorts of pens, from the "ever-pointed," with which we always write, down to the "never-pointed," with which our imitators try to copy us. We must send to PERRY, who has a different pen for every day of the year, and ask him to send us a few dozen of his best "gimmers." We feel a powerful inclination to write a tragedy for ANDERSON; and we should say "a pen with 10 gimmers," would be the very thing to write it with.

We reserve, however, the most astonishing thing of all for the last. It beats all the Fonetics we ever read; and we cannot make out how such things appear in print.

Here it is in its disgraceful literalness.

To ROBERT BROWN, 53 years in the service of Mr. SELBY, a prize of £3.

That is to say, 53 years of service are rewarded with less than a "pen of 10 gimmers!" We can imagine ROBERT BROWN almost regretting he had not been born a "gimmer." "£3 for 53 years of farm-service!" It is not fourteenpence a year. No wonder good servants are so scarce!

Of all Agricultural Fonetics, the prizes to servants are the most unintelligible. It is time that the Lords and Dukes who preside with such patronage at these Shows, began to put a little English sense into them; and, if they put a little English money also, the generosity would be generally welcomed as an act of good sense. At present, it hurts one to read, "£3 was given for 53 years' service." Such a paragraph is a disgrace to the age. Our greatest astonishment is, that the wealthy chairman who presided on the above occasion, ever allowed it to pass. Who would have thought it of a princely nobleman like the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND?

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE PARIS PRESS.

SOME of the Parisian Journals are exemplifying the practice of Political Economy by a new system, which consists of a rigid economy with reference to their own political articles. The plan saves a vast deal of trouble both to writer and reader; for the former simply republishes what he has written before, and the latter is of course spared the necessity of reading it.

Consistency in a political writer is a very fine thing, no doubt; but we think there are very few subscribers to a newspaper who would go on taking it in while the writers merely reprinted their old articles for the purpose of showing the durability of their principles. Frequently when the cry of "Copy" is ringing in our ears, and the printer's imp is waiting below—while we wish him lower still—at such a moment it would often be a boon to us to be enabled to say, "Reprint such and such an article which we wrote five years ago, for our sentiments remain the same as they were." But alas! we know full well, that the public will not take even from us, "too much of a good thing;" and that it is by providing an interminable succession of good things, that we retain our hold upon the hearts, the minds, the affections, the feelings—and oh! must we add the threepeences!—of the world in general.

We dare not imitate our Parisian contemporaries in the repetition of an article, a paragraph, a sentence, or even a line, that has once been sent forth; nor could we hazard even the announcement, that "in consequence of the immense and astounding success of our last new joke, it will shortly be repeated." So strong and conscientious are our scruples against anything in the shape of re-iteration in those pages, which some poet has described by happy anticipation, as "ever sparkling, ever new," that we sometimes grow almost indignant over our own advertising page, and feel tempted to tear out the "real gentleman's head of hair" by the roots, and issue our external leaf in a bald state, rather than allow the "real gentleman's head" to get a permanent footing.

Arts and Murder.

We are in truth a very domestic people. No sooner is an atrocious murder perpetrated, than the wretch becomes an object of the greatest social interest. His birth, education, early habits, are all a matter of daily import. It is a pity that art is not criticised with the same minuteness as homicide. Carve a magnificent statue, and our most enlightened press will devote the smallest of paragraphs to the triumph; cut a throat, and lo! there are half-a-dozen columns!

AFFECTING—RATHER!



Alfred. "TELL ME MY OWN ONE. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY BEFORE I GO?"

Emma. "YES DEAREST—DO NOT—OH DO NOT FORGET TO BRING THE—TH—BRUNSWICK SAUSAGE FROM F-F-F-FORT—NUM AND MASON'S."

A TEDIOUS SPELL OF IT.

We cannot be surprised at the serious misunderstanding that has occurred on the subject of Hungary, when such a simple thing as "a few words" must lead to a most serious misunderstanding, inasmuch as not one of the few words we ever saw can be understood at all, and, indeed, we have seriously damaged our dexter superior molar, in an attempt to utter a sentence.

An effort has been made by one of our contemporaries to furnish a key to the virtual lock of the jaw under which we labour, when attempting to give loose to the Hungarian tongue, but we gather nothing beyond the facts that *o* and *u* are liable to dots, and that the acute accent determines whether a vowel is long or short, but with all our acuteness, we cannot make out the long and the short of it.

As the fonetic enthusiasts are having a slack time of it in this country, we should recommend them going out in a body to Hungary, for the purpose of taking a few doses of the Magyar pronunciation, and if they can cram it down their throats without cracking their jaws, we shall admit they are the very ostriches of pronunciation, and are capable of digesting anything.

The Discipline of Princes.

THE *Court Circular* of August 21, chronicles the circumstance that on the morning of that day "HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, attended by MR. BIRCH, rode out on horseback." This announcement suggests a congratulatory remark on the progress of Royal education. JAMES THE FIRST in his nonage was horsed and flogged, like any other youthful scholar, by his tutor. It is pleasing to reflect that the PRINCE OF WALES'S ride attended by BIRCH was a *bond fide* equestrian excursion.

A NOBLE NICKNAME.—For the magnificent speech made by VICTOR HUGO at the Peace Congress at Paris, *Mr. Punch* feels imperatively called upon to dub that celebrated writer the VICTOR OF PEACE.

REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

It appears that the French had in view some other less harmless restoration than the restoration of the Pope, in their recent proceedings at Rome, for they have been lately caught in the act of endeavouring to restore some of the works of art, that contribute to the lustre of the Eternal City. It is rather hard upon the originators of these immortal specimens of art to be, as it were, chiselled out of their still out-standing instalment of renown, by having their best works handed down to future generations in such guise—such egregious guys—as those to which they are reduced by the French restoration party. A work of art had need to be immortal indeed, if it can outlive the treatment to which the artistic improvers are in the habit of subjecting all which they lay their hands upon. *Nihil tetigit quod non spoliavit*, may be the motto of any one of these gentlemen, for everything added is exactly so much taken away from the object tampered with.

We have not heard the precise extent to which the restoration mania has been carried; but we can imagine the *Apollo Belvedere* being changed into the *Apollo Bruto-pedere* by the French mode of treatment. Perhaps the addition of a beard may have been perpetrated in a spirit of bald-faced impudence; and the legs may be encased in modern pantaloons, by an impulse of truly clownish ignorance. We are sure that our readers will be unable to picture for themselves such a desecration of art; and we therefore present them with a picture from which we request they will turn away with due horror, when they have once glanced at it.

Perhaps after all, the truth may be, that the French consider they owe the Romans some reparation; but if the debt is to be paid by repairing their statues, it would be better to leave such liabilities wholly without liquidation.



THE APOLLO BELVEDERE AS RESTORED BY THE FRENCH.

The School of Jack Ketch.

THE number and atrocity of the murders which have lately occurred must have been remarked with horror by everybody. This is what might have been expected from the abolition of death punishment, brought about by the mawkish sentimentalists.

Since making the above observations we find that we have been dreaming, and while all these murders are in course of commission, there is an execution about every week.

AMERICAN STRIPES.—It is the boast of our American cousins that they flog Creation. This is a slight over-statement. They only flog the black portion of their fellow-creatures.

PUNCH'S CHEAP EXCURSION UP AND DOWN THE NILE.

THE traveller now begins to have the Second Cataract in his eye. He will be pleased doubtlessly to learn that the cliffs on this bank are composed of an extremely friable material. We never knew ourselves that stones were subjected to the same process as liver-and-bacon, but we suppose, when taken out of the frying-pan, they make a very good stony-batter. OLD SATURN, that tremendous lapidary, must have been the inventor of this dish.

The Egyptian towns are very hard to recollect. Their names seem to be a happy mixture of the Welsh and Hungarian. If they had been called upon, like the Spanish towns in the time of DON CARLOS, to have pronounced, they must have been completely dumb-founded, for it is not so easy to pronounce a name that scarcely has a vowel, or a liquid running through it. But probably the Egyptians wisely thought as their principal towns were only cemeteries, with a large floating population of mummies, that they were best described by mutes?

A curious race of people these Egyptians must have been! Their great end of life was Death. They were no sooner born than they thought about dying. The whole nation seemed to live in a sort of forcing Pyramid. An Egyptian did not care so much where he lodged so long as he knew where he was to be buried. His greatest comfort was the idea of being made a nice mummy of. His card was an epitaph. He was walking about with a tombstone continually in his hand. In fact, the largeness of the Pyramids is a standing proof, if proof be wanting, what a set of tremendous undertakers the Egyptians were! Their Present was the Future. This may partly account for their being so much in advance of other nations. To speak extravagantly, they seemed to calculate Time with a death-watch, which they wound up with a skeleton-key! They made themselves in fact so familiar with Death, that they invited him to all their feasts, and put him at the head of the table at all their weddings, anniversaries, pic-nics, and grand dinners. It is but right to mention, however, one glorious exception to the above rule! and that is the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House.

But let us jump from grave to gay. We will have a *tête-à-tête* with the Sphinx—the greatest block head that was ever known. It is supposed to be a portrait of one of the RAMSES, but we fancy it is much more like the features of KEELEY, only not quite so stolid. In any case, KEELEY or PTOLEMY, it is the first portrait that was ever taken in stone. It is a coloured portrait also, the cheeks being tinged with a fine port wine glow. The colouring, we have been told, is done after STONE—one of his earliest attempts at lithographing.

It is a strange freak to construct a statue to commemorate a riddle, and yet not so strange either, when we consider what perfect riddles our own statues are!

A phrenologist has never yet examined the bumps of the Sphinx. We recommend that the British Association holds its next sitting in Egypt expressly upon that head.

If disappointed with the Sphinx, they might have a *Matinée Musicale* with MEMNON, and listen to his singing "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls." We have been informed there is but one fault in the style of MEMNON's singing,—and that is, like many of our singers, he sings too much from the head—otherwise when he is in good voice and has not a cold, he goes higher than any one else, and his singing would undoubtedly fill any national theatre, since it has repeatedly filled the Desert.

We are happy to be able to state in praise of this established singer, that he has never broken an engagement yet, or refused once during his long career to sing in his proper time and place, for he has ever held himself above temptation, and would never plead a "Sudden Indisposition" when he was invited out to dinner or a lobster supper.

There are many other statues—some that are standing, a few that are sitting, whilst several are lying down at full length in the sand or buried up to their chins in it; and there are temples and pyramids also to match. The Kings of Egypt must have been brought up for stone-cutters. The Nile seems to run through a mason's yard. Everything, too, is on such a gigantic scale of measurement, that the mind is obliged to look at them through the small end of the opera-glass before it can take them in. Oh! if the Great Pyramid could, like CHATEAUBRIAND, publish its "*Mémoires D'Ouverture*!"

But how close it is! The painting is so accurate that it has almost copied the stifling atmosphere. You can scarcely breathe. And see! what immense volume of smoke is that? Is it one of JAMES'S? No! it is the Simoom—the Parcel's Delivery Company of the East—so you had better come away—unless you wish "to be left in Egypt till called for."

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN SILVER.

THE first step has just been taken to place the British coinage on an entirely novel ground, and with a view to put it on a fresh foundation, the Mint has lately laid down a *new florin*.

A CHANCE FOR HIGH-BORN LADIES.



He is a Roman Catholic (not Irish), but free from prejudices. The qualities he seeks for in the Lady are, a sweet voice, an amiable, loving disposition, and the usual accomplishments; also silky hair [no wigs allowed], good teeth [not from the dentist's], a pretty-shaped bust (of any size), beautiful hands, arms, feet, and ankles, and to dress à la Française. The age of the Lady is, in his opinion, a point of only secondary importance [anything between sixteen and sixty, if with ankles], and, as to fortune, he has no pretensions to aspire to it, he himself having but a very limited income [nevertheless, no woman without funds can be treated with]. Should these lines come under the notice of a Lady who is similarly disposed, she is earnestly entreated by the Gentleman to write to him, as he assures her that she may place implicit reliance in his honour to keep secret for ever everything in the slightest degree connected with the affair. To facilitate an interview, the Gentleman would come to any part of the kingdom [being a distinguished bagman, and travelling at the expense of the firm], most convenient to the Lady. Letters to be addressed (by post only) to —, under cover to —, E—et, F—ace, L—.

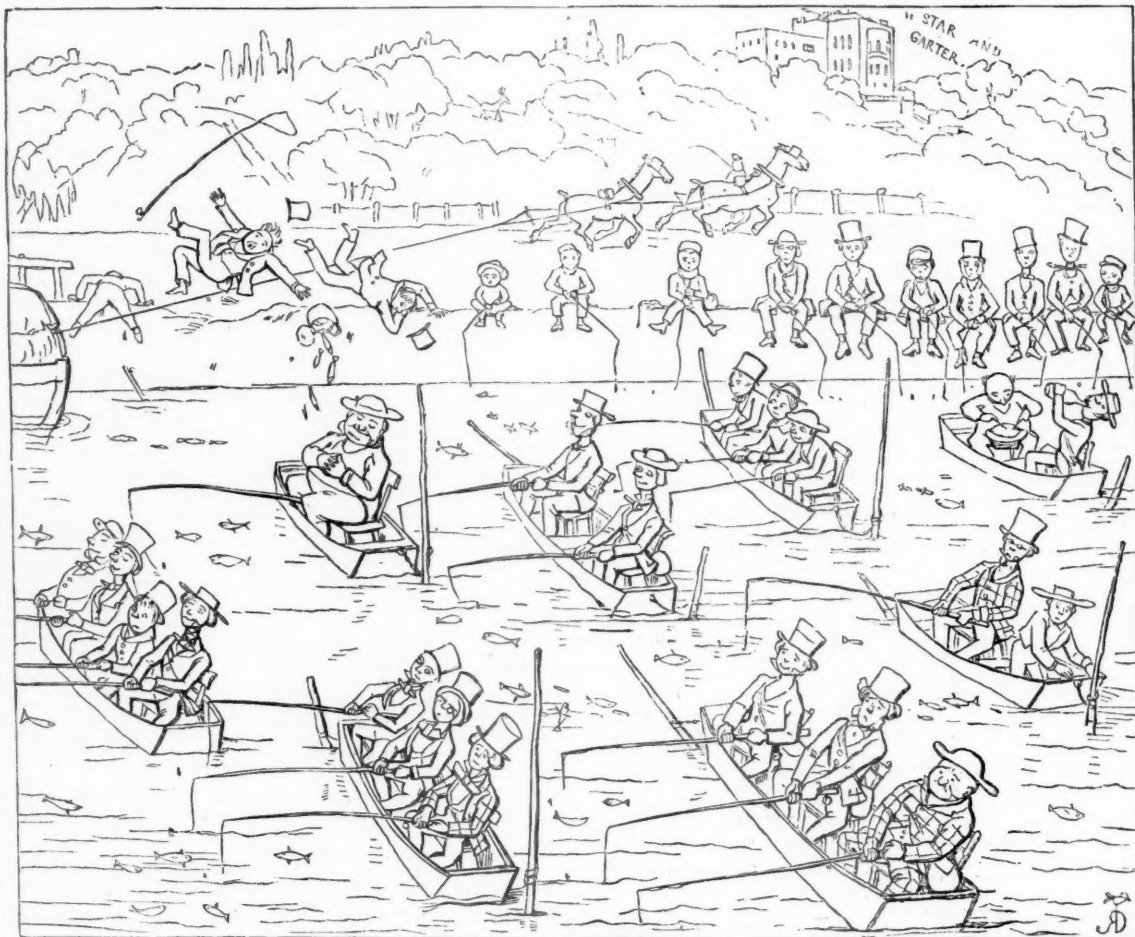
Punch sent the above, duly interpolated, to the printer. In five minutes the "devil" came in with the copy; and, as Punch conceived, with a somewhat contemptuous glance and manner even for a Printer's Diabolus, said,—"La, Sir! you'll never be gammoned by this. Don't you see it's only a myth—yes, Sir, a myth. The 'vertisement's' from no gent. at all, but from Mr. Jenkins, of the *Morning Post*, that wants to marry Mrs. Gamp, of the *Morning Herald*."

"PORTABLE" INVENTIONS?

We have all heard of "Portable Soup," a small piece of which, no bigger than a thimble, was said to be sufficient to lunch like a dozen Irishmen. You could carry about with you any soup you liked: Mock Turtle, the delicate Gravy, the vigorous Ox-tail, the ardent Mulligatawny, could all be had at a moment's notice, providing you had such a thing about you as a handful of coals, and a grate to burn them in, besides a saucepan to help you to melt your soup, and a soup-plate and spoon, with cayenne, salt, bread, and pepper, to enable you to eat it, when melted. All these little disadvantages may have tended to stop the career of the "Portable Soup," for, though promising, like most new inventions, to go a very great way, it seems completely to have been dropt, like one of MR. CHISHOLM ANSTERY's motions, because no one could be got to carry it.

Now we have "Portable Milk." A small jar of this solidified material we are told, contains the equivalent of six gallons of fluid milk. If this is true, we shall be buying milk by the yard, or the square inch. We shall be astonished in the morning with the cry of "Portable Milk, ho!"—and the old pleasantry of requesting the aqueous milkman to "give us the milk in one jug and the water in another, as we prefer mixing it ourselves," must soon become exploded. Another advantage will be, the easy plan of testing our new "Portable Milk," when delivered, by rubbing it slightly against the door-post; and if there should appear to be any sign of chalk in its composition, not to pay the milkman his score.

We think the rage for "Portable" This, That, and Everything, has been already carried far enough. Didn't some maniac propose the other day a "Portable House of Commons?" Just as if any one could endure such a thing, when it is as much as the nation can do to bear the present House!



THE SPORT OF PUNTE-FYSHINGE OFF RICHMOND.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Wednesday, August 22, 1849.—This Day to Richmond, to go a Fishing on the River, which LARKYNS do tell me is rare Sport, and with me MR. ITCHENBROOKE, out of Hampshire, a cunning Angler, who did mightily desire to see what this Sport should be. So first we out in a Boat below Richmond Bridge, where a Dozen or more of Punte full of People a Fishing, and rowed among them to observe the Manner of doing it, which is sinking with a Gentle, sitting upon Chairs, and smoking Cigars and Pipes of Tobacco, and drinking cold Brandy and Water, and did move MR. ITCHENBROOKE to Laughter. We did note one young Spark lying at full Length, in a Punte's End, asleep, and did conclude he had had enough of the Fishing, or else of the Brandy and Water. Some very silent, and bent on their Sport, but others bandying Fun and Jokes, and shouting for Joy and Merriment whenever they caught a Fish, which MR. ITCHENBROOKE do say is not the Wont of a Sportsman. Among the Fishers I did note with Wonder one or two Damsels; but MR. WAGSTAFFE do say it is a common Thing for Ladies to fish for Gudgeons. Several of them also quite old Men; but seeming as much taken up with their Fishing as Schoolboys, though catching Nothing but little Fish not a Span long. So, satisfied with looking at the Sportsmen, we to try the Quality of the Sport ourselves, and did hire a Punte, and Fishing Tackle, and a Man to guide the Punte, and bait our Hooks, and did take on board a Stone-Bottle of Half-and-Half Beer, to follow the Fashion. Pretty, to see our Man sound the Depth of the River with a Plumb, to resolve whereabouts on our Lines to place the Float, and glad to have him to put the Bait on, being Gentles,

which I was loath to touch. Our Hooks no sooner dropped into the Water than MR. ITCHENBROOKE did pull up a Fish about the Bigness of a Sprat, though, but for the Punte Man, he would have thrown it in again, saying that he never heard of keeping any Fish under Half-a-Pound, and that whilst such small Fry were killed there would be no good Fish in the River. But Lack! to see how my Float did bob up and down, and me jerk at my Line, but generally bring up a Weed. Did marvel at the Punte-Man flinging Lumps of Earth and Meal into the Water to attract the Fish, which methought would either have driven them away or surfeited them, but did not, and the Trick did much divert MR. ITCHENBROOKE. We did catch Roach and Dace to the Number of fifteen, which my Companion did call seven Brace-and-a-Half; and I caught the Half: I mean the Half-Brace. Our Fishing did last two Hours, cost 3s., and 6d. besides for the Beer, but we had much Mirth for our Time and Money, though little Fish, and yet more Fish than some our Man did show us, saying they had been at it all the Day. So to Dinner at the Star and Garter, where a most brave Dinner and excellent Wine, and pretty Discourse with MR. ITCHENBROOKE of true Sport in Fishing and the Art of Whipping for Trout with an Imitation Fly, made out of coloured Silk Thread and Birds' Feathers, which I do mightily admire, and intend to practise if ever I have Nothing else to do. But methinks I could catch more Fish in a Thames Punte, having only to drop in my Hook and pull it out again. Our Dinner ended, cost me 1l. 9s. 0d., went and bought 6d. worth of Maids of Honour at the Pastrycook's, and did take them Home to my Wife.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

THE PARLIAMENT OF PEACE IN PARIS.



LORD BROUGHAM lays it down as his belief, that the best way to bind MARS over to keep the peace, is to be ready to maul the bully MARS, when about to bluster. With his Lordship, VULCAN is your best constable between nations. Continuing amity is forged at the sword-maker's; an intermingling of best intentions between state and state is fused, and flows with the scorching, blinding metal that, directed, forms itself into forty-two pounders. Your hardy olive flourishes only in a soil of nitre and brimstone, and the lips of assuring peace are the ports that show the adamant teeth of a three-decker. Fifty years ago, the fine gentleman was no more to be seen without his sword, than a scorpion without its sting. The true gentleman never, but as a mark of courtesy, gave the wall: he might need the wall to lay his back to, whilst with his yard of civil steel he made an eyelet-hole or so in the body of a ruffling passenger. Very fine gentlemen would now and then, in club or coffee-house, take one another by the throat, and the sword being at hand, a few chivalrous thrusts were made, and one was killed, or one or both were scratched. And yet the swords being ready, for such reason the gentlemen should not have fought. The very sight of the steel should have counselled peace. Both being ready to kill, both should have amicably embraced. We take it, such is the theory of the peace-makers who believe that War can only go to sleep in a replenished arsenal: that War, to be made nobody of, must have some fifty thousand troops and a fleet of the line to do ceremony to his insignificance. Now, we do not see why BULL and CROPAUD may not take their swords from their sides, even as their children, the descendants of the fine sparks of the Mall and Versailles, have put away their daily iron.

LORD BROUGHAM assures the staring world that he was invited to put an olive twig in his button-hole, and make one of the Parliament of Peace assembling in the Hall of melodious St. Cecilia. Surely, the men of peace could not, in any manner or way, have better shown their simple truthfulness than by such invitation. It would have been a great triumph in the eyes of the nations to show HENRY BROUGHAM side by side with RICHARD CORDEN. The eulogist of the blatant brain-sick Pope, and poor sulphureous King of Naples, shaking hands with goodman STURGE. The hurler of senatorial thunder at MAZZINI and such crass, forlorn folk, hob-and-nob with blacksmith BURRITT. And we shall see this yet.—Another year or so, and when PRESIDENT BUONAPARTE shall have been turned inside out—when every atom of the politic bran shall have been shaken from the republican doll, and the rag worked with the NAPOLEON name shall be a thing to make a leaf of paper for history—miserable history! little worthier than cut-purse chronicle—then we may see LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX at the Second Peace Congress of Paris; arrayed in robes of illustrative white, an olive branch twiddled 'tween his finger and thumb, an olive garland around his brows, and pacific words—a rich distillation of milk and honey—flowing and continually flowing from his tongue. And this—we feel prophetic in the matter—will happen in the reign or regency of King Somebody, or—who knows?—in the reign of the People, by the grace of God made Wise and Truthful among Themselves?

In the meantime what a simple farce is this Peace Congress! What mild, serene foolery, philosophers of the stithy and the counter, sages of calico and cotton-balls, meeting together and mumbling of peace, and at the time the cannon belch contemptuous of the prattle! Soft, drab-ended dreamers, who would dye red-coated war in their own dismal tint, and make alike buttonless and swordless the brass-and-iron soldier—dull-minded men, who do not behold in regimental feathers the plumes of paradise; and with sacrilegious foot would kick a mortal hole in the glorifying parchment of the muttering drum. "Poor souls! Their insanity is harmless"—says FRONTDEBEUF of the Horse Guards—"nevertheless, they should be put down. Asses, sir, revolutionists and scoundrels—tradesmen, spinners, and all that. I wouldn't hurt a hair of their heads, poor idiots! nevertheless, I'd shoot 'em all—for a proper example—shoot every one of 'em."

It is such high, gusty, smothery words that the Peace Congress has brought down upon itself. The peace-makers of St. Cecilia's Hall have been laughed at; in a small way—threatened; and then dismissed with a shout of contempt. They are harmless madmen—say the more charitable—who would arm dragoons with cuirasses of straw; so let them labour at their insane work, the while their moon is at the full. And mad they would be, past the hopeless lunacy of Bedlam, did they expect, with the fullness of success, to preach peace to all men. But they have begun the sermon—this is something. They would make an assent to the creed of peace the test of civilization. They must begin

somewhere. Hopeless they know it would be to preach peace in Russia. The mission as yet would be a dreary jest in St. Petersburg. What then?

"The circle widens as the world spins round."

France and England, with hand grasped in hand, are teachers that the world must listen to. Hosts may ground arms at such a spectacle. The silent might of such mutual amity, the assurance of the true dignity of Christian men as taught by the Martyr of Peace—defies the roar of parks of artillery. England and France hand in hand may awe the world to peace. Their friendship is mightier than their armies. Let the preachers of peace secure France, and they may then give a turn to the globe and go on. As yet, we confess, Austria must cleanse her human slaughter-house with many sweetening lustrations, ere she can receive a Congress of Peace. And we have no hope that men made of the red mud that forms a HAYNAU—the accused ruffian, upon whom the contempt of good men hangs like a garment—can be brought to the Peace School, and made for good and aye to wash their hands of carnage. If JOSEPH STURGE, visiting wild beasts, can read the tigers and hyenas from their evening meal—make them, with a peace homily, crouch and listen, their garbage left untouched—then may the Peace Congress hope to tame into human meekness, to convert to Christianity, the race of bloodshedders that yet defile the world for the curse of human kind, and blasphemously sing *Te Deum*—praising God, when they do worst murder upon God's creatures.

Any way, the cause of peace has been reverently preached, and reverently listened to, in the warlike city of Paris. Within a walk of the tomb of the great peace-breaker—who turned kingdoms into graves, and whose miserable purple was dyed in the heart's blood of human freedom—even there peace has been worshipped. With all the glory that, in the ignorance of his abused nature, man associates with human destruction—with all the splendour that reeks from a battle-field—"God the first garden made," and the first battle-field the Devil—with all the historic pomp and fame besetting the tomb of NAPOLEON, the deified soldier is but a ruffian of enormous mischief,—tested by the great Spirit of Peace, the Spirit that sublimated the looks of its first Preacher—the Spirit that said, love one another,—the spirit that, under the cannon that engirdle Paris, preaches peace and goodwill to all men. NAPOLEON in his violet robe—beset with golden bees—the bees, that, as in the lion of the olden day, swarmed in carcasses—NAPOLEON, with his Pope-blessed crown clipping his homicidal brain, is, after all, a portentous, glistening evil—contrasted with our Quaker friend who, risen in the Hall of St. Cecilia, condemns aggressive war as an abomination—a nuisance that it behoves man, in this season of his soul's progress, with all his heart and all his mind, to denounce and renounce, as unchristian, vile, and brutifying. The drab against the purple; and, in our small thoughts, the drab, so preaching, carries it.

And the Members of the Peace Parliament—most significant visit!—were taken to the Palace of Versailles—that huge, golden den of self-deified ignorance. This was a slight even upon the poor, thin shade of the Fourteenth LOUIS. Was it permitted to the abused shadow to know it? And his mistresses—the soft delicate things that put such a bloom upon vice, as though the sweet guilt would last for ever, defying grave-dust—where were they, their ancient sin-cursed home invaded by Quaker women, female Friends?

However, LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH may be said to have presided at the playing of the waters—played especially for the delectation of the Ambassadors of Peace. Waters! Are they waters? No; we look at them, our imagination bleared with the thought of the cost of Versailles—its cost of human happiness—and they are not waters, they are blood—streams and jets of blood flowing from the outraged heart of France.

The thought is past, and again the waters play—play to the pleased eyes of English, American, and French. May their brightness and purity symbolize the spirit that shall live among the nations!

A LITTLE BIRD.

Not a Bad Judge.

A CAPTAIN writes from California:—

"The other day I had a Judge on board, who said he went to Oregon, appointed to that office by the United States, but that the inducement to come here in search of gold was so great that he gave up his appointment without leave or licence, and came to the diggings."

We have a high notion of this Yankee. Depend upon it, he had heard the Gold condemned, and thinking it in his heart "pure," he went out of his way purposely, as a good Judge, to give it a fair trial.

UNE VÉSUVIENNE.

AN Irishman, after expatiating very warmly upon the temper and beauty of LOLA MONTES, was asked if she didn't smoke? "Yes, Sir, she does," he exclaimed; "and so does every volcano—perhaps you'll show me the lovely crater that doesn't smoke?"

THE NURSEMAID'S FRIEND.



SCIENCE has given us the baby-jumper, by which we are enabled to carry out the common exclamation of "Hang those noisy children" without an act of infanticide, by suspending our youngsters in the air; and perhaps allowing them to have their full swing, without getting into mischief; but the apparatus for the nursery will not be complete until we have something in the shape of coops for our pretty little chickens, when they are "out with nurse," and she happens to have something better—or worse—to do than to look after them.

How often, in a most interesting part of a novel, or in the midst of a love passage of real life, in which the nurse is herself the heroine, how often, alas! is she not liable to be disturbed by the howl of a brat, with a cow's horn in his eye, a dog's teeth in his heels, or in some other awkward dilemma, which could not have arisen had the domestic Child-coop been an article of common use in the Metropolitan parks, or on the sands at the sea-side?

There is something very beautiful in the comparison of helpless infancy to a brood of young chickens, with its attendant imagery of "mother's wing," and all that sort of thing, but the allegory would be rendered much more complete by the application of the hen-coop to domestic purposes. We intend buying one for our own stud of *piccoli*—which means little pickles—and we hope to see all heads of families taking it into their heads to follow our example.

OH! REST THEE, MY DARLINGS.

AN enormous bed of oysters, between thirty and forty miles long, has recently been discovered between the coasts of France and England. Such a bed as this throws the great bed of Ware completely into the shade, and we have no doubt the bed will be awfully tumbled by the fishermen on both sides of the Channel pouncing down upon it. It is strange that the oysters should have remained so long undiscovered, but as they made their bed, so they probably thought they would lie without being disturbed; for the bed—like the oyster who first found it out—was rather a downy one.

We trust that there will be no jealousy on the subject between the French and English fishermen, for we should be sorry to see the place converted into what the song calls a "gory bed," by a contest for its possession. Rather than that any dispute should arise, it would be better for one country or the other to take out letters of naturalisation, to settle the question which is to regard the newly-discovered oysters as *Natives*, and which is to look on them in the light of aliens. By the old Common Law, a coroner can sit upon a mast found in the middle of the sea, but whether an action would lie upon an oyster bed, we are not prepared to say, without reference to the authorities.

We Live in Stirring Times.

AMONGST the curious names of the Russian, Austrian, and Hungarian officers we see there is a general of the name of SEDLITZ. We no longer wonder at the effervescence on the Continent, when there was always a SEDLITZ "up and stirring" amongst them. We can imagine SEDLITZ, when properly stirred, flying in the face of anything, and yet—such his delicious coolness!—that he was ever welcome in the heat of action. By the bye, we are rather anxious to know how SEDLITZ managed to keep his Powder dry?

TO PERSONS FOND OF REST.

"It is estimated," says the *Picayune*, "that only one-third of the gold collected in California is actually exported, the remaining two-thirds being retained as a rest."

What this rest is may be gathered from the following extract of a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*:—

"We hear every now and then of one man shooting another. Every man, even in the towns, is armed with pistols and knife. At the mines the Indians are shot down without compunction, and I believe every enormity committed that can be imagined. Madmen go about the towns at large till they destroy themselves."

When we heard that the persons who went to California were "mad for gold," we little thought it was so literally. It seems likely that the gold diggers will enjoy their "rest" in a Lunatic Asylum. Their new coins have the inscription, "Californian Gold without Alloy." It is a pity they cannot say as much of their happiness!

Better Late than Never.

It appears that EARL NELSON—blushing from head to foot at the recollection of the conduct of his dastardly ancestor, the plurality hunting parson who fawned on his brother's mistress, whilst the lion-hearted NELSON lived, and spat upon her when he had thrust his head into that NELSON's coronet,—it appears that the present Earl is about to raise a monument to the memory of the outraged LADY HAMILTON. It is to bear her name, with this inscription—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

A PRIZE SERVANT OF ALL-WORK.

WE take the liberty of introducing to the notice of Farmers the following valuable servant. It requires no clothing, no wages, no beer in harvest, no medicine in case of sickness, no blankets in winter, no workhouse when it gets old, no funeral when it dies. All it requires is just a few coals to keep it warm.

The servant in question was exhibited at the Dublin Agricultural Show, and continued to work for hours without once stopping. This is the description of what it can do in a general way:—

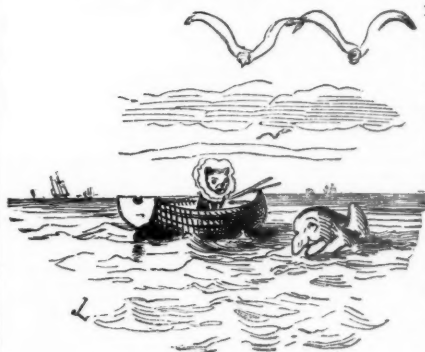
"It was a portable steam-engine on wheels, of five-horse power, capable of being attached to the gear of any farming machine in harvest, for threshing in winter, for pumping and draining, for cutting fodder of all kinds, for grinding corn, for bruising grain or beans for cattle, for chopping straw, for working a row of churns in a large dairy; in short, a small servant of all-work."

The farce of rewarding, at Agricultural Shows, servants who have passed a lifetime in their master's service, will now be done away with. The munificent sum of £3 will no longer be given to a man for 53 years' hard labour. It will be transferred to a steam-engine—only the great question is, where will our landlords get a steam-engine to work half so long? Flesh, after all, is cheaper than iron. It is a great pity the above machine could not have been made to last longer than a labourer, and then, with a little spouting at Protectionist Meetings, it would have been perfect!—quite a prize Servant of all-work at the mere price of coals!

"STOP HER!"

SOME organs have no stops, like the Italian Organs, that will go on for hours without a stop; and then again, there is the celebrated Organ of Speech in woman, which is acknowledged to be the greatest organ in the world, and which has been going on now for ages without the slightest stop.

HORRIBLE CASE OF DOGICIDE.



WE were informed the neighbourhood of the Isle of Dogs was thrown into a state of considerable excitement yesterday afternoon, at about 22 minutes past 3, by a report relative to that distinguished ornament to his species (the canine), familiarly known as the Fireman's dog Billy, who it was said had come by his death—or rather, that death had come by and

overtaken him—in a very dreadful manner. Our reporter immediately made for the spot, but, being unable to ascertain what spot he ought to make for, he put himself in communication immediately with all the principal dog-fanciers, which enabled him to get at more facts than facts; and we therefore sent another reporter in another direction, for the purpose of ascertaining other particulars.

[From our own reporter.]

It is too true that the celebrated fire-dog, Billy, who held a commission in the fire-brigade, has just breathed his last under the most distressing circumstances; namely, under the wheel of an engine which was proceeding to a fire at Islington. Billy was seen in his usual health and spirits on Monday last, proceeding in the direction of Clare Market, where he was observed to look rather snappishly at the chump end of a neck of mutton, and having made a dart at it, he proceeded at a neck-or-nothing pace towards Fleet Street. In the course of the same afternoon he was seen taking a social draught from the waterman's bucket at Charing Cross, in company with a retired sheep-dog of respectable connections, who lives upon his own resources near Leicester Square, and amuses himself with the sport of hunting, which is so much facilitated by the abundance of cats in the neighbourhood. Our reporter, suspecting all was not right, followed Billy in the direction of St. Paul's Church Yard, and left him with his head between some iron railings in Watling Street, which is well known to be the street where the head-quarters of the fire-brigade are situated. Before proceeding further with this melancholy account, we think we shall be ministering to the natural and wholesome curiosity of the public, by giving a few particulars of the

ANTECEDENTS OF BILLY.

The fire-dog Billy was one of a respectable batch of seven puppies, six of whom met a soap-suddy grave or sudden death in an adjacent slop-pail, at Islington. At the proper period he underwent the ceremony of being "wormed," but as he was always tolerably quiet with his tongue, it was rather difficult for anything to be wormed out of him. He had not by any means attained the maturity of doghood when he lost his tail by an accident, but his tail being gone there was nothing left to tell its own story, and our information on this head—by which we mean, that tail—is not to be relied upon. He first entered into public life as an attendant on a cat's-meat-barrow, where his integrity was such that nothing ever passed his lips to the sacrifice of his master's interests.

The temptation of a pound of dog's-meat down, and a prospect of the same salary *per diem* by way of diet, attracted "our hero" to the fire-station, where he soon became as stationary as the place itself, and he shortly began to join the fire-men in their attendance at the numerous conflagrations in and near the metropolis. Such was his zeal in the service that while the man on duty has been frying a steak, of which Billy always got a mouthful, the enthusiastic dog has been known to leave the frying-pan and run into the fire when an alarm has been given. His invigorating bark acted like a tonic upon the men while out on duty, and Billy's death will leave a vacuum which their good-nature will abhor as thoroughly as nature itself abhors an ordinary vacuum.

[Later Particulars.]

Our reporter, though so much excited as to be unable to collect himself, has succeeded in collecting the following facts that may—or may not—be relied upon. The dog Billy had gone out as usual for the purpose of taking an airing at a fire at Islington, when just as he got opposite the Angel, some fiend, or inhuman monster, in the shape of a horse, seeing Billy's mouth open, ferociously put his foot in it. Turning up

his eyes, the poor creature gave a most significant look at the window of a glove-shop, in which was lying a placard inscribed with the words "Superior town-made dog," which might have been applied to him as an epitaph. The horse immediately ran away, but whether from the pursuit of justice or not it is difficult to ascertain, and had he broken from his harness all traces of him might have been lost, though, as he was already collared, escape would have been impossible.

[Further further, and later latest Particulars.]

The horse, charged with the death of Billy, remains at the station in Watling Street, where he has undergone a preliminary examination on the subject, but he either remains mute or says "neigh" to everything. The horse was formerly in the employ of a celebrated coal firm, where he took a leading part, but he was got rid of as being much too fast in his goings on for the jog-trot way of life in which his services were required. He then joined the fire-brigade, but he was never much liked by the men, who considered him rather weak in the understanding, and were continually expecting his fall in one way or the other.

The resident dog-ship at the Watling Street Station becomes empty by the death of Billy, but it is impossible at this early period to say who will have the vacant collar.

In accordance with the prevailing custom of our illustrated contemporaries, we have dispatched a draftsman to the residence of the late dog, with instructions to furnish us with a sketch of the now desolate kennel. The object will not be very picturesque, but everything connected with the late calamity will possess an interest for an enlightened British public—if we are to judge by the sort of pictorial fare that is presented to them by those whose interest it is to meet the views of their patrons with views furnished by their artists.

A LIGHT OF THE CHURCH.

ONCE upon a time there was celebrated a goodly *auto-da-fé* in the most catholic city of Seville. A man was burned at the stake; charred by the fires of the church. "Dearly beloved friends"—said the Grand Inquisitor, pointing out to the faithful the shapeless stuff that was once a human being—"most pious people, I sorely grieve that out of the very tenderness of my conscience—my love for our burnt-up brother (you heard how he yelled in the flames!) I have been compelled to do this; but the sad, the afflicting truth is this—I found him of an obtuse intellect, of a lethargic temperament, and of a moral sense exceedingly debased. And so—so I had him burnt to a cinder."

The REVEREND MR. CHAPMAN, late chaplain of Coventry Gaol, scorches the hand of MARY BALL—(sentenced to die, and since executed)—blisters the convict's flesh over a candle; and for the like reason ascribed by the Inquisitor—MARY BALL was "of an obtuse intellect, of a lethargic temperament, and of a moral sense exceedingly debased."

The Pope has re-established the Inquisition at Rome. Of course, as a Protestant, MR. CHAPMAN cannot become an active officer of the Institution. We trust, however, that PIUS will find the Coventry Chaplain some honorary distinction. Such candle-light ought not to be hidden under a bushel.

A WONDERFUL ASS.

SAMUEL PEPPYS, the illustrious ancestor of *Punch's* own PIRs, immortalises the genius of a Bartlemy Fair horse that, directed by his master, would discover from amongst a crowd the veritable gentleman who best loved a comely wench. There is a more wonderful animal than this horse, at the present moment in Paris; namely, an ass, the property of an English firm. The ass—how it achieves the act we know not—has the power of writing; and it is only a few days ago that it penned the following. It duly appeared in the *Morning Post*:-

"The Peace Congress has been more crowded than ever this afternoon, and Stockport and Manchester showed in mighty force. They who profess the creed of the deceased MR. TAVELL showed also in mighty numbers."

An extraordinary brute that could have written this; and yet we learn there is nothing in its usual manner and habits that distinguishes it from the common jackass; save that it can hold a pen between its fore feet, prefers beef to hay, potatoes to thistles, and goes to rest without its shoes.

Latest News from Paris.

IF LOUIS-NAPOLÉON continues his crusade against the Press, we may shortly expect to see in the English papers a paragraph like the following, under the head of "FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE."

"As all the Editors are imprisoned, and every newspaper confiscated, we regret we cannot make our usual extracts from the French press, as not a single newspaper was published in Paris this morning."

IF PIUS THE NINTH does not immediately return to his disconsolate Romans, a Government order will immediately be sent to a London Bookseller for "MR. MACREADY'S Pope."

SEA-SIDE LITERATURE FOR YOUNG LADIES; OR DELIGHTS OF CROCHET.



First Young Lady (reads). "10TH ROW—3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO THIRD SMALL SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 5 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO MIDDLE SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO NEXT SPACE, 1 LONG IN SAME SPACE, 5 CHAIN, DITTO IN MIDDLE OF LARGE SPACE, 5 CHAIN, REPEAT."

Second and Third Young Ladies (in ecstasies). "OH! HOW SWEETLY PRETTY!!!"

THE POISON SHOP.

SCENE.—*The Shop of MR. UPAS, Chemist and Druggist. BOTTLES, his Assistant, behind the counter.*

Enter WIDOW WOMAN, with infant in arms, seemingly in great distress.

Widow (much agitated). Threepenn'orth of Laudanum, please, Sir.

Bottles. Laudanum, Ma'am; yes, Ma'am—Sixpenn'orth, I think you said, Ma'am.

Widow (sighing). Threepenn'orth. Threepence is all I have in the world!

Bottles. Sorry for it, Ma'am. (*Serves her.*) [*Exit WIDOW frantically.*]

Enter ragged LITTLE GIRL, and several other persons of squalid, wretched, and sinister appearance.

Bottles. Now then, little girl, what's for you?

Girl. Mother says, please will you let her have as much Arsenic as you can for twopence-halfpenny, to kill rats.

Bottles. Rats!—eh! Father belong to a burial club?

Girl. Yes, Sir, please, Sir.

Bottles. So I thought. (*Delivers the Arsenic.*) [*Exit LITTLE GIRL.*]

Now, Sir, what can I do for you? (To a STRANGER with his face muffled, and his hat over his eyes.)

Stranger. Thank 'ee; I'll wait.

Bottles (to several Customers). You for Arsenic?—you?—you?—all of you Arsenic. Six Arsenics. And you?—oh! one Corrosive Sublimate. (*Serves them out packets ready made up.*) [*Exeunt with the poison.*]

Stranger (having watched them all out). I want some of the strongest poison you have got.

Bottles. Well, Sir, I think Prussic Acid will suit you better than any.

Stranger. That smells, don't it?

Bottles. Why yes, Sir. Probably Strychnine would answer your purpose?

Stranger. Is that pretty stiffish?

Bottles (smiling). Oh! yes, Sir. I should be sorry to take two grains of it.

Stranger. Let's have half-an-ounce.

Bottles. Half-an-ounce, Sir? (*Weights it out.*) What is the next article, Sir?

Stranger. Nothing.

Bottles. Allow me to tempt you with a little Belladonna; very killing, Sir, I assure you. Or would you try our Digitalis? I could recommend our Colchicum, Sir.

Stranger. No, no!

Bottles. Or anything in the Vitriol way, Sir?

Stranger (with an oath). No, I tell you. The Strychnine will do the job. Hand it over, will you, and make haste.

Bottles. Directly, Sir. (*Folds and presents the packet.*) Thank you, Sir. (*Takes the money and sweeps it into the Till. Exit Stranger.*) Ha! a pretty good morning's work;—and if the undertakers don't get a job or two out of it—and perhaps JACK KETCH too—I shall be astonished rayther. [*Exit.*]

Louis Napoleon to Nicholas, Greeting.

PRESIDENT LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, the incarnation of French liberty of 1849, has sent an autograph letter of congratulation to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA on the subjugation of Hungary! When the President is turned out of his chair, we hope he will nevertheless enjoy a state office. *Punch* proposes that the magnanimous nincompoop be appointed to the Jardin des Plantes. It is plain that somebody must every day carry garbage to the bears; and who can better do such office than the laquay who licks the boots of NICHOLAS?



FATAL FACILITY; OR, POISONS FOR THE ASKING.

Child. "PLEASE, MISTER, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL THIS BOTTLE AGAIN WITH LODNUM, AND LET MOTHER HAVE ANOTHER POUND AND A HALF OF ARSENIC FOR THE RATS (!)"

Duly Qualified Chemist. "CERTAINLY, MA'AM. IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE?"



LOUIS PHILIPPE AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AN ODE TO THE FORMER.

EX-MONARCH of the Gallic race,
Poor dear old Sovereign out of place,
With me you once were in disgrace;
I used to scold you;
In reconciliation's fond embrace
Now let me fold you!

You were a little sly, indeed,
Inclined to avaricious greed,
Prefer'd the interest of your breed
Before your nation;
And sought its welfare with less heed
Than their dotation.

True, with your subjects faith you broke,
And your vexatious galling yoke
Their patience did at length provoke
To send you packing;
Your dynasty dissolv'd in smoke,
Your whiskers lacking.

But, as to jet is driven snow,
As is the swan unto the crow,
LOUIS PHILIPPE, are you e'en so
To your successor:
Beside the PRESIDENT you show
A mild transgressor.

France has not you, old boy, to blame,
For tarnish'd arms and blacken'd fame,
Of that eternal scorn and shame
As the occasion,
Which he has brought upon her name
By Rome's invasion.

See her with Priestcraft's powers allied,
And ranged upon the despot's side!
You ne'er your country stultified
In such a manner,
Causing all nations to deride
Her sullied banner.

Although you bore with rigid stress
On public speaking and the Press,
Discussion you restricted less
Than this mere ninny,
The author of his country's mess
Of ignominy.

Who now rejoicing with the Czar,
Victorious in tyrannic war
Against the rights of the Magyar,
In freedom's ruin—
Yokes France and Frenchmen to the car
Of rampant Bruin!

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM COME TO A PRETTY PASS.

A VICTIM who writes to the *Times*, under the signature of "A Poor Tourist," complains of having to pay an enormous number of Pauls to our own Consuls at Rome, Civita Vecchia, Genoa, and Leghorn, for a *visé* to an English passport. We may boast of exempting foreigners from this tax at home, but we take it out of our own countrymen pretty freely abroad, and no Englishman at Rome can have his passport *visé*d without paying five Pauls to MR. FREEBORN, who must surely blush at his own name when he receives this sum from a free-born Briton. How a poor Tourist can manage to pay the exaction we don't know, for though it is sometimes the practise to borrow of PETER to pay PAUL, it is very unlikely that in a city ruled over by the alleged successor of PETER it would be possible to borrow sufficient to pay five Pauls to any one.

While we are taking credit at home for our freedom from the passport nuisance, and its attendant impositions, we ought not to go on incurring the disgrace of such exactions as are made upon our fellow countrymen in foreign parts by the subordinate representatives of our Government.

FRENCH LYING IN ROME.

The *Piedmontese Gazette* says:—

"It appears that the French anticipate a long residence in Rome, as on the 17th an order was given for 11,000 beds for their use."

Every sort of bed, no doubt; save and except a bed of roses and a bed of glory.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEWERS.



HERE are streams—nay, rivers of gold—of gold and poison, flowing under London. At present, so careless of wealth is our unsophisticated generation, we take no account of the treasure, in our heedlessness of the alloy. If the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could be awakened to a sense of the value of the sewers, he would smilingly rub his hands over every drain, as a source of a tributary Pactolus. As it is, we poison the Thames with much which, touched by the wand of science, would fatten and rejoice our fields.

MR. DOVER has approached the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers with a glorious plan. DOVER—if his plan be a truth—is the sewage MIDAS, without MIDAS's ears. He stirs the abomination that, pouring from twelve Westminster sewers, defiles the Thames; stirs it with his pen, and it becomes gold—hard gold. Out of only twelve sewers, if DOVER be a true man, he will produce in income-tax £200,000 per ann. We ask SIR CHARLES WOOD,—is DOVER a man to be neglected?

It is now an allowed truth that the Thames is defiled into a foul ditch. Flowing through the city and Westminster, it wafts killing miasma on either side of its banks. What in the good old times was clear lymph, is now mortal liquid, in which only the skeletons of departed sturgeon, the mere bones of plaice, are buoyant. This shows what a Dead Sea, or rather a Defunct River, we dwell upon.

And what does MR. DOVER propose as a remedy? This. A tank at the exit of every sewer to receive the sewage; whereupon, the genius of science will disinfect the contents, and precipitate them into pure guano. The disinfected supernatant water is also available, says MR. DOVER, as an enormous purifying agent. Westminster alone would yield guano that would fertilise 300,000 acres, blessing them with a double crop. We pay £2,000,000 annually, for foreign fertilisers; the while, we suffer the like amount of money (in mud and muck) to poison the stomach.

Guano makes enormous turnips—turnips feed into flesh and beauty enormous cattle. Contemplative reader, pause, and then weep to think,—how many million quarters of grain—how many thousand cart-loads of turnips—how many drove of oxen—how many flocks of sheep are—under a different arrangement of particles—yearly disembogued into the Thames!

A REAL BLESSING TO ANYBODY.

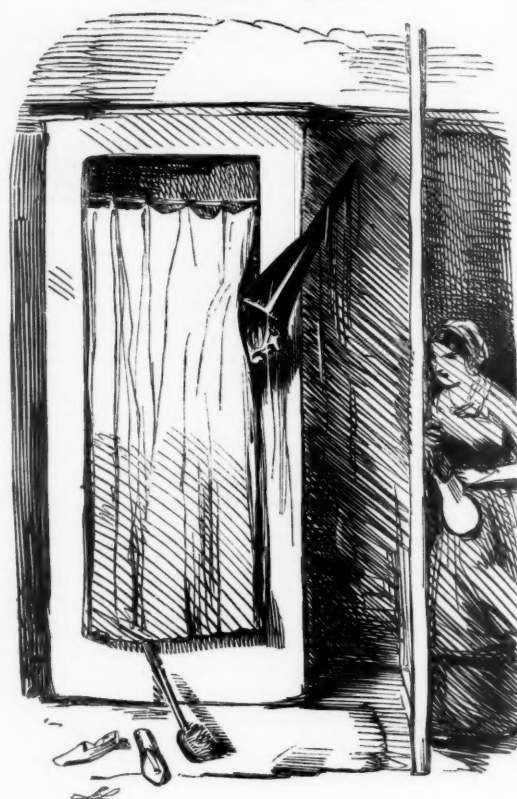
EVERY class of society comes in occasionally for its appropriate blessing. The mothers have had their Soothing Syrup; the shavers their Plantagenet Razor; and in fact the advertisements of every day present to our notice a real blessing to somebody; but an announcement which we cut out a little time ago, and which of itself cuts out anything of the kind we ever beheld, comprises in itself a sort of blessing of the most extensive application. We give the advertisement entire, to allow the advertiser to speak for himself; though we are conscious our doing so will impart a weakness to anything we may afterwards say for him:—

MEDICAL.—Amiable Country Practitioners.—Any gentleman with the above qualification wanting an M.R.C.S., as ASSISTANT, may be immediately supplied by communicating with the advertiser through Mr. ——. Age 27, gentlemanly, of goodly stature, pleasing address, sweet disposition, patient of control, unyielding perseverance, wakeful to a fault, and last, not least, looks upon large salaries as a snare.

This short paragraph runs over not merely with the milk, but with the actual cream of human kindness; and implies a state of things almost Utopian, in which an "amiable country practitioner," and a medical student of "sweet disposition," are supposed to form the ingredients. The expression "wakeful to a fault," is intended of course to imply a tympanum painfully sensitive to the faintest vibration of the wire of the nightbell; but we do not see how wakefulness can be carried to a fault, unless it includes a propensity to jump up in the middle of the night, and walk about the house in the peculiar "costume of the period."

We greatly admire the extreme delicacy of the concluding qualification of the amiable advertiser, who "looks upon large salaries as a snare," though we are pretty sure that such traps are not generally laid for medical assistants, and at all events we never heard of one being caught in such a piece of golden netting. Wealth is proverbially a snare; but he must be sensitive indeed, who believes that the highest salary ever yet offered to an assistant by the most "amiable" of "country practitioners," can have about it any of the dangers that attach to the possession of riches. We suspect the amiability of the advertiser amounts to a softness that is rare indeed in the class to which he belongs, and which makes him really worth his weight in magnesia.

DOMESTIC BLISS.



Gentleman (in Shower Bath). "HOLLO! HOLLO! WHO'S THERE. WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU WANT?"

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE BUTCHER, AND MISSUS SAYS WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY."

WHAT MR. JONES SAW AT PARIS.

[From the Own Correspondent of the Putney Patriot.]

I HAVE often heard the Ocean denominated a treacherous element, and so it proved yesterday to be: for though its azure surface appeared at first sight, and as we sailed out of Folkestone Harbour, to be as calm as our own beautiful Thames by the shores of my native village of Putney, yet I can tell you the calm was only on the surface, and the interior of the ocean must have been agitated in a tremendous manner, for it was all I could do to keep myself from being ill. Like that ocean, however, I kept my countenance smiling and tranquil, whatever may have been the commotions raging within my interior. There were Frenchmen on board, who were convulsing themselves about the deck and over the sides of the vessel in the most undisguised way; says I, "It will not do to expose myself before them; I am an inhabitant of Britannia, and as such, I naturally rule the waves." But in spite of all my efforts to keep down my feelings, I own to you, Sir, it would have been all over with me had our gallant bark been ten minutes longer in making the harbour of Boulogne.

The state of my feelings prevented me from judging of the appearance of the town and coast as we neared it. There was a large pillar upon a height, on the top of which column, as I have read in history, NAPOLEON used to sit for weeks and weeks with a telescope looking at England, the home of the brave and free, and desiring that he might possess it: there were two square forts on either side: there was the pier rushing out into the ocean wave: there were houses with green shutters and inscriptions in the French language and in our own tongue with which I am familiar: there were bathing machines toiling down the level sands until they reached ocean's brine, where I could see dim figures in dark dresses flopping up and down in the water—all these I

saw but indistinctly, owing to the agitation produced on my mind and health by a passage at sea undertaken for the first time. At length our vessel touched the quay, a rope was flung up by one of our mariners to one of the bawling and bustling natives of the French coast who crowded the shore; we were lashed to a French post, and in five minutes more I stood upon continental soil. How my heart turned to Putney then, and I thought of the beloved beings I had left behind, both there and at Wandsworth!

Between two lines of ropes, me and the other passengers marched with a resolute step, giving glance for glance to the crowds of foreigners on either side of the ropes which hemmed us in. There were guards, there were officers of the Customs, there were men in the rough garb and red night-caps of the children of the wave, there were those who called out in the language of our own dear native country the names of various hotels in the place which these mercenaries desired us to frequent. I was amazed by these precautions which environed us—these ropes and bayonets, these sabres and soldiers. Lead me on, thought I; I have committed no crime and feel no fear. Lead me before the officers of your Republic. If I have spoken severely of France in the columns of the *Putney Patriot*, it was because truth and duty obliged me sometimes to be severe—here is my passport. My name is JONES, and I am a correspondent of one of the great journals of our empire. I have no reason to be ashamed of my country, my calling, or my name!

In a minute or two, and passing out of a rude antechamber, and through a narrow door, guarded by two small, but fierce-looking warriors, I was brought with a number of other fellow-passengers before the Commissary of the Republic, who examined our papers, addressed us not uncivilly in our own language, and having seen that we were not suspicious characters, allowed us to go free. I gave my keys to the Commissioner of the Hotel, that of Bains or "Bang," as it is here pronounced, and my effects were, in the course of an hour, restored to me untaxed and undisturbed. Not even the copies of the *Putney Patriot*, which I am taking to the French Ministers, to the President of the Republic, and the principal members of the Assembly, were touched; and in so far, Putney may say that one of her sons has met with courteous greeting on a foreign soil.

I read without difficulty the inscriptions on the various shops and wine houses as I passed to my hotel, as they are given in our own as well as the native language. The very first placard I saw on the walls proclaimed that PROFESSOR KELLER and MRS. KELLER were here: immediately below which announcement was a placard stating that the LORD CHIEF BARON NICHOLSON and the English Judge and Jury Society were at Boulogne. I was glad to think that our venerated institutions were thus being made known to our republican allies.—I had seen the Professor and his admirable poses, and the learned Chief Baron himself, in our own metropolis. May our neighbours profit by their presence!

Boulogne has doubtless been visited by many of the readers of the *Putney Patriot*, and a description of this place is therefore unnecessary. Besides I am not in a position to give more than a cursory account of the city, for indeed I had only time sufficient to make a hasty and agreeable meal at the Hotel, when the Commissioner, arriving with my passport and baggage, informed me that it was time to proceed to the Station of the Paris railroad—of the road to Paris! how ardently have I longed to see that metropolis! the eight hours which were passed in the carriage upon the journey thither seemed eight days at least to my young and ardent mind. It was only the period occupied most pleasantly in dining at Amiens which appeared to me too short.

At an hour before midnight we reached the metropolis of the world, as it has been called, and alighting out of the various carriages, a strange and motley crowd of foreigners pressed into a vast hall or antechamber of the station, where we were bidden to wait until our luggage was ready to be served out—a motley group indeed! There were soldiers ludicrously small in size, with scarlet pantaloons and blue coats, being the exact *vice versa* of our own gallant British troops, who, I hope, will never be called upon to fight the French, and I heartily trust will always outweigh them. I should think a dismounted regiment of our Horse Guards would weigh as much as the same number of republican cavaliers, horses and all. There were workmen and members of the lower classes all fiercely decorated with beards and whiskers, in which ornaments I should say the French decidedly excelled our own country. There were priests finally, not habited like the clergy of our own faith, but in enormous black robes and thick shoes and buckles, and hats almost as large as some of the canoes at my dear, my native Putney! Cleanliness, I am forced to own, does not appear to characterise these reverend gents. There were no wooden shoes, as I had been led to expect amongst this people: and I am bound to say, that the practice of frog-eating also seems to have declined—that national dish not having once been served up to me since my residence in France.

At an early hour I rose the next morning, to commence my observations on the French capital. I conclude that most of the people in Paris speak English—all the waiters at my hotel do—that of MEURICE, in the Rue Rivoli—so called from a rivulet which once ran

there. I engaged a domestic *de place* to show me about the town, and to serve me as interpreter, in case I should meet with persons unacquainted with my language, and we sallied forth after breakfast (which here consists of bread and butter and eggs, as well as in England) to view some of the principal places in the neighbourhood.

A grand arcade, under handsome houses of stone, stretches from the Tuileries Gardens on one side, to the Elysian Fields on the other; between this Garden and fields is a large place called the Place of Concord; and when I asked my guide why, he said it was because LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH's head was cut off here: upon the very spot between two large fountains where the Obelisk of Luxury stands.

The view from thence is very agreeable. You see on one side the chesnut-trees of the Tuileries Gardens, behind which is a large house, formerly used as a palace by the Kings, but since the Republic, as a hospital, and afterwards as a picture gallery. Indeed, it is too ugly for a palace, as anybody who has seen our own majestic edifice of Pimlico will at once allow. It is a long edifice with a sort of square dome in the middle, and two immense towers on each wing, with the tallest roofs and the most hideous chimneys in the world. It is well that they are almost hidden by the trees, which are handsome, certainly. I should say that the garden was as large, though not so handsome, as our own Vauxhall, nor is the stone fountain in the middle by any means as elegant as that of Neptune, with his horses and trident, as they are to be seen in that national place of entertainment.

There is a poplar-tree placed right in the middle of the principal garden walk. I am told that is a Tree of Liberty, and that it has grown since the last revolution. It is already as high as the chesnuts round about it, which must be a hundred years old; and I could not help wondering at the rapid growth of poplars in this country.

Looking to the right, as you face the Tuileries, you see across the river the Chamber of Deputies—a building which seems all stairs and portico to my view—a magnificent entrance, with nothing behind it. "There are many of our orators whose speeches are like this," my guide informed me. And I did not choose to tell him that there were some of a similar sort in our own House of Commons, which certainly is a hundred times handsomer than this showy building.

On the opposite side to the chamber and facing it is the French Magdalene, with a magnificent portico and steps, and I am bound to say a much handsomer building than our own Magdalene in London. But I do not for my part see why these people should be lodged so splendidly, and am pretty certain that their betters fare a good deal worse.

The French seem to entertain grand ideas about hospitals though, for the handsomest building I saw this morning was one with a dome like our St. Paul's, only richly gilt, and which they call the Hospital of Invalids. This is absurd. What is a hospital for, but for sick people, and what are sick people but Invalids?

They call a long avenue of trees the Elysian Fields, and at the bottom of the avenue is an arch for which the idea was evidently stolen from our Temple Bar. Nor did this arch look by any means so big as ours from the place where I viewed the former, viz., from the Obelisk, which they put up in order to commemorate the decapitation of one of their greatest kings. But I shall be able to give a more accurate measurement of this and other objects when I have made a farther stay in this capital—a more faithful account I am sure I could not give: and I wish that some Frenchmen who visit London were equally trustworthy, and would take example by me.

KING ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY.

THE existing mania for keeping obsolete birthdays, if it goes much further, will be nearly enough to be the death of us. We thought we had got a fair quantity of these effete celebrations on hand—what with the immortal memory of PITT—and a few other *post obits* we are paying off annually in the shape of dinners to the departed great; but there is something almost antediluvian in the project that has just been started for keeping the birthday of ALFRED THE GREAT as an annual holiday. He is no doubt the "father of British liberty," though in that case Magna Charta gets choused out of the honour of paternity. But it is really a little late to begin drinking KING ALFRED's health at an annual spread, and proposing him as a toast at a banquet, the tickets of which are "one guinea each, wine included." We shall be having a holiday next for HENGIST's marriage, HORSA's recovery from a severe cold, or BOADICEA's appearing in the field of battle in a new bodice. Every day will soon have its public dinner, if we get on at this rate.

Shameful Hoax on Lord Brougham.

At the Agricultural Dinner Show at Penrith, LORD BROUGHAM informed the company that he—yes, he—had been invited to join the Peace Congress! There was a cruel satire in this, that is no doubt traceable to MR. COBDEN. BROUGHAM discussing peace! We should as soon think of opening a barrel of gunpowder with a red-hot poker.

A HORN-BOOK FOR MUSICAL CRITICS.



THE celebrated M. VIVIER, the Horn Player, may indeed be expert in the use of his instrument, but if he takes our advice he will leave to the musical critics the task of blowing for him his own trumpet. Let him exert his lungs to the utmost, he will not be able to puff so hard as the gentlemen of the Press are ready to puff in his behalf—and we may add, that his great talent fully merits their flatulent exertions in his favour.

The last new discovery that has been made of his power over the Horn is, that "it has become quite a new instrument

in his hands," by which, we presume, is meant that in the artist's *mouth* the instrument acquires an air of novelty. If this is really the case, M. VIVIER's mouth might obtain for him a rapid fortune, by enabling him to go about crying, "New Horns for old ones," after the fashion of poor ALADDIN's wicked uncle—who no doubt gave the original idea of introducing new lights among the rising generation, to that extremely liberal sect, the Lamp-eter brethren.

We wish the critics would invent some new form of laudation instead of telling us that MONS. SO AND SO's horn is "new in his hands," or that SIGNOR SUCH AND SUCH's ophicleide is "startling in his mouth," or "under his nose," while HERR THIS AND THAT's great drum becomes "round his neck an instrument of the finest harmony." We purpose some day (which may mean any day, but generally means no day at all) to publish a Horn-book for Critics, in order to teach them to infuse into the first lessons of their art an air of novelty.

MELODIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

THE THAMES.

Flow on, thou muddy river,
And ere thou reach'st the sea,
Seek London's streets and give her
The stench she flings o'er thee;
And tell her thus, if she's supine,
The current of thy filth shall be,
With odours which the sewers combine
To concentrate on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st a purer air,
Some refuse leave to wither
Upon the moist bank there;
And tell her thus, when more and more
Malaria shall extended be,
The filth thrown by upon thy shore
Will trace the cause to thee.

THE GROSS MISTAKE OF COMPENSATION.

THE Clerk of the Hanaper Office has received, within ten years, the small sum of £34,694 0s. 4d. for fees. Now this Hanaper Office is a complete sinecure, and as such must, sooner or later, be abolished. We should not be much surprised, when that day of justice arrives, if the REVEREND MR. THURLOW, who is the lucky occupier of this snug sinecure, demands compensation. Now, *we* shall be the last to deny the claim, when it comes, for we think this is a case, of all others, in which compensation most strongly is due—to the Public. Accordingly, we should call upon MR. HANAPER to pay back the £34,694 0s. 4d. (we would even enforce the stray forpence) which he had taken from the Public, for doing nothing. This question of compensation has been greatly misunderstood—and we maintain that, in the abolition of all sinecures, it is not the party losing the office who ought to be compensated, but the Public, who has been quietly plundered all the time the sinecure has been in existence.

Advice to Young Men about to Commit Themselves.

WOMAN's fine eye for Dust, never allowing it to remain still in the same place for two minutes together, always driving it about the house, —now giving it a good towelling, now blowing it up,—may account in some measure for her treatment of Man—for she has heard that "MAN IS BUT DUST," and she treats him accordingly.—*Smellfungus the Elder.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1849. No. 26.

BLACKWALL · SHOWNGE Y^e PVBLLICK · A · DINYNGE · ON WRYTEBAIT.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Saturday, August 18, 1849.—Comes MR. GOLLOPE, this being his Birth-Day, to bid me to go dine with him and a Company of some Half-dozen of our Acquaintance, off a Whitebait Dinner at Blackwall. So we first to London Bridge, on Foot, walking for an Appetite, and there took Water, and down the River in a Steam-Boat, with great Pleasure, enjoying the Breeze, and the View of the Shipping, and also the Prospect of a good Dinner. Landed at the Pier, and as fast as we could to Lovegrove's, where our Table engaged in the large Room. But good Lack! to see the Fulness of the Place, every Table almost crowded with eager Eaters, and Heaps of Whitebait among them, and they with open Mouths and Eyes shovelling Spoonful after Spoonful into their Plates and thence thrusting them five or six at a Time into their Chaps. Then, here and there, a fat Fellow, stopping, out of Breath, to put down his Knife and Fork, and gulp a Goblet of iced Punch, was mighty droll: also to hear others speaking with their Mouths full. But Dinner coming, I cared not to look about me, there being on Table some dozen different Dishes of Fish, whereof the Sight did at first bewilder me, like the Donkey between the Haystacks, not knowing which to choose; and MR. GOBBLESTONE do lament that at a Feast with Plenty of good Things he never was able to eat his Fill of every one. A Dish of Salmon with India-Pickle did please me mightily, also some Eels, spitchooked, and a stewed Carp, and ate heartily of

them with much relish; but did only nibble at the Rest by way of a Taste, for I felt exceeding full, and methought I should have no Stomach for the Whitebait. But Lack! to see when it came, how my Appetite returned, and I did fall to upon it, and drink iced Punch, and then at the Whitebait again. Pretty, the little Slices of brown Bread and Butter, they did bring us to eat it withal, and truly, with a Squeeze of Lemon and Cayenne Pepper, it is delicate Eating. After the Whitebait plain, Whitebait devilled made us to eat the more, and drink too, which we did in Champagne and Hock, pledging each other with great Mirth. After the Fish comes a Course of Ducks, and a Haunch of Mutton, and divers made Dishes; and then Tarts and Custards and Grouse; and lastly, a Dessert, and I did partake of all, as much as I had a Mind to, and after Dinner drank Port and Claret, when much Joking and rare Stories, and very merry we were. Pretty to look out of Window as we sat, at the Craft and the White Sails in the Sunset on the River. Back in a Railway Carriage, shouting and singing, and in a Cab Home, where DR. SHARPE called to see my Wife for her Vapours. Pretty Discourse with him touching the Epidemic, he telling me that of all Things to bring it on the likeliest was Excess in Food and Drink, which did trouble me, and so with a Draught of Soda and a Dose of Pills to Bed.

A BRITISH BULL-FIGHT.

THE Bull-fight is no longer peculiar to Spain, for the sport has commenced in the very heart of London by a Smithfield bullock; who, taking alarm at the corner of a street, began playing off some of those pranks which are usually exhibited before a Spanish multitude.

The brute mistaking an unhappy charity boy for a Toreador, pursued him into a house, trampling under foot as though it had been a regular Matador the unoffending door-mat. The drovers acting the part of Picadores, proceeded to pick at the infuriated brute with their pikes, when an old woman flying away with her shawl extended in the air, involuntarily supplied a substitute for the banderillos or handkerchiefs used for throwing over the eyes of the brute to increase his ferocity.

Bull-fights are now becoming so common on Smithfield market days, that there are some thoughts of erecting an arena expressly for the exhibition of the exciting pastime. Gray's Inn Lane is a sort of miniature Madrid once or twice a week; and Coldbath Fields are in a cold perspiration continually with dread at the approach of every market day.

A bull with a facetious turn rushed a few days ago into the office of the *Standard*, and tossed off a two-column leader into "pie" before the compositors had time to compose themselves. The skittish animal then made for the share list, and with a truly Bullish determination to operate for a rise, elevated the price of stocks to such an extraordinary height, that it came down again with a smash that precluded all hope of setting day passing over very easily.



THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS MUCH BETTER IN SPAIN.

FATHER MATHEW AND SLAVERY.

(To *Massa Punch*.)

"SAR, "HIM see by de *Times* Correspondent at New York, dat some gentlemen, members ob de Massachussetts anti-slavery Society wait on FADER MATHEW in Boston, and ask him to 'tend annibersary in celebrashun ob de abolishun of slavery in de British West Ingis. De very reberrend Fader say no. 'Cause wy? Perhaps you tink him at work at him Pledge and him Pump. Not a bit ob it, Massa. Dis de way him trow him cold water on Abolishun:—

"He abruptly declined the invitation, observing to the Committee that he was not aware of any passage in Scripture forbidding the existence of slavery."

"Beggin pardon ob Massa MATHEW de great Divine, me tink dere am passidge somewher dat tell you "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." How FADER MATHEW him like to be slabe? Whose niggars, tink you, him wish to be?"

"Your humble serbent, *Massa Punch*,

"SAMBO."

A Snug Party.

WE read somewhere the other day, in a list of visitors to some public entertainment, the announcement of the presence of "MR. ANSTEY and party." We always understood that MR. ANSTEY had no party at all, and if he has, it must be a very small one, consisting at the outside, of himself and MR. URQUHART. In vulgar *parlance*, the term "party" is often applied to a single individual, and this may have been the case in the present instance, MR. URQUHART having been probably the "party" that the reporter alluded to.

HIBERNIA TO VICTORIA.

BEING AN OMITTED PASSAGE IN THE ROYAL IRISH PROGRESS.

It was *Cead mille failtha*,—VICTORIA *asthore*,
Was the saddest of sounds that ye heard round my shore;
Though some boiled the last pratee, and burned the last peat,
For a feast and a bonfire your visit to greet.

Sure the papers has told all the wondthers you've seen,
From the famed Cove of Cork to renowned Stephen's Green;
Wid the arches and speeches, and flags and goodwill,
The lights in the windies, the blaze on the hill.

Ye saw a whole nation, that smiled for to meet you,
Ye heard a whole nation, that cheered for to greet you;
Black faction was peaceful, conspiracy tame,
Wid the light of your presence, the charm of your name.

They've talked mighty big of the good that will come,
From your kindly look in on poor PAR in his home,
How 'twill heal up old wounds, and new friendships cement,
When in cool neutral tone, Green and Orange are blent.

Sure, it wasn't Repealers alone, dear, but more,
That turned their ould coats, wid the best side before;
So list while I tell, what's less pleasant than thrue,
What sights ye ne'er saw, what yer visit can't do.

Ye saw me, *asthore*, in my moment of mirth,
Not crouched in my dwellin' of darkness and dearth;
Ye heard the loud cheers of my young and my ould,
Not their moans for the hunger, their cry for the could.

Ye walked in my palaces, *cushla macree*,
But divil a cabin, at all, did ye see;
Ye took bite and sup from my aldermen's dish,
But not the black roots from my cottier's *kish*.*

Oh, it's not by my face that my feelins' I'd show;
Too deep in my heart is the roots of my woe.
When ye bowed to my welcome, ye heard not the cry
That came hard on the shout, as yer glory went by.

Ye could toss the poor beggar a morsel of mate,
But ye can't lift the pauper to man's true estate;
Ye could smile on my sons, but not teach them to know
The sins that they do, and the duties they owe.

Sure, it's sorry I'd be, dear, for aught upon earth,
To dash wid a sorrow the light of your mirth;
'Tis love true and loyal, that thus brings to view,
What sights ye ne'er saw,—what yer visit can't do.

INFANT UNDER-GRADUATES.

THE plea of Infancy having lately been set up in an action against an Under-graduate, it became a nice question with the Judge of the County Court to determine what are, and what are not, necessities for an Infant at the University. The bill consisted of a series of charges for horses, including a hunter and hack to Boulter's farm, with hacks on 19 different days; and the Judge very properly ruled that unless the Infant happened to be an invalid requiring the frequent use of a hack—the horse-dealer would not be entitled to recover, as the debtor would have nothing to recover from.

It was eventually decided that an under-graduate has no absolute necessity for a horse, and indeed his grand achievement being the passage of the *pons asinorum*, it would seem that another animal would, in ordinary cases, be required; but our view of the case is, that the University infant, like every other infant, if he needs a horse at all, requires nothing more expensive than the article indicated in the old nursery ballad, of

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross;

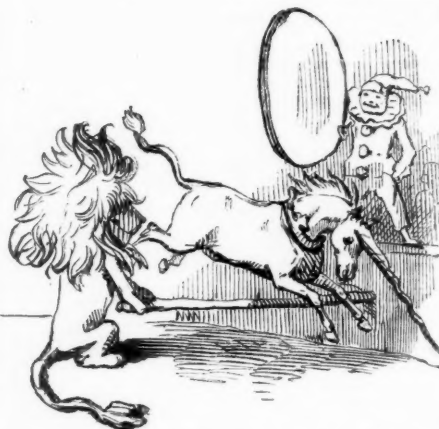
and that for no other horse has a livery-stable keeper the right of recovery. We like to see the saddle put upon the right horse, and we were gratified therefore to observe that the party saddled with the costs was properly subjected to the burden.

A GOOD RIDDANCE.

WE learn from Galignani that the national *haras* at Versailles is to be disposed of. No doubt France should be glad to get rid of her national *haras* (s) at any price.

* The Irish basket.

JUSTICE AT CALIFORNIA.



OUR OWN correspondent furnishes us with a very amusing batch of legal intelligence from this quarter, and we can only regret that there is not more of the *otium cum dig.* at the diggings. The most effective and most respectable of the Californian Tribunals is the little court of conscience which is held in every man's breast, but there are attempts at sittings in Banco by a functionary who sits on a Bank with a revolving blunderbuss in his hand to enforce his decrees, and who, by the aid of a few slugs, corrects a tendency to sluggishness in obeying his edicts. The criterion for ascertaining which is the superior, and which the inferior court, consists in a trial of strength between the respective judges who usually fight it out, and if the representative of Equity proves his superiority over the Common Law dignitary by getting

him down, it is held at once that Equity is the Court above, because Common Law is undermost. There is no such thing in California as a puny judge, because if he happens to be puny he gets rapidly pitched out of office by some, not perhaps more learned, but bigger brother pitching into him. Refractory suitors find their heads in Chancery after the old pugilistic fashion, and when there is anything for the Court to peruse and settle, it proceeds to peruse the state of facts and settle the party in fault, by administering a regular settler in accordance with that species of Law commonly known as Lynch, which is at the fingers' ends of the Americans in general. Most of the proceedings instead of being in black and white are in black and blue, which are quite as effective on a *prima facie* view of the case, and the replication *de injuria* is of very common occurrence. The judge after laying down the law proceeds to lay down those who set themselves up against its authority, and the contumacious are invariably afforded an opportunity of becoming thoroughly well grounded in their knowledge of the power of Californian justice.

One of the judges it is said, uses a sort of hammer, for the purpose of hammering it into parties who will not recognise the force of his decisions at the first view, but he seldom has the trouble of a new trial.

DEFECT IN THE GAME LAWS.

HOWEVER stringent the law may be in its preservation of Game, there is a class of Game that can enjoy no perfect preservation—though legally entitled thereto—so long as nothing is done to secure to them the full benefit of the provisions that the legislature has made with regard to them.

These remarks have been suggested by the premature death of a pheasant a few days ago, at the hands of a cockney sportsman, who mistook him for a partridge, and the animal himself, though as thoroughly protected by law as a certificated bankrupt, fell a premature victim to the error of one who little knew what he was aiming at. In order to secure to all pheasants the benefit of the act which they are so fairly entitled to, until October, we recommend that protection-certificates shall be issued, and that every gentleman really wishing to preserve his Game, should take out one of these certificates for each of the pheasants on his property. Each bird should wear the protection round his neck, as the omnibus conductor wears his badge; and every pheasant appearing without his number, should be held liable to a charge of small shot and gunpowder.

BALLAD CORRESPONDENCE.

THE advertisements continue to inform us of the distinguished success of the elegant and tasteful ballads "Write to me," and "Yes, I'll write to thee." The pair seem to be the latest specimens of the new invention of dialogue ditties, the best example of which is the well known series, "Will you love me then as now?" "Dearest, then I'll love you more." "No, I don't love you quite as much." "I never loved you, dear, at all," &c. &c., a set which appears to detail the ins and outs of a very inconstant attachment. At this time of year when everybody is from home, and friends are universally scattered, the idea of wedding the post to the piano might be worked with effect in an Interlocutory Songster or Post Office Little Warbler, as in the following—

"WRITE TO ME."

From a Wife at a Watering Place to a Husband in Town.

Apartments are so very high,
Provisions are so dear,
That when the bills are in I sigh,
And wish my EDWARD here.
Such mems of washing, cruets, soap,
And kitchen fire I see;
My cash is low, I really hope
That you will write to me.

ELIZA's got a dreadful cold;
(Beds here are always damp)
And TOM, while bathing (he's so bold!)
All but sunk with the cramp.
If you come down on Saturday,
Do mind and bring the tea—
But don't forget the money, pray,
When next you write to me.

I've had to buy sun-bonnets, too,
To guard from the sea air;
And my own things, of course, won't do
At the sea-side to wear.
To-day his bill the Draper brings,
Which settled ought to be;
Besides some other little things—
So, dearest, write to me.

The Answer, from the Husband in Town to Wife at Watering Place.

My love, it really is too bad,
You had a cheque last week,
And money isn't to be had—
But it's no use to speak.
You seem to think that money grows,
And for it send to me—
All I know's how the money goes
Each time I write to thee.

When you proposed a bathing trip,
And talked of feeling ill,
I always felt the nicest dip
Would be your's in my till.
So once for all, I beg, my dear,
That you'll not make so free:
Don't ask for cash—and never fear
But I will write to thee.

No. 2.—"WRITE TO ME."

(From a Creditor.)

I've waited on you several times
With my account so small;
And now I write to ask, if you
Intend to pay at all?
You used to say that you'd look in,
And settled it should be;
But you forgot—I'm short of tin,
And so I write to thee.

Off at your chambers did I call—
Long on your stairs I sat:
You were denied—though in the hall
I'm sure I saw your hat.
When I got in once by mistake,
And 'twas too late to cut,
You said, you'd only got a cheque,
And all the banks were shut.

But all your dodges ain't no use,
Letters must come to hand,
And neither humbug nor abuse
Am I a-going to stand.
Shell out—or in the County Court
Pulled up you sure shall be;
But if you'd settle—as you ought,
Write by return to me.

Answer. (From a Debtor.)

I need not say that I'm surprised
At your offensive tone;
Though from the first I was advised
To leave your shop alone.
Tradesmen must wait, for gentlemen
Insulted ain't to be;
Learn to be civil, Sir—and then
Perhaps I'll write to thee.

As for what you in bullying tone
Of County Courts let fall,
As I'm at present at Boulogne,
It has no weight at all.
Patience is what I'd recommend,
'Twill farthest go with me:
If civil, some of these days, friend,
Perhaps I'll write to thee.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE cannot impress too strongly upon all Correspondents, when they are doubtful whether the postage of a letter is a penny or twopence, the force of the old proverb, "Two Heads are better than One."

GLORIOUS CHANCE!

MESSRS. PLAGUE, PESTILENCE, & CO.

BEG to announce to their Friends and the Public generally that they have opened extensive premises in the Metropolis, with branches in all the principal towns of England, for the regular supply of first-class Epidemics, warranted to do the public business effectually and rapidly. Their works comprise

1. A Complete Assortment of Intra-mural Burying Grounds; in all stages of over-crowding, from which they are enabled to supply the most highly concentrated *Poisonous Gases* in any quantity, and on the most reasonable terms.

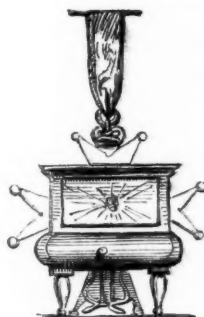
2. An Extensive System of Sewers, in connection with Fleet Ditch and other centres of Metropolitan filth, all entirely stagnant, and

3. A Noble Plant of the most Approved Nuisances, situated in *densely peopled neighbourhoods*, and in full operation, consisting of *Bone-Boiling Houses*, Glue, and Gut Manufactories, Dust-heaps, Knackers'-yards, Slaughter-houses, Cattle-markets, and all the other best-approved kinds of Apparatus for furnishing the strong, old, favourite, *Sulphuretted*, and *Carburetted Hydrogen*, and the fine, heady, *Carbonic Acid Gas*, warranted to kill in a very diluted state.

Specimens of superior Epidemics always on the premises, and samples sent to a distance.

N.B. References kindly allowed to the various Parish Authorities and Sir Peter Laurie.

A NEW ORDER OF MERIT.



ORDER OF THE PICCOLO.

THE Pope has, it is said, been conferring upon several persons the order of the Piano. We never heard of such an order, which is probably quite a new one; but as many orders are all mere fiddle-stick, we do not see why the Order of the Piano should not be as good as the rest of them. Perhaps the Order of the Piano will be followed by the institution of the Order of the Forte, and the former, being confined to those whose claims are of a courtly or diplomatic kind, may be regarded as giving credit to its possessor for the *Piano in modo*, while the Order of the Forte, being conferred on those distinguished for boldness of action, might be looked upon as attributing to the bearer the *Fortiter in re*.

THE "PROFESSION" AND THE PREVALENT EPIDEMIC.

(Punch to the Public.)

MY DEAR PUBLIC,

IN connection with that at present very interesting subject, the state of your health—with that only, mind—allow me for a moment to call your attention to the condition of the medical profession.

Now, my Public, you have some thousands of medical men employed as union-doctors. Their pay is generally very scanty; in some instances not covering the expenses of their office. This is no joke, I know; but bear with me. There are hardly any lucrative medical situations in your gift; none that I know of open to competition. The offices of physician and surgeon to your hospitals are obtained by private influence and jobbery. True, these facts are very dull; nay, worse, they are very sad. The disciples of GALEN have no such prizes as Canonries, Deaneries, Bishoprics, Attorney-Generals, Lord Chancellors, to work for. Their highest remuneration is a large private practice; and what is that, my Public? Treating patients by rote and by wholesale. There is no time for thinking about their cases. Time is money; every five minutes is a fee. And how does the popular practitioner grow rich, dear Public? By arresting death—by staying the plague—by curing pleurisy, peripneumony, bronchitis, phrenitis, fever? By fanning the feeble flame of life, by soothing mortal agony? No, dear Public; but, mainly, by composing fashionable nerves, ministering to petty ailments, and humouring the caprices of the sickly and silly; for the

former class includes a goodly portion of the latter. That is why the Quack succeeds so much better than the regular Professor; but I will not bore you with philosophy.

In proof of the respect with which medicine is treated, allow me, benevolent Public, to refer you to the spectacle of the Assistant Surgeons in your naval service, dining—honoured guests!—at the midshipmen's mess.

I should almost be persuaded that you regard all medical men as impostors, if I did not see that you send for them whenever you are ill. Now what intelligent or high-minded man will engage in a beggarly, dishonoured profession, success in which, such as it is, can be obtained only by means that are contemptible. Or having entered it, can he be expected to follow it, if he can get a decent living otherwise? Can you wonder, worthy Public, that you have not so much medical talent as you could wish—especially just now?

You are troubled with an epidemic of which your doctors know about as much as yourself. They theorise upon its cause as men once theorised on that of thunder. For its cure they propose a host of pseudo specifics, differing only as the tropics and the poles,—charcoal and calomel, brandy and ice!

Do you not, then, my enlightened Public, see that you are interested in having the medical profession made one worth the while of men of sense and ability to follow. Eh?

PUNCH.

DON'T REGISTER! DON'T REGISTER!

THE Registration is going on in the City. We do not understand much about these things, but we beg the Commissioners, as a particular favour, not to register any of the undermentioned articles.

No pictorial shirt of any kind, no matter whether it be in the fishing, or shooting, or sporting, or ballet style, or any shirt whatever, no matter whether it opens in front or behind, or at the side, or even at both sides, or at the top or at the bottom!—in short no shirt at all, excepting it be one that proposes most effectually to do away with the misery of buttons.

No paletot or great coat, no matter what animal it may be made from, or any other article of dress with an unpronounceable name borrowed from the Magyar and Lancashire dialects, and which is warranted to be "worn by Prince Albert."

No new wine, especially Port, even if it be favoured with an harmonious name like "the Semi-demi-quaver," and no new Sherry, no matter what undiscovered part of Spain it may come from, or how "highly esteemed" it may be "by connoisseurs."

Nothing whatever that is "strongly recommended by the Faculty."

We do not know whether the Registration Commissioners have anything to do with the above articles, but we are tired of being "registered" from head to foot, and hope some rational stop will be put to it. The real range of the Register is the stove, and it should never have gone beyond it. It is not agreeable to cry out, "Here, JOHN, bring me my Aqua-scutum," nor do we like to press a Marquis who is dining with us "to try a glass of that old Semi-demi-quaver." We give notice we intend to buy the first Paletot this winter that declares it is *Unregistered*.

EATING TOASTS IN GERMANY.

AMONG the many particulars in which English civilisation has distanced that of continental nations, is the manner of public dining. The *Times* relates how, on the 25th ult., a *Festmahl*, or banquet, in celebration of the 100th birthday of GOETHE, was held at Berlin. It is melancholy that in the nineteenth century, and in the capital of Prussia, such a display of barbarism should have taken place as that described by our contemporary. The soup was placed on the table at half-past three, and the dessert not introduced till eight. The company, in the meanwhile, it may be supposed, were cramming and stuffing, but this hypothesis is more creditable to their taste than their actual conduct. Will it be believed? they were positively singing and speechifying over their plates!

The healths of the King and the Royal Family were given before the cloth was removed, and a song in honour of the "King of Poets" was followed "by a course of mutton-cutlets and Teltower turnips." Perhaps it is the fashion in Germany to eat healths as well as drink them, and "Gentlemen, charge your plates!" may be the signal to prepare for a toast. If ever we go to Germany, we shall expect to meet some individual who will wish us prosperity and happiness in a mouthful of beef, or desire the pleasure of a slice of mutton with us across the table.

A dinner, to have justice done it, requires undivided attention; and the talk by which it is accompanied should be of the shortest and smallest. Fancy the cold dishes—the coagulated gravy—which must be the necessary consequence of harangues and songs at dinner time! The city of London, in international charity, ought really to send MR. HARKER, the toast-master, to the Berliners, and teach them how to manage these things properly.

PUNCH'S SONGS OF THE HEART.

By the Musical Correspondent of the Evening Paper



"YES, I HAVE DARED TO LOVE THEE!"

"This little ballad, which is causing such a sensation in the fashionable world,—has thrown so many a tea-table into confusion, and cooled the muffin on the lip of female beauty—this little ballad had its origin in the following startling incident.—In an aristocratic family not five thousand miles from Belgravia, the youngest daughter of the house was a creature all gaiety and gushiness, who added to the carol of the lark, the eye of the eagle, the neck of the stag, and the ringlets of the raven. That heart, having all the softness of the sponge, had absorbed the delicious ballad of 'Will you love me then as now?' and she was in the habit of trilling it out from morning till night in her boudoir not five thousand miles from Belgravia.

"Among the numerous serving-men in the vast establishment of her father, was one who evidently had a heart of Indian-rubber bounding about under a waistcoat of red plush, and who, in the course of his duties, frequently came into close communication with the Belgravian maiden. His impressible fancy soon took the image of the eagle-eyed, stag-necked, raven-ringleted creature, and the rosy fetters of Cupid were continually tripping him up when he entered with the coals, or came to deliver the card, the message or the *billet*. This went on for some time, until on one occasion he entered the *salon* just as the syren of Belgravia had commenced her accustomed wood-larking of the popular ballad, 'Will you love me then as now?' when seized with a sudden inspiration—the bounding heart fluttering under the waistcoat, causing him to forget the plush, and reducing him as it were to a non-plush,—the sensitive serving-man burst forth with the passionate exclamation of 'Yes, I have dared to love thee!' A popular composer, hearing of the incident, availed himself of the circumstance with his usual tact, and the result has been the ballad, which is now in every lady's mouth, upon every lady's piano, and in every boarding-school music bill."

HOW TO KEEP A THING PRIVATE.

If you want to keep a thing exceedingly private, put it in a letter, which entrust for delivery to "a private hand." The privacy is sure to be so great, that no one else will ever see it afterwards.

ALARMIST LINEN-DRAPERS.

THE present would appear to be the "Reign of Terror" in the Haberdashery world, if we are to judge by the number and extent of the alarms that are being got up at the Sacrifices, real or pretended, of the London Linendrapers. Their announcements are no longer confined to mere assertions of "Must have Cash," "Extensive Failure," and the other comparatively quiet statements of a few years ago, but there is now a recklessness bordering upon insanity pervading all their placards. "We have made a regular Smash of it." "What is it to you that our Creditors won't get 2 pence in the Pound?" "We have a Bill due to-morrow, and must sell for Anything you offer us to-day." "Call us fraudulent Bankrupts if you like, but we must have some Cash," are a few of the delicate baits that are now held out to purchasers no less unprincipled than the vendors, and it is satisfactory to feel that the buyers who are tempted by these avowals of dishonesty, are invariably victimised by having to pay about double the value for their bargains.

We cannot help being struck occasionally by the poverty of invention displayed in the tricks of the trade, and we therefore for the sake of mere variety throw out a few suggestions which may give an artistic air to proceedings, that are of themselves simply contemptible.

Over the door might be suspended a model of the Queen's Bench with a placard underneath, inscribed, "Removing to this Place," or, "Where we are rapidly coming to." It would also aid the illusion if a few of the young men were "got up" in the theatrical costume of "bailiffs" or "men in possession," whilst at the first floor window a *tableau* might be exhibited of the



BANKRUPT IN THE ACT OF BREAKING OR MAKING A SMASH OF IT.

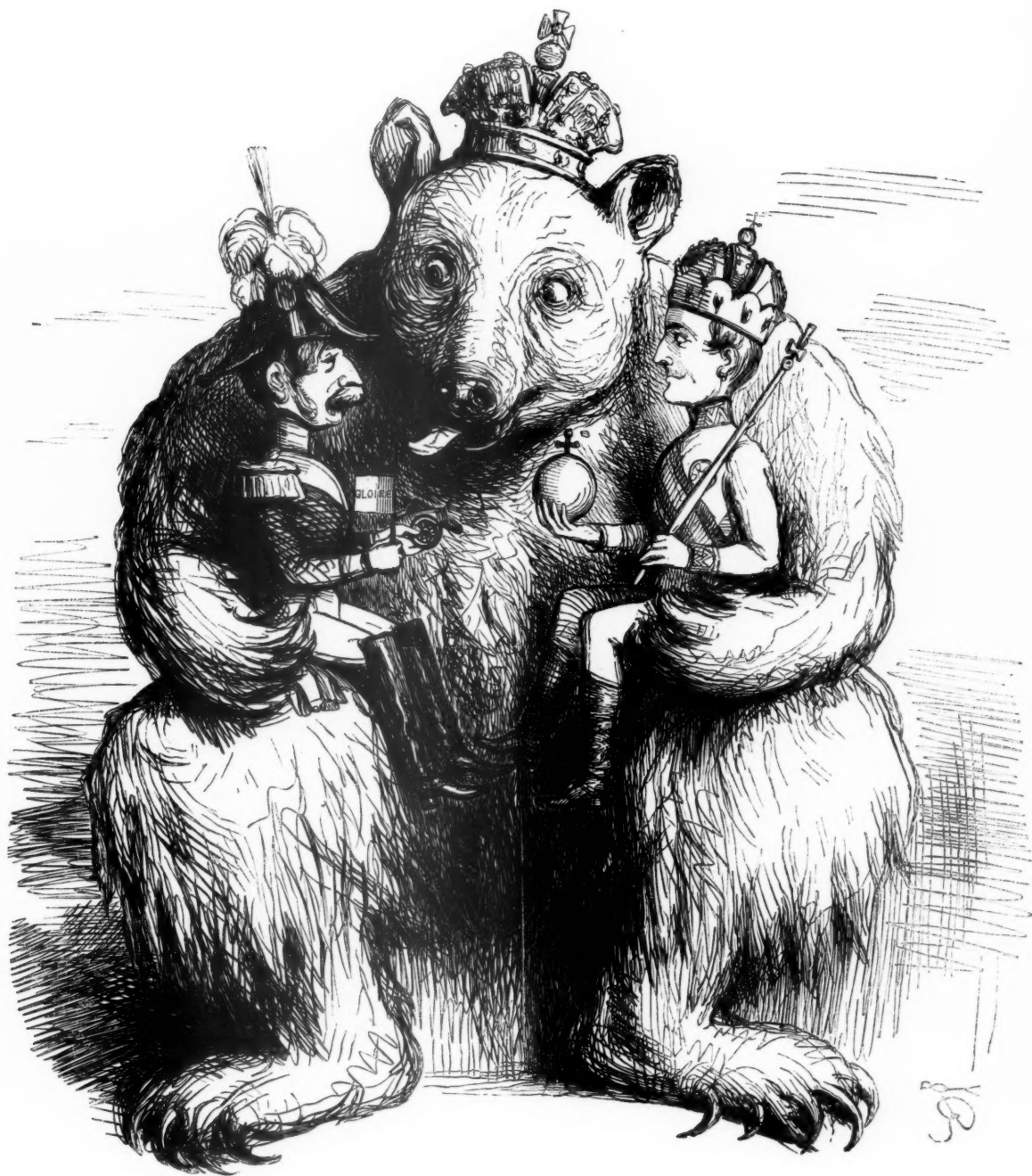
THE SLANDERED BRITISH LAMB.

WE should be very sorry to quarrel with M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN, who has won golden opinions from us by his advocacy of peace; but in all good nature we beg to ask what *does* he mean by the following passage contained in an article on the instability of French governments that appeared lately in his paper, *La Presse*?

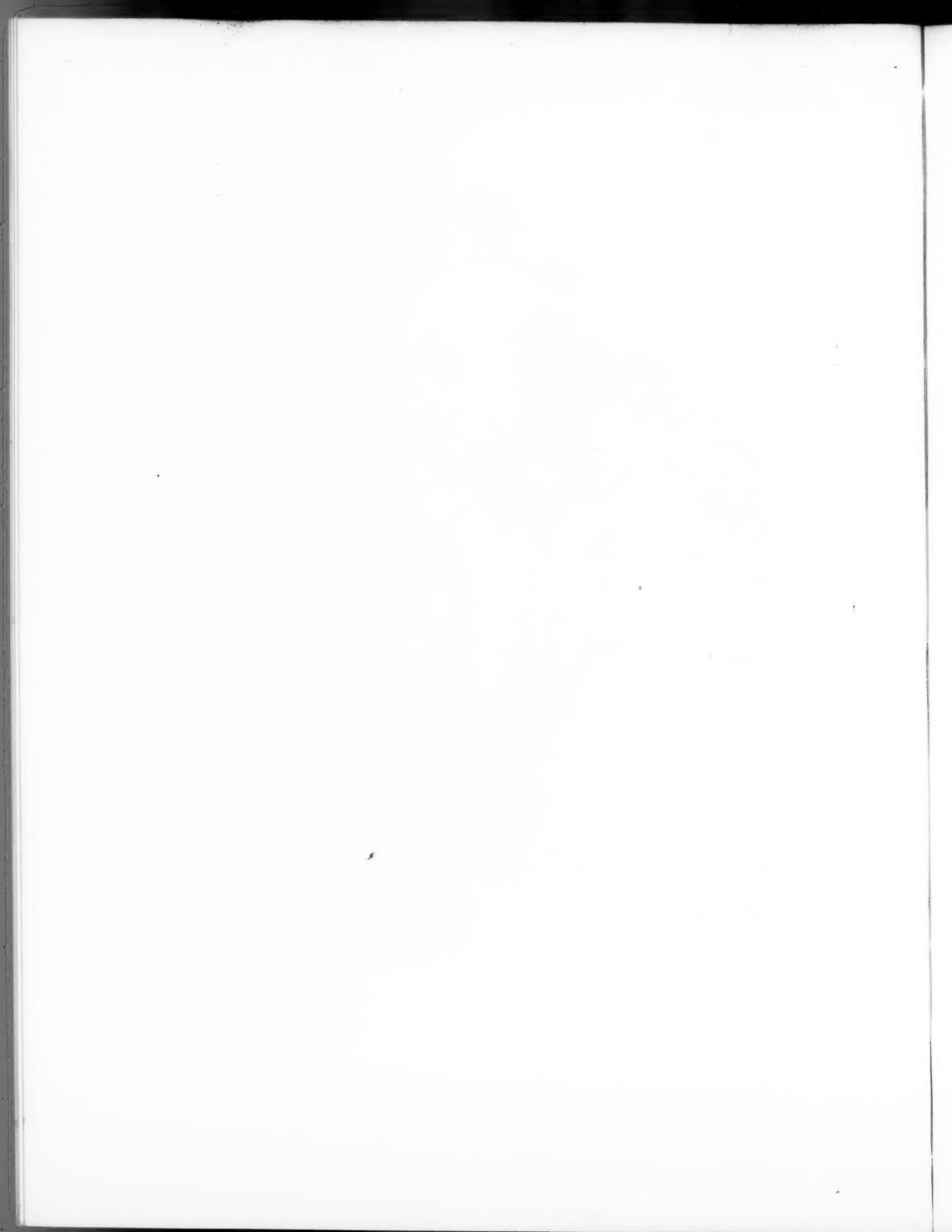
"England, whilst freeing her constitution from the rust of ages, maintains, with a vigilance and firmness that never relax, the aggressive position which she occupies in the two hemispheres, and over every sea."

Why, England for the last several years has been leaving all the nations of Europe to their own devices; or interfering in their affairs only by advice; and even when this has been rejected with scorn and insult, she has meekly put the affront in her—reticule. England, too, has taken the initiative in Free Trade—thrown open her ports and her arms to all the world. JOHN BULL has for a long time drawn in his horns. Our foreign policy of late has been almost Quaker-like. Since the celebrated charge of an aggressive policy was made by the wolf against the lamb, on no one has that imputation been cast more unjustly than on poor old England.

SUBJECT FOR A PIECE OF SCULPTURE.—MARIO, sitting amidst the ruins of the Italian Opera.



THE ADOPTED CUBS OF THE RUSSIAN BEAR.



SERVE US RIGHT.



HERE was a great stir in the dark among the pictures in the Vernon Gallery, one fine Friday morning, a few weeks ago:

"What's the row?" said a rather low-lived GOODALL to a barefaced (and bodied) ETTY.

"I suppose we're going to be flayed, like the old 'uns upstairs," replied the ETTY. "We don't mind—we're nudes—but for all you decent LESLIES and MULREADYS! ho! ho! ho!"

"I won't be scrubbed," barked a LANDSEER.

"I don't want washing," murmured a juicy CONSTABLE.

"Hold your silly tongues," interposed a calm CALLCOT, "It's only MR. SHEEPSHANKS going to present his pictures to the nation."

"There's no room," shouted a score of uneasy works.

"There's more of us than can be seen already," broke in MACLISE'S *Malcolio*, from the dark walk.

"Better lease the black hole at Calcutta to hang 'em in," gloomily murmured EGGE'S *Gil Blas*.

"It's just perfectly redaculous," drily suggested a WILKIE. "Tell MAISTER SHEEPSHANKS there's nae accommodation for any mair, forbye the sair press there is already in this Nawtional Purgatory."

"Do not alarm yourselves, my friends," interposed the cheering voice of VERNON from his frame; "my friend SHEEPSHANKS has profited by my melancholy example. He will not bestow his pictures where they will not be decently provided for. He will not nullify a national benefit by consigning his gift to the custody of a National Gallery. I have it from the best authority that he intends to present his collection to the University of Oxford. There your brethren will at least have light and air. If those who come to visit them be fewer, they will at least be enabled to see and appreciate. I was the first—and no doubt I shall be the last—foolish enough to believe that a costly gem was worth a decent setting—that a good picture deserved a fair frame—that a national benefactor and his benefit were entitled to a worthier temple, and a more fitting receptacle than what was meant for a coal-cellar, and is not spacious enough for a wine-vault."

THE KITCHEN-GARDEN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE Radish is sprouting in the country newspapers. It has taken such rapid root lately, that we expect it will quickly supplant the "Enormous Cabbage," and put an end to that "Enormous Gooseberry" which has been growing larger and larger every year, until at last no one can take it in.

We have recently dug up a "Large Radish" in the printed bed of the *Chesterfield Reporter*. It is "of the salmon-colour kind," and would have been a radish quite to the taste of SIR HUMPHREY DAVY. It "measured 16 inches in circumference, and has never made the attempt to run into seed;" which is very kind on its part, but probably its enormous size prevented its running. Why, this ambitious radish must have been aspiring to be a carrot. Inflated vegetable!

We do not understand exactly why the sub-editors of the provincial Press restrict us to Vegetable Diet. They never get out of the Kitchen-Garden. Why not ramble into the farm-yard, or take a stroll in the corn-field? Are there not wonderful ears of corn, and Enormous Pigs, and Extraordinary Hens, gifted with wonderful powers of Incubation. We should like an Enormous Egg for our breakfast, just to give a flavour to our tea. The country Press must vary its food. The metropolitan appetite is good, but they must not abuse it. *Toujours* Gooseberry is only making a fool of us. *Toujours* Cabbage would even make a tailor swear. Now we should like a "Tremendous Take of Salmon," a "Large Goose," an "Enormous Battue of Partridges," with a "Wonderful Bunch of Grapes" next week. We are growing dainty, and can take nothing short of the above bill of fare.

A Very Mad Bull.

THE *Standard* informs its readers that, a Bull, on its way from Smithfield to the slaughter-house, walked into the printer's room of that journal, and remained there for fifteen minutes. No doubt the animal expected to make his appearance in one of the *Standard's* Irish leading articles, in which we have long been familiar with Bulls of the most formidable dimensions.

MOTTO FOR MOSES.

"Poeta nascitur, non fit."

Anglicè: A poet, but not a fit on the premises.

DOMESTIC BLISS, v. DINNERS.

(Being a Pathetic Episode from a Tragedy of Private Life.)

"No 1.—From MRS. MARY A—, to MRS. ELIZA B—."

"OH, MY OWN ELIZA!

"FOR the first time in a married life of many years—sometimes, perhaps, a little tedious, but never decidedly unhappy—I write to you with the tears in my eyes, so excuse blots. You know what a sweet-tempered, easily-satisfied creature A— used to be—the best of husbands—never looked at a house-bill twice; never dined at his Club; and content with cold mutton when convenient, and nothing better for dinner. If he was a little soft, I felt that it was a mercy he was not particular, especially in the way of dinners. But, my love, all this is at an end! I am in a fair way to be driven to become a desperate woman, or a cook in my own house!

"You have heard, I dare say, of one SOYER—cook, I understand at one of those odious clubs, where he spends his time in inventing new dishes, and has a kitchen, I am told, like a drawing-room, with a chemical apparatus, and unlimited credit at the butcher's. My misery lies at that man's door. You will naturally ask how. A— came home the other day. Poor little MARIA had the hooping-cough, and I had been at the Zoological Gardens, and there wasn't much of a dinner—but quite as good as many I have seen A— thankful for. It was a cold joint with pickles. I noticed A— didn't eat as heartily as usual. In the middle of dinner he laid down his knife and fork, and inquired in a solemn way if I didn't think there was a sameness about cold meat? I couldn't believe my ears, and I'm sure I don't know what I said, when he went on and asked in a confused but still confident way, if I knew how to make a *Pot-au-Few*, or *Croquettes*. I thought he meant *crochet-work*; but it appears he alluded to a dish—a French dish.

"I said I was astonished at his conduct, when he began, and gave me a receipt about cutting cold beef into dice, and putting in a *stew-pan* with finely-chopped onions, and bread crumbs, and fried parsley, and gracious knows what! You may conceive what I looked like when he went on about a good dinner being no more expensive than a bad one, if you knew how to manage it, and about the best Economy being good cookery, and how attractive homes might be made by good dinners—and then, at last, the murder came out, in the shape of a little blue-covered book, called "the Modern Housewife," which he begged me to study. And I assure you, my dear, that book contains enough to poison the peace of all families that don't keep a professed cook, and gives receipts for all sorts of nice things, and bills of fare for all sizes of parties, and all in a series of letters between Mrs. L— and Mrs. B—, who I don't believe ever existed.

"Oh, my love, if you wish to be happy in future, don't let B— get hold of this book. I hope SOYER is a miserable man, who wrote it, as he ought to be.

"I remain, your unhappy Friend,

"MARY A—."

"From MRS. ELIZA B—, to MRS. MARY A—."

"MY DEAREST MARY,

"DON'T make yourself unhappy on my account. A fortnight before I got your letter I purchased SOYER'S book, without B—'s knowledge; studied it, and worked from it. B— has been an altered man ever since. For remember how he used to dine from home—being detained by business, as he said. But since I've tried some little dinners, he hasn't missed a meal. It was only yesterday, that in return for a shoulder of mutton à la Provençale (which didn't cost more than sixpence to do, beyond what the plain roast would have done), he took me into MADAME CRINOLINE and presented me with a love of a bonnet. I want a shawl to match it, and am going to make an attack to-morrow with a "Turban de Croquettes à l'Épigram." Don't be frightened at the name. It isn't near so difficult to make as to read, and from the receipt, I should think will prove irresistible. What a pity it was, A— found out the book first!

"I'd recommend you to make the best of a bad bargain, however, and submit to the book. I agree with you that plain dinners are done for, and that cold meat two days running will soon be considered good ground for a separation—a *mensé*—at least.

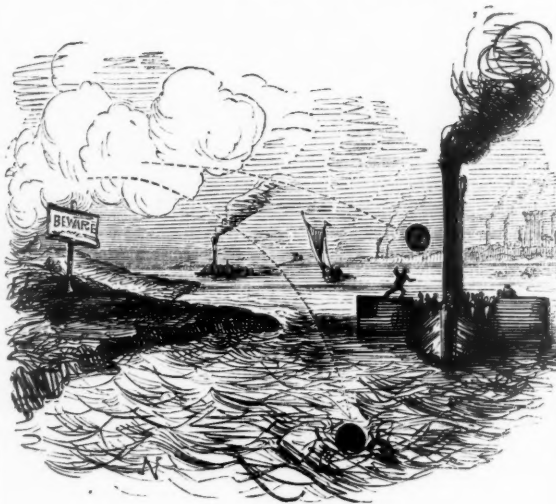
"Yours, very faithfully,

"ELIZA B—."

THE I. O. U. COLUMN.

A CREDITOR was lately asked what the Duke of York's Column was erected in honour of. "I don't know," he said, "unless it's the GREAT UNPAID."

THE TERRORS OF THE THAMES.



FAR be it from us to prevent our gallant soldiery from playing at sieges when there is happily no necessity for their doing in earnest, what they are in the habit of doing "only in fun;" but that which may be mere sport to them is likely to prove death to some of the public, if cannon balls are to be sent flying over Plumstead Marshes into the Thames, during the passing backwards and forwards of the steam-boats. An artillery shell would consign to his coffin any unfortunate excursionist, who having run down the river for a blow, may get his expectations more than realised, by a ten or twelve pound bunch of grape flopping unexpectedly down upon his hat, and giving him a ball'd head before the scythe of time has performed the operation of thinning his hair, or cutting it off altogether. A correspondent of the *Times* complains of a regular cannonade having been kept up by the artillery, as he was passing in a steamer, and he gives a fearful description of a shot grazing the nose of the figure-head, while another put the captain under the necessity of either catching it literally, or dodging it, as he stood on the paddle-box. We of course cannot judge of the necessity there may be for using real ammunition in the course of practice. But it would be as well for the practitioners to have some aim in view, lest the innocent pleasure-seekers on the Thames should become the involuntary targets of the brave defenders of their country.

BROUGHAM'S AGRICULTURAL DESIGNS.

LORD BROUGHAM has made his first appearance at Penrith in his last new character of "the British Farmer." Among the Agricultural Designs which his Lordship intends shortly to introduce, we are enabled to enumerate—

1. An improved plan for drilling the House of Lords.
2. A scheme for hatching Russian Ducks in this country.
3. A design for a scarifier for LORD CAMPBELL.
4. A contrivance for irrigating the country with small talk.

Mathematical Error.

It is quite absurd to say that a square has four sides, any two of which are equal.

Have the kindness to look at Leicester Square.

Has that four sides, pray? and which two of those sides would you call equal?

Why, one side is completely gone, and out of the three left there are not two alike. One side has eleven railings left, and the other two don't number at the outside,—or the inside either,—more than thirty-three between them, and one-half of those are wood.

It seems clear to us that Leicester Square, finding itself no longer able to keep things square, has broken up its London establishment, and absconded, no one knows where. The horse is the only thing that has not cut and run. The Royal Gent on horseback, whoever he may be, deserves being appointed "RIDER A. 1."

THE GAME DISTRICTS.

ACCOUNTS of the Game this year all agree in stating that it is very plentiful. On the Continent it is no less plentiful than in England.

At Wiesbaden the Game is kept alive from morning to night; and many a poor pigeon has been plucked, cleaned out, and "done nicely to a turn," in less than half-an-hour. The GRAND DUKE OF NASSAU superintends the Assembly-rooms himself, and frequently looks in at the *rouge-et-noir* table, to see whether there is fair play. He has been known more than once to stake a florin when the fun has been rather flagging, and has lost it with the greatest good temper. He dines occasionally at the *table-d'hôte*, and mixes most graciously with the guests whose kreutzers he has been winning the minute before.

The GRAND DUKE OF BADEN has plainly declared he cannot afford to give up the gambling; and, more than that, will not. The rooms at Baden-Baden are beautifully lighted up, and there is music to enliven those who are losing their money. It is in contemplation to give all frequenters a handsome supper, with unlimited Champagne, so as to create a greater appetite and fiercer thirst for play. The Grand Duke honours his princely gambling shop very frequently with his presence, and is never so happy as when he sees all his subjects playing and gambolling about him; on these festive occasions he is generally decorated with the Grand Order of the Fleece.

Spa is very lively, and has had a good stroke of luck this Season. The gay little town resounds all day with the merry cry of "*Paites votre jeu, Messieurs.*"

Aix-la-Chapelle has given up its former rakish life, and has turned respectable in its old age. We are told it kept up the ball to the very last, being determined to "die game." The old sinner is occasionally troubled with a desire to return to its abandoned habits, for with the evil example at Spa so continually before its eyes, it requires more than Spartan courage to resist a throw.

The other gambling shops are quietly awaiting the arrival of "*ces bêtes d'Anglais.*" A large sum, however, has been cleared by a fashionable M. D., who has played his cards well at Hombourg. He is not the only Doctor on the Continent who has jumped into a fortune by means of a mineral spring!

LIGHTLY TRIP IT, TRIP IT MERRILY.



OUR London is at this moment besieged by French 8-pounders in the shape of large parties of excursionists, who for the moderate sum of £8, or 200 francs, are franked for an eight day's visit to the great metropolis. With all due respect for our great city, we must express our deep commiseration for the fate of those unhappy Frenchmen who during this dull period of the year are brought over to see the Lions of London. Great efforts are made to get up an attractive programme to induce the French to revisit us just now, but there are one or two points that might

we are sure be introduced with advantage into the prospectus. We think, for example, that something might be made of Wapping Old Stairs, which, though sounding familiar enough to us under the English title, would make an excellent line when translated into

LES VIEUX ESCALIERS DE WAPPING.

Of course the ingenuity of the guides will not have overlooked the interesting features of

LE MARCHE DU CHAMP DE SMITH,

or Smithfield Market, which must possess peculiar fascinations for a Frenchman, who has always been taught to believe it the Grand Mart for the famous or infamous

VENTE DES FEMMES,

in which wives are knocked down, whole lots at a time, with an auctioneer's hammer.

Among other spots that may be specified as full of interest to the French excursionists, is the

Celebre Mer de Batter,

including a visit to the Red House, where an opportunity will occur of being introduced to the

CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE

or landlord of the Red House, who may easily be confounded with the hero that ALEXANDRE DUMAS has immortalised.

We hope to see our suggestions embodied in the next prospectuses of the 200 franc trip, which must by this time be getting somewhat in want of a fresh impetus.

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD.

BY A TRADESMAN IN THE VICINITY.

THE sexton tolls the knell till parting day,
The latest funeral train has paid its fee,
The mourners homeward take their dreary way,
And leave the scene to Typhus and to me.

Now fades the crowded graveyard on the sight,
But all, its air who scent, their nostrils hold,
Save where the beadle drones, contented quite,
And drowsy mutes their arms in slumber fold.

Save where, hard by yon soot-incrusted tower,
A Reverend Man does o'er his port complain,
Of such as would, by sanitary power,
Invade his ancient customary gain.

Beneath those arid mounds, that dead wall's shade,
Where grows no turf above the mouldering heap,
All in their narrow cells together laid,
The former people of the parish sleep.

The queasy call of sewage-breathing morn,
The ox, urg'd bellowing to the butcher's shed,
The crowd's loud clamouring at his threatening morn,
No more shall rouse them from their loathly bed.

For them no more the chamber-light shall burn,
The busy doctor ply his daily care,
Nor children to their sire from school return,
And climb his knees the dreaded pest to share.

Good folks, impute not to their friends the fault,
If memory o'er their bones no tombstone raise;
Where there lie dozens huddled in one vault,
No art can mark the spot where each decays.

No doubt, in this revolting place are laid,
Hearts lately pregnant with infectious fire;
Hands, by whose grasp contagion was conveyed,
As sure as electricity by wire.

Full many a gas of direst power unclean,
The dark o'erpeopled graves of London bear,
Full many a poison, born to kill unseen,
And spread its rankness in the neighbouring air.

Some district Surgeon, that with dauntless breast
The epidemic 'mongst the poor withstood,
Some brave, humane Physician here may rest,
Some Curate, martyrs to infected blood.

To some doom'd breast the noxious vapour flies,
Some luckless lung the deadly reek inspires,
Ev'n from the tomb morbid fumes arise,
Ev'n in men's ashes live Disorder's fires.

For thee, who, shock'd to see th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their shameful plight relate;
If, chance, by sanitary musings led,
Some graveyard-gleaner shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some muddle-headed clerk will say,
We used to see him at the peep of dawn,
Shaving with hasty strokes his beard away,
Whene'er his window-curtains were undrawn.

There would he stand o'erlooking yonder shed,
That hides those relics from the public eye,
And watch what we were doing with the dead,
And count the funerals daily going by.

One morn we miss'd him in the 'custom'd shop;
Behind the counter where he used to be,
Another serv'd; nor at his early chop,
Nor at the "Cock," nor at the "Cheese," was he.

The next, by special wish, with small array,
To Kensall Green we saw our neighbour borne,
Thither go read (if thou canst read) the lay
With which a chum his headstone did adorn.

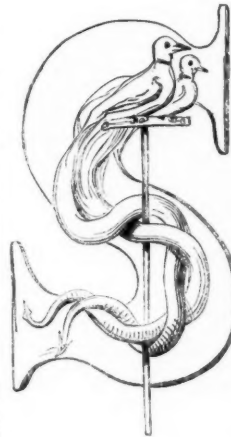
THE EPITAPH.

Here rest with decency the bones in earth,
Of one to Comfort and to Health unknown,
Miasma ever plagued his humble hearth,
And Scarletina mark'd him for her own.

Long was his illness, tedious, and severe,
Hard by a London Churchyard dwelt our friend;
He follow'd to the grave a neighbour's bier,
He met thereby ('twas what he fear'd) his end.

No longer seek Corruption to enclose
Within the places of mankind's abode;
But far from cities let our dust repose,
Where daisies blossom on the verdant clod.

WAR, THE BEST TEACHER OF PEACE.



So kindly intended as a compliment, we cannot help thinking it was a great mistake, throwing open the Versailles Gallery to the Members of the Peace Congress. If we recollect right, this palace is an immense Temple to War, which men miscall GLORY. It is filled with long galleries of fire and smoke. Every picture records some historical slaughter. There are acres upon acres of Battles—more or less won by the French—and even the atrocities committed in Algiers are there beautifully coloured over, and held up to admiration as the prettiest victories. The whole Palace, in fact, is a long panorama of war. It is a pictorial History of France, splendidly got up for a nation of soldiers. It is a large military Keepsake, in which every illustration is full of noise, strife, aggression, and murder. Tear out JOAN OF ARC, and there is scarcely a bright page in it. The mind gets filled at last with so much smoke; the incessant firing, hurraing, and shrieking, sickens you, and upon leaving

the place with a violent headache, you inquire, as you breathe again the fresh air, "And is this all that a great nation has lived for?"

We are sure it was intended as a great compliment by the French Government, but we ask whether this glorification of war was the most agreeable sight to offer to gentlemen whose holy mission was that of peace?—who had purposely gone over to Paris to preach universal love, and not universal murder, amongst all men?

But perhaps we are wrong. The honour may have been purposely paid, with the worthy intention of strengthening the Peace Congress in the noble cause it has undertaken, and the grand national hecatomb of pictures was only shown to the members in order to impress them the more strongly with the accumulated horrors of war. Can any one look through the long catalogue of battles, for which Versailles is nothing better than a big slaughter-house with gilt edges, and say that France is the better for any one of them?

As drunken Helots were shown to Spartan boys to disgust them with the horrors of drunkenness, so was the Versailles Gallery shown to the members of the Peace Congress, to make them turn with greater disgust from the horrors of war.

What shall he have that Killed the Deer?

THE DUKE OF ATHOL (we are informed by the *Perth Courier*) brought down in one day 24 head of Deer. The old song asks, "What shall he have that killed the Deer?" and we make answer, "A blue apron and a butcher's steel." From the fact of having killed so many, we think the Duke is at the least entitled to the emblems of his trade. The apron should be embroidered with strawberry leaves, and the steel should have the ducal coronet upon it. What a noble butcher the Duke would have made! The world has lost a fine GIBLETT in ATHOL.

Look Out for Squalls.

A NEW ventilating brick has lately been registered (they will register a house next), which will admit of a current of air, either hot, tepid, or cold, being carried through an entire wall. We sincerely hope the House of Commons is not being built with these ventilating bricks, for Parliament is quite hollow enough as it is. We are half afraid, however, that they are only some new flight on the part of that great ventilating brick, DR. REID, and if so, you will see the House adjourned literally after some stormy debate.



MADAME TISSAUD'S WAX WORKS. Yr CHAMBER OF HORRORS !!

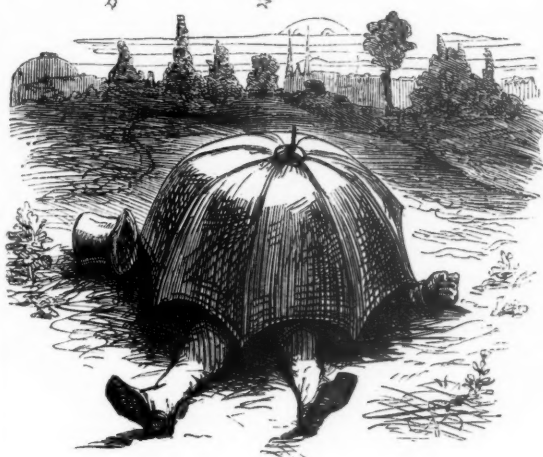
Mr. Pips his Diary.

Wednesday, September 5, 1849.—To please my Wife, did take her this Evening to MADAME TISSAUD her Wax Works; a grand large Room, exceeding fine with Gilding, lighted up very splendid, and full of People, and a Band of Musique playing as they walked about: cost 2s., and a Catalogue 6d. The Wax Figures a pretty Show: but with their painted Cheeks and glassy Eyes—especially such as nod and move—do look like Life in Death. The Dresses very handsome, and I think, correct; and the Sight of so many People of Note in the Array of their Time, did much delight me. Among the Company Numbers of Country Folk, and to see how they did stare at the Effigies of the QUEEN, and the PRINCE, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and the KING OF THE BELGIANS, and the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE that was, and GEORGE THE FOURTH in his Coronation Robes, magnificent as a Peacock! The Catalogue do say that his Chair is the very one wherein he sat in the Abbey; but how like a Play-House Property it do look, and little thought the King it would come down to figure in a Rarree Show! A Crowd of Dames and Matrons gazing at the Group of the Royal Family, calling the Children "Dears" and "Ducks," and would, I verily believe, have kissed their Wax Chaps, if they had been suffered. My Wife feasting her Eyes on the little Princes and Princesses, I did fix mine upon a pretty, modest, black Maid beside me, and she hers on me, till my Wife spying us, did pinch me with her Nails in the Arm. Pretty, to see the Sovereign Allies in the last War, and bluff old BLUCHER, and BONAPARTE and his Officers, in brave Postures, but stiff. Also the two KING CHARLESSES, and OLIVER, together; CHARLES THE FIRST protesting against his Death-Warrant,

and his Son backing him; and CARDINAL WOLSEY looking on. LORD BYRON in the Dress of a Greek Pirate, looking Daggers and Pistols, close to JOHN WESLEY preaching a Sermon, was likewise mighty droll; and methought, if all MADAME TISSAUD's Figures were their Originals instead, what Ado there would be! Many of the Faces that I knew by Recollection, or Pictures, very like; and my LORD BROUGHAM I did know directly, and LISTON in *Paul Pry*. But strange, among the Kings to see him that was the Railway King; and methinks that it were as well now if he were melted up. Thence to the NAPOLEON Rooms, where BONAPARTE's Coach, and one of his Teeth, and other Reliques and Gimmicks of his, well enough to see for such as care about him a Button. Then to the Chamber of Horrors, which my Wife did long to see most of all; cost, with the NAPOLEON Rooms, 1s. more; a Room like a Dungeon, where the Head of ROBESPIERRE, and other Scoundrels of the great French Revolution, in Wax, as though just cut off, horrid ghastly, and Plaster Casts of Fellows that have been hanged: but the chief Attraction a Sort of Dock, wherein all the notorious Murderers of late Years; the foremost of all, RUSH, according to the Bill, taken from Life at Norwich, which, seeing he was hanged there, is an odd Phrase. There was likewise a Model of Stanfield Hall, and RUSH his Farm, as though the Place were as famous as Waterloo. Methinks it is of ill Consequence that there should be a Murderers' Corner, wherein a Villain may look to have his Figure put more certainly than a Poet can to a Statue in the Abbey. So away again to the large Room, to look at JENNY LIND instead of GREENACRE, and at 10 of the Clock Home, and so to Bed, my Wife declaring she should dream of the Chamber of Horrors.

THE SHUT-UP ONE.

A LAY OF THE REGENT'S PARK.



THE night is dark and dreary,
The grass extremely damp;
My ear, it is aware
Of yon policeman's stamp;
I'd call him, but I fear he
Would seize me for a tramp.

Alone within the railings,
And it groweth late and lone:
Vain my repeated hailings—
The porters must have gone;
I may not climb the palings,
For I am sixteen stone.

I pass'd the gate a quarter
Before the clocks toll'd seven;
And now it's ten or arter—
By jingo that's eleven!
And here I sit a martyr,
Beneath the cope of 'Even.

While getting mild and mellow
At DOBBS's pleasant board,
I little thought my pillow
Would be the swampy sward,
With nought but an umbrella
My wretched 'ead to guard!

Cuss on the fatal liquor,
Cuss on the pleasant talk,
That sent the bottle quicker,
And good intents did baulk;
Till I felt that I talk'd thicker,
And resolved to take a walk.

For in general over drinking's
An 'abit I abhor,
And I felt an 'usband's shrinkings
From knocking at my door,
To tell my MISSIS JENKINS,
That I'd do so no more.

Therefore I pass'd the gateway,
To go across the park;
Thinking to save a great way,
And not provoke remark,
By not walking in a straight way,
Which I didn't, 'cause 'twas dark.

What man, whate'er the season,
Could reasonably doubt
That all let in, by reason,
Must also be let out;
Not left to perch the trees on,
Or bivouac about?

What man of business habits,
I ask, could e'er suppose,
That the Regent's Park would nabits
Walkers at evening's close,
And passengers, like rabbits,
Within its toils enclose?

My wife will scarce be apt to
Believe me if I say
That the Park gates are clapt to,
At the same hour each day;
That their times they don't adapt to
Let people get away.

* * * *

The dews fall chill and steady,
And damp me to the skin;
I was cold without already,
And now I'm wet within:
If the porter is in bed, he
Is were I should have been!

And MISSIS JENKINS fretteth
Beside her flaring dip:
And oft her brow she knitteth,
And pulls an injured lip,
While her wretched husband sitteth
In a dreary state of drip.

I'll write the *Times* to-morrow,
About these vile park-keepers,
And teach them to their sorrow
That men ain't railway sleepers,
To camp out thus or borrow
Trees to stick on like creepers.

High is the Fence and frowning,
And there are spikes a-top,
With a Ditch outside for drowning
Poor creatures when they drop.
No! here damp and done brown, in
The Regent's Park I'll stop!

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

THE LONDON CLAY.

A HOT war rages between the dead of the metropolis and the quick; between the London clay of churchyards, and the London clay that is still householder. It must be confessed that the living have been very patient under the aggressions they have suffered; the enemy fighting with all advantages upon their side, secure from all sensible reverse; in veriest truth not knowing when they are beaten. The citizen, whose chamber window opens upon a grave-yard, sleeping and waking, is a mark for his enemy whose unconscious particles are fighting millions strong in the domestic atmosphere of the breathing man; killing him quietly but surely—very surely. And what his solace, what his renovating comfort against these mortal odds? Why, he can open his mouth, and protest at a parish gathering; or what may be a still dearer satisfaction, the feeling making musical his every heart-string, he can draw a grey goose quill, and—write to the *Times*. And the same night, the enemy's millions are attacking him under his tester; destroying the roses in his wife's cheeks, and making yellow the baby.

This is hard upon the living, hard upon the dead. We have sympathies for either side. Why should the dead be made mischievous? The thought of it must be the longest nail in a good man's coffin. Why, when man has turned his face to the wall,—that wall, where eternal sky-light comes through upon him,—why should he be made, in the clay, to turn again, and, without his will or knowledge, carry on an exterminating war against those he has left behind him? Imagine a good, gracious grandfather, made, by the tyranny of the sexton, to poison his daughter, to kill his grandchildren. Good fellow! with the spirit in him, he may have been the tenderest, the kindest of men; and that spirit, living its eternal reward, the offal once his property is turned into wickedness and mischief, and kills about it. After this manner, a HOWARD in life, may be a homicide in his coffin.

There was an old thought—one of the many noisome pets of superstition—that the spinal marrow of a dead man became quickened into a serpent. Our London churchyards, in the London clay removed from London chambers, breed clouds of poisonous things, devouring as locusts. We may not see them. We may not, by the aid of the best microscope, read their veined wings, and count one by one their organs of destruction. The more the pity. Otherwise, we had never endured them; had never generated them, not in a cord of marrow, but in every particle of that "paste and covering" that makes the biggest alderman. Their worst evil has been in their invisibility. They have carried mortality down the throats of men, and destroyed unseen. Hence, the mischief in its long-continuing.

And good men, and tenderest women, with most pious intentions, up to the present hour, insist upon doing their best, when dead, to add to their number. Or wherefore, at this time, do London grave-diggers—their ordinary force strengthened by helping hands—sweat in London churchyards? Family graves are to be opened. The dead are to have kindred followers. Widow would rejoin husband, widower would rest with sometime wife. It is very touching: there is natural religion, pathos in the wish. And so we pile the London clay—layer upon layer—pile it up, until the noon-day sun scorching the crust of earth, makes hot the very coffin-plate.

Parishioners have a vested right in the mischief of the London clay that makes a London churchyard, and—the admiring world has seen it will not forego the privilege of evil. They will vindicate their citizenship even in their coffins; and when dead, insist upon the good old English prerogative of becoming a nuisance. It is after this unyielding, literal fashion, we must henceforth translate the sentiment that makes our neighbour crave for London interment. Why should he not take up his last home in the country? Why not—if he will have sentiment—why not gradually become grass, the while the skylark sings to the change, and haply, the sheep take a bite above him? Why not to soft rural harmonies pass into dust, the stone at his head, with the gravity of an allowed fiction, telling a century onward where he lies? If sentiment must be satisfied, this country home is a sweeter, pleasanter abode than a house of London clay. Or is it that the parishioner of St. Bride's thinks there may be an after soothing, a continual droning to continual rest in the sound of carriage wheels? Is it his thought that, even in the grave, the civic cry of "old clothes"—significant cry near the cast-off suits of the sons of Adam!—is sweeter, far more social, than the bleating of lambs? Skylarks are very well in their way, but—thinks our tradesman—it is something to have even above one's grave the delicious shoutings of—"City!" "Bank!"

Again, a dead man may be made a sort of burglar if insisting upon burial in a London churchyard. He in his bran-new coffin, with its honest number of ornaments, and everything about him in the pride and ceremony of recent death, turns out—evicts—a previous tenant, made, it is sad to think it, of no more account when dead than an Irish cotter when living. Yes, the pompous dead man of Saturday last, needing full room for his full-length, turns out, or crushes into abominable flatness, the withered fellow beneath him, who, to be sure,

NAPIER'S DIRECTORY.—The nearest way to the Admiralty is through Downing Street.

may have done his full work of mischief in the grave; having given off his contribution of poison—having duly paid his subscription to the fund—the floating fund—of miasma, that, from rich London clay, contaminates the London living. And so then, the last comer, the uppermost man—he may in his life-time enjoy the pleasantness of the thought—is nicely placed, the earth lying very light upon him, to do his worst; until certain gases shall have burned out, and the sexton comes with his iron auger—his grave-taster—and finds the top man may now be second top, crushing him before his time, to lie close for a new, and on such account, therefore, more respectable lodger.

Nobody builds like your grave-digger, says SHAKESPEARE; and upon recent evidence nobody pecks like the London artificer of London clay. With his shovel he will dismember the carcase of a man—to make the pieces lie close—readily as butcher will disjoint for the shambles. Assuredly, folks determined upon London burial ought to weigh these things in their consciences—to test them, not by the sentiment of the grave, but by the sentiment of living justice. Can a man, ought a man, to die at peace knowing that he has willed, sternly willed, to be so bestowed that the sun may breed in him a mortal pestilence to his neighbours. That he may have, in a clayey sense, a speedy resurrection of himself in noxious vapours, taking mortal possession of the lungs of the living. And then, if he have churchyard sentiment, how can he endure the thought of breaking into another man's grave before the man be fairly worn out, and either causing him to be chopped into collops or rudely crushing him flat, treating his weakness as a brutal, burly fellow—elbowing to take front rank at a sight—treats his feeble inferior? But let us remove from the churchyard to the Church.

We have laws to secure the decency of the Temple at the hands of the living; but we allow Churchmen to make a heavy penn'orth of the sacrilege permitted to the dead. Most profitable cellars are church vaults, wherein, for a certain sum paid upon the altar, the well-to-do in this life purchase the after privilege of doing deadly evil by proxy of their dust. When the song of praise arises from the congregation, then likewise ascend mephitic vapours from the homicidal corpses below, that, despite of luxurious lead, escape to mingle with and contaminate the breath of the singers. How is the offering tainted, when animal gases combine with myrrh and frankincense! *Pecunia non olet?* Repeat not the saw in English churches: for, escaped from coffins, newly "tapped"—is the sexton the grim butler?—the reeking abomination smells of money; of money paid to Mother Church for cellarage for her rotting rich ones.

This was a daily evil; but it is published, the evil is to cease. It is a matter for rejoicing, when Churchmen by their lives live out The Book; when with white hands they can meekly defy the opprobrium of the scoffer. Arabian stories tell of Ghouls that live and fatten upon the dead. Well, defy the mocker to the possibility of a wretched comparison: let not holy men, really and truly moved with the innocence of doves, belikened, by a hankering for certain mortal profits, to birds of carrion propensity. Still, still, the milk-white dove, and not a feather of the crow.

Men follow fashion even to the grave. Hence, when the DUKE OF

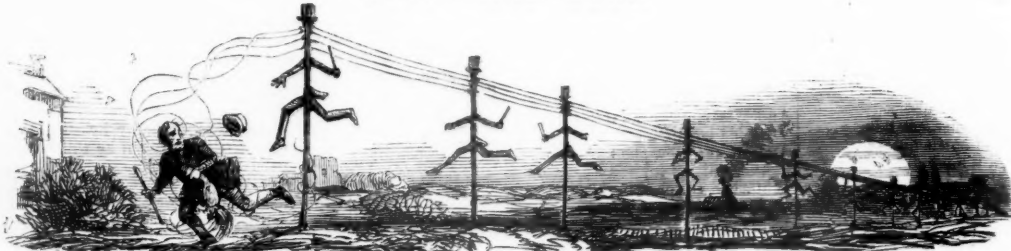
SUSSEX elected to be buried in common clay, taking his final ease in Kensal Green, even as his Royal Highness's and Royal Earthiness's shoemaker may have elected before him,—he did good service in his last protest against such abominations as even the gathered rottenness—spiced, and sweetened, and cere-clothed as it may be—shelved in St. George's, Windsor. The living Duke, disposing of his dead body, resolved to make no part of a nuisance; he would protest against abuse, even in his grave. And—willingly or not in every case—the dual example will be followed. Churches must be left wholly to the living. The dead have had their uses of them, and have passed to the reckoning. They must not, though unconsciously, leave evil behind them. It must not be permitted even to rank to be offensive from the vault below even to the vulgar out of pews. The porcelain pitcher broken is not to do injury to the coarsest pottery whole. In a while, and it will be thought as unseemly for a man to desire to lay his dead body in a church vault, as it would now be judged indecent for the living man to brawl in the service.

But where to find our burial grounds for London clay? Quills, plenty as the porcupine's, rustle at the question. Enclose your commons! This has been the written answer. A savage in the *Times*, signing himself G. B. E.—we at once recognise Great Blockhead Ever—proposes that Wimbledon Common, or Streatham, or Wandsworth, or Barnes Common, be taken from descendants of old ancestral geese, and in due season be whitened with tomb-stones! We answer, take the House of Commons, but touch not one of these. Never let sexton's spade make gashes in the turf that is consecrated to the escaped Londoner, who, for a few hours, brings his spirit to grass, half choked, half stifled with civic grime and smoke. There is land and plenty for the London dead—wide lying; beds roomy enough,—with no cause that cofined London clay should, for all recreative purpose, make chill, and cold, and barren, the bits, the small bits of liberal green, still left—however grudgingly—to the poor. The daisies—the poor man's daisies!—shall not be displaced, even for silver coffin-nails.

Death may easily spare our Commons, and still get room. Any way it seems that, in a while, and London churchyards are to receive no further contributions of London clay. It gives one a glow to believe that Churchmen are resolved upon this. No doubt, with all Christian alacrity, they will settle the money part of the difficulty to the satisfaction and thanksgiving of the unlearned laity. We fear that evil-disposed persons have been known to liken our London churchyards to places crowded for a gala,—where beds were scarce and must be paid for accordingly: where the man of bitter thought has likened the tombstone to a money-changer's table. But we live in better days; when no such comparisons can be held with. A London churchyard will cease to intrude upon our daily life its ghastly impertinence: to force upon us foul associations of Faith, Hope, and Charity with Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. The Germans call a churchyard God's-Field: a beautiful name, suggestive of hopeful thoughts. So we should ever be taught to see it—think it. God's-Field, sown with human seed, at the Sound to burst and germinate, and take upon it immortal loveliness.

A LITTLE BIRD.

SWIFT AND SURE.



A VISION VERY LIKE REALITY.

SINCE justice took to tracking crime by the aid of the Electric Telegraph, she can no longer be described in the words of HORACE as

"*Pede pama claudo.*" No wonder the murderer is nervous, when he is, literally, very often "hung upon wires."

POOR ST. ANDREW.

In the hands of NICHOLAS, SAINT ANDREW is too often a melancholy SAINT MERRY ANDREW. The autocrat has again perpetrated a ghastly joke, by sending the Grand Cross of the Order to GENERAL HAYNAU, yet smoking from Hungarian shambles—to HAYNAU, who scourged women for loving their husbands and brothers in defiance of his bulletins. The Cross, we are told, is in brilliant's. According to

the old book, "*Liber Lapidarius*," it was taught that precious stones showed sympathy with the virtues and vices of their wearers; sympathy by additional lustre, or by decline and change. Could this be so, HAYNAU's brilliant's would become like amethysts, typifying the first blue lines of the cat on woman's flesh, and then, as rubies, mark and brand the bloodshedder!

"TOGETHER LET US RANGE THE FIELD."

SUCH is the invitation that is constantly on the lips of certain common councilmen with reference to the field of Smith, or Smithfield, which constitutes in their opinion a sort of Elysian Field, where the summit of bliss—and a good deal of *summut* else—lies within the reach of themselves and their families. The undaunted MR. DIXON, whose *ipse dixit*, or *ipse dix-it*, goes a great way with his civic brethren, has taken advantage of the prevailing epidemic to announce his unshaken confidence in the salubrity of Smithfield, and he declared publicly a day or two ago, that he would gladly locate his family on the spot, as a safeguard for them against Cholera. The idea is a bold one, and is well worthy of the same vigorous imagination that saw in the gutters and cattle-pens of the market a promenade for mature age, and a playground for infancy. Perhaps if an application were made to our old friend F. M. at Apsley House, permission might be granted for a regimental band—that of the Cold-streams would be most suitable—to attend in the market during a couple of afternoons in the week, and Smithfield might thus be rendered a kind of East End Kensington Gardens, for the out-door *réunions* of common councilmen and their families.

PHYSIC FOR COURTS-MARTIAL.

MR. PUNCH has been enabled, by the advancement of Medical Science, to invent a series of VALUABLE REMEDIES for the CORRECTION and PROMOTION of the MORAL and INTELLECTUAL FUNCTIONS. His ANTI-PARTIALITY PILLS are infallible in Cases of UNDUE FAVOUR and AFFECTION, and warranted a certain Cure for that WINKING OF THE EYE at the Delinquencies of SUPERIOR OFFICERS, which is so disgraceful a characteristic of MARTIAL—particularly of NAVAL—TRIBUNALS. His TINCTURE OF JUSTICE will be found efficacious in equalising the severity with which Offenders are treated in due proportion to their misdeeds. His ELIXIR OF COMMON SENSE is a certain stimulant to the INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES, enabling the most obtuse and asinine to perceive the Merits of a Case.

In proof of the great necessity that exists for these Medicines, Mr. Punch needs only to point to the proceedings of two recent Courts-Martial. On the one hand, a Lieutenant and a Master in the Navy, pleading guilty of desertion from their vessel, are sentenced to be dismissed HER MAJESTY'S service, to be rendered incapable of serving her again, and to be imprisoned for twelve months. Their excuse was that they were driven to desert by the tyranny and ill usage of their Captain. On the other hand, the Captain himself, brought to trial for cruelty and oppression, and besides, for false expenditure of stores and entering falsehoods in the log-book, and convicted of all these charges, is simply sentenced to dismissal from the service. Now, unless the demon who instigates is less culpable than the victim who sins, the Captain that drives his officers to desert is at least as blameworthy as the deserters.

It is for the prevention of such deplorable cases as that above recited, that the ANTI-PARTIALITY PILLS, the TINCTURE OF JUSTICE, and the ELIXIR OF COMMON SENSE, are respectfully offered by Mr. Punch to the Lords of the Admiralty, with a recommendation that a dose of these invaluable Medicines shall be administered to the members of all future Courts-Martial about to try a senior officer on the prosecution of his junior, whereby they will be preserved from passing iniquitous sentences calculated to bring disgrace and discredit on the British Flag.

* * * One Trial—especially such another as COMMANDER PITMAN'S—will prove the fact.

THE BLACK FLAG OF ST. SAVIOUR'S.

We are convinced that "truth" really "is strange—stranger than fiction." It is written in the *Times* that, at a vestry-meeting of St. Saviour's, Southwark, there was passed a deliberate resolution to disobey an order of the Board of Health for the closure of a certain graveyard in that district, called the "Cross-bones" burial ground. Under existing circumstances that this vote can have been carried, is less credible than the greatest lie in *Munchausen*.

Perhaps some future historian, of more imagination than chronology, will relate how the name of St. Saviour's was given to this parish by popular irony during the epidemic of 1849, and will cite in support of his conjecture the astounding fact above recorded.

The vestry-men of St. Saviour's have made a bold stand indeed against their sanitary aggressors. Of course their motto is, "No Surrender," meaning "We won't give up our charnel!" Of course, also, they have nailed their flag to the mast, and it only remains for us to observe, that this flag is the "Death's head and Cross-bones."

IMPORTANT RECIPE.—To diminish the weekly average of burials in London:—Close the graveyards.

IN FOR IT—HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

ONCE on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle.

It was a very fine elephant, and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance.

But the gentleman had no place to put it in.

Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to feed it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short, he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with—moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity—and an elephant.

France has won her elephant at Rome.

She has brought back the Pope.

She is at her wits' end what to do with him.

She can't abet the Pope and the Cardinals, because she interfered in the cause of Liberty.

She can't abet the Republicans, because she interfered in the cause of the Pope and the Cardinals.

She can't act with Austria, because Austria is absolutist.

She can't act against Austria, because France is conservative and peaceful.

She can't continue her army in Rome, because it is not treated with respect.

She can't withdraw her army from Rome, because that would be to stultify herself.

She can't go forward, because she insisted on the Roman people going backward.

She can't go backward, because the French people insist on her going forward.

She can't choose the wrong, because public opinion forces her to the right.

She can't choose the right, because her own dishonesty has forced her to the wrong.

In one word, she is on the horns of a dilemma, and the more she twists, the more sharply she feels the points on which she is impaled, like a cockchafer in a cabinet, for the inspection of the curious in the lighter and more whirling species of political entomology.

Poor France—will nobody take her precious bargain off her hands? Rome is her bottle imp. She bought it dear enough, but can't get rid of it "at any price."



EMERSON EXPLAINED.

We are told by an Irish contemporary, that—

"EMERSON'S words are full of truth. 'Let the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, and the huge world will come round to him.'"

We are not sure that we comprehend the meaning of these words of MR. EMERSON. By a single man's planting himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abiding, we can only understand his determining to indulge an inclination for cigars and brandy-and-water, and becoming a confirmed sot; in which case, if the huge world will not exactly come round to him, it will assuredly go round to him continually.



ALWAYS BOLT THE DOOR OF YOUR MACHINE AFTER BATHING, OR YOU MAY BE SERVED AS POOR MR. BRIGGS WAS THE OTHER DAY. HIS DISASTER IS REPRESENTED ABOVE. (By the way, in answer to numerous Correspondents, more particularly to the Cork Gentleman, we beg to say that MR. BRIGGS is at present taking the benefit of sea air—and we understand he has accepted an invitation to spend a few days with a friend of his during the Hunting Season. No doubt we shall be enabled to depict some of his performances.)

JASPER JUDGE RIGHT ROYALLY JUDGED.

THE surest way—as *Punch* some time since illustrated—to kill a wasp, is to let fall a drop of oil upon the insect. MR. JASPER JUDGE, the small wasp of Windsor, has been thus made nothing of by our good, gentlewoman QUEEN. JUDGE, for years past, has beset the privacy of the QUEEN and PRINCE at Windsor; now visiting their state-apartments, now their domestic fireside, now their kitchen, now their pantry. At length, JUDGE carries off certain royal etchings—the work of HER MAJESTY and husband—resolving to turn the said pretty private bits of art into means of shoulders-of-mutton. JUDGE is summoned to Chancery; makes a sad figure in Court; is cast—most righteously cast—and the turnkey of the Bench has the offender under close ward for amount of costs, £150. Whereupon MRS. JUDGE—of course with sanction of the offender—petitions for mercy; and receives from MR. ANSON, the QUEEN's private secretary, a most annihilating answer for the prisoner. For many years, says MR. ANSON, it has been the unremitting efforts of your husband—

“To inflict every possible injury on HER MAJESTY, the PRINCE, their family and the Court, by a system of espionage into, misrepresentation and vilifying of, all the acts of their private life; you will be the best judge whether he deserves such a boon at their hands. Nevertheless—”

(And now comes the drop of oil, of olive oil, that must kill the spy; that must change the Windsor wasp to a deadly green, turning him upon his back, dead and useless as a spy for evermore:—)

“Nevertheless, it is repugnant to the feelings of HER MAJESTY and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, that innocent persons like yourself and children should suffer in a cause with which their names are in any way connected, and I am commanded to forward to you a cheque for £150., with which you may pay your husband's costs, and extricate him from prison; and may he in future support his family by a more honourable industry!”

A paltry fellow who had persecuted the PRINCESS ELIZABETH knelt tremblingly before the new-made QUEEN. “Fellow,” said BESS, “fear not; the lion preys not upon carcasses.” A fine magnanimous rebuke; but not so fine—not so beautiful—so truly Christian as the admonition

conveyed by VICTORIA to the offender JUDGE, who for years had “misrepresented and vilified” herself and husband. How beautifully is the man JUDGE condemned, by the relief bestowed upon the culprit! How epigrammatically is the old line rendered by HER MAJESTY—“JUDEX DAMNATUR, CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR!”

TO BUMBLEDOM BELLIGERENTS.

MR. ALDERMAN GOBBLE thinks Sew'rage “all stuff;”
MR. DEPUTY DONK thinks we've drainage enough;
MR. VESTRYMAN GOG declares Smithfield's quite sweet;
COMMON COUNCILMAN MAGOG smells nought in the street;
Let us know, my good friends, when your crowing is o'er,
For when you have done talking, there's Death at the door.

The Vestry of Gotham won't shut up the yard
Where the festering dead lie scarce cover'd with sward;
Not because it's no nuisance, or brings them in wealth,
But because they've been bid by the Board, called of Health.
Let us know, worthy Gothamites, when the tiff's o'er,
For when you have done chaffing, there's Death at the door.

While the Sewers-Commission is hard by the ears
With Guardians, and Health-Boards, and eke Overseers;
While, Bumbledom through, each man snarls at his brother,
And Vestries do little but fight with each other—
Please, BUMBLES, to say when your bickering is o'er;
For when you have done squabbling, there's Death at the door!

FEMALE GENEROSITY.

THE system of Railway Life Assurance is now becoming very prevalent. We learn that ladies are objecting, much less than formerly, to allow their husbands—who insure—to travel without them.



USEFUL SUNDAY LITERATURE FOR THE MASSES ; OR, MURDER MADE FAMILIAR.

Father of a Family (reads). "The wretched Murderer is supposed to have cut the throats of his three eldest Children, and then to have killed the Baby by beating it repeatedly with a Poker. * * * * * In person he is of a rather bloated appearance, with a bull neck, small eyes, broad large nose, and coarse vulgar mouth. His dress was a light blue coat, with brass buttons, elegant yellow summer vest, and pepper-and-salt trowsers. When at the Station House he expressed himself as being rather 'peckish,' and said he should like a Black Pudding, which, with a Cup of Coffee, was immediately procured for him."

MURDER OF MR. COCKROBIN.

*From the "St. Sepulchre's Bell."*CAPTURE OF THE MISCREANT SPARROW, AND HIS EXAMINATION
AT BOW STREET.

LATEST PARTICULARS.



INCE our last publication our intelligent reporters have been diligently engaged in gaining EVERY INFORMATION likely to interest our numerous readers regarding the miscreant now in custody, upon the horrid charge of murdering Mr. COCKROBIN; and we are in possession of a mass of intelligence which will appear exclusively in the columns of the *St. Sepulchre's Bell*, and *Old Bailey Gazette*.

The way in which the capture of SPARROW by the intrepid and enterprising NABBS was effected has been variously, and therefore of course incorrectly, stated by public Journalists, not so well informed as ourselves. It was not at the Bag of Nails, Luck Street, but at the Rainbow and Salutation, that NABBS first succeeded in getting on the "trail" of the (reputed) assassin: and in the following manner. A man in the dress of a journeyman baker had asked Mr. MOWLES, the landlord of the Rainbow and Salutation,

whether he could have a bed for the night, and could have a single-bedded room? This trivial question aroused Mrs. MOWLES's suspicion—for it seemed singular that persons of this class should stipulate for accommodations of a superior nature, and she playfully said that he must have a bad conscience to be afraid of talking in his sleep. The man said roughly that he could afford to pay what he asked for, and pulling out a handful of money, laid down eighteenpence in advance (an ill-informed contemporary said two shillings, but we can vouch for the accuracy of our own statement)—laid down eighteenpence on the bar, saying he wasn't afraid of showing money with any one.

Going into the parlour, the disguised monster called for a pot of half-and-half, which was served to him, and a pipe of tobacco, which he smoked with much satisfaction; these refreshments he paid for, offering also a gratuity to the waiter considerable for a person of his seeming rank, viz. two-pence, and at nine o'clock he requested to go to bed. By this time he was intoxicated, for he partook of several glasses of gin-and-water after the beer, and though he offered to "stand treat" to the company in the room, he became noisy and even offensive in his demeanour. Being contradicted upon some irrelevant statement made by him to a gentleman by the name of SWIPER, a frequenter of the Rainbow and Salutation, the baker's man offered to fight Mr. SWIPER, which agreeable invitation the latter gentleman declined, and prudently left the apartment and the hotel.

SPARROW (for, in spite of his disguise, there can be little doubt it was he) swore horribly at Mr. SWIPER for a coward when Mr. S. went away—had some more gin-and-water, and fell into conversation with some other parties in the hostelry about the prevailing topic, the murder of Mr. COCKROBIN. With immense oaths and vehemence, he swore the scoundrel was served quite right, and that he hoped the man would get off as did it.

It will be remembered that we stated that the arrest of SPARROW did not take place at the Bag of Nails, but at the Rainbow and Salutation—but the Bag of Nails has yet to play its part as a scene in this eventful drama, for it was to the Nails (mark the mysterious hand of Fate!) that Mr. SWIPER retired after being contumeliously driven from the Rainbow and Salutation, by the violence and ferocious language of the guest who was established in that inn.

Into the parlour of the Bag of Nails, NABBS—who is a relation of the worthy landlady, Mrs. RINCE, having married her first cousin in 1823, by whom the enterprising officer has a large family of children—Mr. NABBS, the detective officer, happened to be easily seated taking a "friendly glass." He made some good-humoured jokes with Mr. SWIPER, who is a tailor by profession and proverbially timid, about his pallid looks and disturbed appearance; on which SWIPER said that he did not care to own fighting was not in his line, especially with a man of four times his weight.

SWIPER then described the appearance of the individual by whom he had been insulted at the Rainbow; "he was 5 feet 7 inches in height, seemingly about 37 years of age, with red hair and whiskers, and a north country accent; and when asked by the ever watchful NABBS—whom this conversation put on the alert—whether he had lost a front tooth, and was pitted with the small pox, SWIPER at once stated that the individual who had insulted him was so marked by nature. "If so," thought NABBS, who, not caring to share the reward for the capture with Mr. SWIPER, did not disclose his suspicions to that party, "if so, I have my man." And to call for his score and settle it, and to proceed from the Bag of Nails to the Rainbow and Salutation, was with this intrepid officer the work of an instant.

Calling at the Trump Street Office for X 191 and Z 794, two athletic policemen of that division, NABBS arrived at the Salutation at exactly 48 minutes past 9 o'clock; and having whispered his suspicions to the landlord, Mr. MOWLES, found no difficulty in making his way to the bed-chamber, where the fiend in human shape lay, and whither NABBS was guided by the loud snores of the intoxicated ruffian.

Drawing their cutlasses, X 191 and Z 794 advanced with their lanterns upon the snoring murderer, and NABBS calling out with a calm voice, "JOHN SPARROW, I seize you for the murder of Mr. COCKROBIN," laid his hand upon the collar of the night-shirt of the (presumed) fiend in human shape.

SPARROW is a very powerful man: rubbing his eyes which were at first affected by the glare of the policemen's lanterns, he asked with an oath what the—brought them there? and at the next instant, springing from bed, he delivered a blow upon Mr. NABBS's nose (which is so prominent), that the officer staggered back, and the blood flowed freely. He then made another successful hit upon the eye of Z 794, but was tripped up by X 191, who fell to the ground with him, while X 191 and NABBS jumped heavily upon his legs and head, and after almost throttling him, handcuffed and secured him.

He was brought to Marlborough Street in his night-clothes, covered with the blood, which, however, was that of the gallant officers employed in his capture, and indulged in frightful language before the magistrate. He denied, sometimes with laughter, and sometimes with the most violent imprecations, that he was SPARROW at all; he said his name was HICKS; that he was a journeyman in the employ of Mr. DOUGHTY, baker, of Rolls Court, Chancery Lane, who had known him for fifteen years, and would vouch for his honesty; and when asked why then, if honest, he resisted the law, the presumed ruffian said, he would knock down any man who pitched into him, and that he would do it again.

He was locked up in a cell, where he loudly called for more beer, which was refused to him, but where, however, he had some coffee, of which the murderer partook freely; meanwhile the officers went in pursuit of Mr. DOUGHTY, who, there is little doubt, will expose the murderous imposition.

SECOND EDITION!

DENIAL OF THE PRISONER.

At a quarter past 11 o'clock this morning no news has been received from Mr. DOUGHTY. He went to Gravesend yesterday with Mrs. D. and the family. Our reporter has followed them to that watering-place. The prisoner, though now sober, still declares with obstinate pertinacity, that his name is HICKS, and that he never heard of SPARROW, for whom he has been taken. A little time will serve to unmask the pretender.

THIRD EDITION!!

ARRIVAL OF MR. DOUGHTY.

THIS gentleman, who is a most respectable baker in Rolls Buildings, where he has been established since 1834, arrived by the *Diamond Steamer* at 30 minutes past 12, and instantly drove to Marlborough Street, where he was confronted with HICKS.

HICKS, it turns out, is not the supposed murderer, SPARROW; but was perfectly well known to Mr. DOUGHTY, whose word as a respectable man we are bound to take. Frequent intoxication is said to be HICKS's chief crime; but it is proved beyond doubt that he was employed upon his duties as a baker on the day when the ill-fated victim of SPARROW fell: but the police are on the track of the criminal: before many hours he will be in the hands of Justice; and on the instant of his capture, we shall not fail to publish a Fourth Edition.

The Fourth Edition of the *St. Sepulchre's Bell* appears with an account of the capture of the real criminal; with a history of his youth, of his parents, of his grandfather and mother, of the meals which he took on the road from the place of his capture and afterwards at Newgate, of the numbers of hours of sleep which he had, of the shop at which he bought the last pair of trousers which he ever wore (and which are purchased by MADAME TWOSHOOES for her Exhibition), of the position of his brothers and sisters in life, of the year in which he

was vaccinated, &c., &c. His portrait is engraved, as is that of the weapon (a bow and arrow), which he employed in killing Mr. ROBIN, and the *St. Sepulchre's Bell* sells 80,000 copies of its publication.

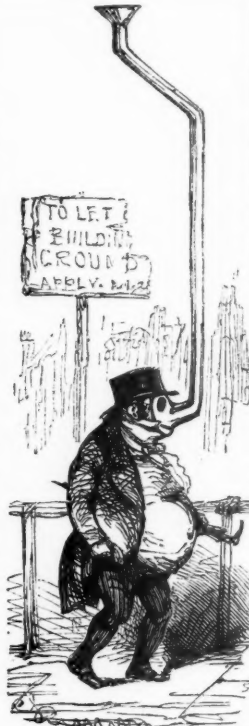
SPARROW's mask and head appear in DOCTOR PHRENOLOGUS's Shop, in the Strand, on the day after his demise. Multitudes flock to view the house in which the wretch lived, and though Satirists are indignant at the multiplicity of the horrible details with which the Press describes the life of a scoundrel; yet we have tracked in this manner RUSH, and TAWELL, and COURVOISIER, and THURTELL to the grave, and shall relish the biographies of villains yet to come.

NEW USE FOR GUTTA PERCHA.

In addition to drinking-cups, driving-bands, whips, hats, splints, portable soup, shoes, elastic heads, coats, candles, tubing, tenpenny nails, theatrical banquets, picture-frames, saveloys, buttons, baskets, biscuits, and other various forms into which that universal material Gutta Percha has been converted, we beg to suggest a new and sanitary employment from this multiform substance, to which its connexion with the gutter would seem naturally to adapt it.

We would suggest that masks with pipes of Gutta Percha might be employed in London and other large towns, for enabling the wearer to breathe the upper and purer currents of air, in the neighbourhood of our slaughter-houses, cattle markets, graveyards, bone-boilers, soap-makers', and cat-gut manufacturers'. Without some such arrangement we do not see how the Londoner is to enjoy the "sweet airs that give delight and hurt not" which we are assured by philosophers *do* exist somewhere above our heads, and of which we may be allowed to breathe the name, if we cannot breathe any more substantial part of them.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BAYLE.—Being "out of town" when knocked up in the middle of the night to take a young Irishman out of the station-house.



A BONNE BOUCHE TO CONTINENTAL READERS.

It is said that, since the interest taken in Continental affairs, several of our dentists have made large fortunes. The immense addition to their practice is supposed to have been occasioned by the numerous accidents that have occurred from persons stupidly attempting to pronounce the innumerable Russian, Magyar, Silesian, Sclavonic, Transylvanian, Polish, and Styrian names of towns and generals, that have lately shot up in our newspapers. One dentist, we are informed, has already realised quite sufficient to enable him to start a new brass plate and a page, simply by advertising his "NEW METALLIC PRONOUNCING TOOTH," warranted not to break in the pronunciation of the most outlandish names. He professes to show "Testimonials from persons who have served in the last Hungarian campaign," as well as certificates of their hardness, from "Readers at several newspaper offices, who have been WINDISCHGRATZING and JELLACHICHING for the last six months." Praise from such quarters speaks loudly in favour of these "New Pronouncing Teeth."

Making him doubly Smart.

We observe that the PRINCE OF WALES has been out several times with his tutor, DR. BIRCH, angling. The old precept says, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child." According to this, there is no great fear of the Prince being a spoiled child, for apparently neither Birch nor Rod are spared on his education.

A BITTER TRUTH, DRAWN FROM MALTA.—When a Governor parts with his senses, the only way to bring him back is to recall him.

THE ITALIAN REFUGEE FUND.

(Grand Historical Deputation to Mr. Punch.)

MESSRS. J. and M. BRUTUS, MR. C. CASSIUS, MR. M. CATO, and ancestors, MR. M. CURTIUS, MESSRS. DECII, MESSRS. T. and C. GRACCHUS, MR. M. A. REGULUS, MR. P. C. SCIPIO, and other gentlemen, forming a numerous and highly respectable deputation of ancient Romans, headed by their spokesman, MR. M. T. CICERO, proceeded from their mansions in the Elysian Fields to wait upon Mr. Punch, in his chamber, at 12 o'clock last night precisely. The distinguished visitors were received by Mr. Punch in his nightcap.

The object of the illustrious deputation was stated by

MR. M. T. CICERO, who would not dwell with useless eloquence on a theme that spoke for itself. He would not pretend to magnify the heroism displayed in the late glorious though unsuccessful defence of Rome, by those whom he himself, and the gentlemen behind him, acknowledged as their worthy descendants. But those heroes, for the most part, were now exiles in this country, the only land almost wherein there remained a temple to Freedom. They were rich in nothing but honour. Having earned an historical immortality, they were in danger of perishing literally of want. If the finances of BRITANNIA had not permitted her to lend them assistance against the barbarous Gauls, could not Englishmen at least afford the wherewithal to save them from starvation? He was deputed by the worthies of ancient Rome to request Mr. Punch to promulgate throughout the globe—to publish, by means of his enormous circulation, to the remotest Thule—the circumstance that an Italian Refugee Fund had been formed for the relief of the Roman exiles, and that subscriptions would be received by MESSRS. SMITH, PAYNE, and SMITHS, 1, Lombard Street, and MESSRS. COUTTS, Strand.

Mr. Punch was truly sensible of the honour which he received in the visit of so many illustrious personages, for whom he had always felt the highest veneration, ever since he had been introduced to them by DR. GOLDSMITH in his childhood. He should be most proud to serve them in any way, especially by giving publicity to the fact that a subscription had been set on foot for the benefit of the Italian refugees, which his very next number should proclaim to the whole world.

MR. CICERO, on behalf of himself and his constituents, having warmly thanked Mr. Punch for their favourable reception, the clock struck One, and the deputation vanished.

THE BRITISH FARMER AND HIS FRIEND.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I ADDRESS you under feelings of profound humiliation. I know that I belong to a despised caste. I am aware that the signature to this letter is synonymous with booby. I am prepared to have my observations laughed at; to be denied all claim to common sense; to be regarded as the imbecility of what SYDNEY SMITH used to call omniscience. I mean, Sir, that I expect no better than that my understanding should be totally despised by the world at large.

"But, Mr. Punch, I did flatter myself that this feeling of utter contempt for my intellect was at least not entertained by those who call themselves my friends. Alas! I was mistaken. How could MR. DISRAELI, consistently with the slightest respect for my faculties, propose, at the Bucks Agricultural Association Meeting the other day, to better my condition, by equalising the land-tax, so as to raise it to £5,000,000, with which sum to form a sinking-fund, whereby to raise Consols above par in ten months, and by that means enable me to borrow money at three per cent? How could he imagine that I should be taken in by this financial hocus-pocus, which sounds like a Merry Andrew's project for paying off the National Debt? I should like to see if MR. DISRAELI could broach such a scheme to a stock-broker in the smallest way, and keep his countenance.

"It is indeed, Mr. Punch, with a bitter feeling that I find my own especial friend—DISRAELI himself—participating in the general persuasion that I am a blockhead.

"I hope I have not written this letter in very bad English, nor spelt it extraordinarily wrong.

"Your humble—or rather humbled—Servant,

"THE BRITISH FARMER."

SPORT ON THE MOORS.

THERE WAS a grand illumination over the island when the late Governor left Malta. One of the transparencies represented a bust of LOYOLA with a tremendous extinguisher upon it, whilst a tremendous crowd was dancing round, hurrahing, and shouting, "NO MORE O' FERRALL."

THE MOURNER OF CREMORNE.



HAVING heard much of certain equestrian attractions at Cremorne, including the EGLINTON Tournament with a real Queen of Beauty, and WIDDICOMBE as the King of Beauty, in an Earl's Coronet, a dowager's imitation ermine tippet, and a crimson table-cover for a robe; having heard also that the Courier of St. Petersburg was racing the Post Boy of Antwerp with six horses each, as if the nearest way to Antwerp and to St. Petersburg was round the oval marked out for the sports of the Hippodrome in the gardens of Cremorne; having heard that all this was exceedingly well worth seeing, we hastened thither a few days ago, when, to our regret, we found that we had come rather too

late, and that those performances, having been "only for a limited period," had really been brought to a close.

We should have easily consoled ourselves for the disappointment by preparing to enjoy the ordinary evening entertainments of the establishment, but having come to see a day's performance, the night's amusements were by no means ready to begin. Having looked in vain at Mooltan, in the hope that it might be stormed, and having examined the pasteboard fortifications of GOOJERAT, we inquired when it would be besieged, and were informed by a man in a brown paper cap that the place could not possibly fall before 9 o'clock (it was then only 3), and though we offered half-a-crown for a special bombardment, we were respectfully assured that the Indian upstart could not be humbled in the dust until the conclusion of the regular evening's entertainments. Puzzled how to dispose of our time, we proceeded to the cave of ZADOC, to have our fortune told, but ZADOC was evidently unprepared for our early visit, and though the terms of the sage are only twopence, we could not proceed to business because the venerable soothsayer could not give us change for a fourpenny piece. After an undignified parley with the hermit through his letter-box, and a fruitless attempt of ZADOC to get change of the waiters, we were compelled to take another twopennyworth of fortune, in which our original lot—the first two penn'orth—was completely reversed.

We next proceeded in search of amusement to the Californian Gold Diggings, prepared to pay our extra penny—like a man—but the doors of the Diggings were not yet open, and we had no resource but in a bottle of stout and a captain's biscuit, over which we wiled away the tardy hours until the evening's entertainments commenced in right earnest, when we were fully repaid for our patient endurance of the afternoon.

LITERATURE OF THE SHOP-WINDOWS.

THE practice that has now become very popular, if not quite universal, under the title of the "ticketing system," has been the cause of contributing a great deal to that branch of literature designed expressly for the enlightenment of those who run and read at the same time, by running their eye over the placards in the shop-windows, while hurrying along the public thoroughfares. We are sometimes a good deal amused and puzzled by those compositions, and we have been somewhat mystified lately by tickets in the windows of the Glove shops, inscribed, "Stout superior town-made dog," a riddle we are unable to elucidate. In the first place stoutness is no mark of superiority in the canine species, and such an expression as "Town-made dog" completely sets at nought all our speculations.

We have often been rather perplexed by booksellers and bookbinders talking of "Stout extra calf," but we have presumed that the word "Extra" in this case is used to indicate

"Something more than calf and less than cow;"

a solution with which we have hitherto remained satisfied. We have, however, entirely given up the hosier's riddle of "superior extra town-made dog," and we leave it to those who are hand-in-glove with the trade to find an explanation of the enigma.

Exit Commander Pitman.

PITMAN is cashiered: is no longer Commander. Nevertheless, once a Captain, the title will stick. Now, as the name of PITMAN is erased from the Navy List, we would suggest—in memory of PITMAN's discipline, that, in a tropical climate, fixed copper funnels upon boy's heads—he be henceforth known, after the style of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, as the Copper Cap-tain.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST PESTILENCE.

A Constitutional Dialogue between Jones and Brown.

JONES.

WHY, BROWN, how well you look, I say,
In this alarming season,
To what you did the other day!
Old fellow, what's the reason?

BROWN.

Well, I do feel an alter'd man,
For which I owe thanksgiving;
I've also rather changed the plan
And manner of my living.

JONES.

What would I give to be like you!
I'm ill and melancholy:
I wish you'd tell me what to do,
To look so fresh and jolly.

BROWN.

Then, first of all, betimes I rise,
And wash myself all over,
Not cleansing only what your eyes
Are able to discover.

My wife and children, too, I make,
To arm the constitution,
Each morn their soap and water take,
And do the like ablution.

Scrub'd sweet and clean I've had my home,
From garrets to foundation;
And taken care, in every room,
To 'stablish ventilation.

Beneath my kitchen ran a drain,
Which oft the nose offended;
The sink was faulty, it was plain—
I caused it to be mended.

Then, also, on a certain head
I've made a large reduction;
One mild glass only, just ere bed,
Is my extent of suction.

The money saved in drink, I spend
In good nutritious diet,
And warm apparel; now, my friend,
You know my system:—try it.

Then, epidemics you may view
With very slight misgiving;
They seldom trouble people who
Adopt my style of living.

JONES.

I think you're right; and mean to try
Your measures of protection:
And so—please goodness—shall defy
Contagion and infection.

A CHARTIST PETITION BY PUNCH.

To the Queen's most Excellent Majesty.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—

~~Whereas~~ Death, the great Gaol-Deliverer, has by Cholera set free from Westminster Prison, JOSEPH WILLIAMS and ALEXANDER SHARPE, foolish men, foolishly preaching the Charter, by means of pike and blunderbuss,—

Punch humbly prays that YOUR MAJESTY will, in this season of political tranquillity, and of grave mortal chastisement, give orders for the release of certain misguided men, it is hoped better instructed for the future—and thereupon pardon and set free, WILLIAM VERNON, ERNEST JONES, Little CUFFEY, and other such offenders, now made harmless by the common sense and common loyalty of the English people.

And your Petitioner will ever Pray,—

PUNCH.

LAUGHING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE MOUTH.

THE *Post* assures us that MR. DISRAELI, in his late display at Aylesbury, has furnished the country people "with a good cry." We only know that he has furnished all sensible people with a good laugh.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1849. Nº 28.



DEERE STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, September 17, 1849.—Comes MR. GOLLOPE, and MR. GOBLESTONE, and JENKINS, to dine with me off a Haunch of Venison, and, MR. MC. NAB calling, I did make him stay Dinner too, and the Venison very fat and good; and MR. GOLLOPE did commend my Carving, whereof I was proud. Between them a Debate over our Dinner, as to whether the Red Deer or the Fallow Deer were the better Venison, and both MR. GOLLOPE and MR. GOBLESTONE do say the Fallow, but MR. MC. NAB will have it that the Red is by far the better, and do tell them they know nothing about the Matter, and never tasted Red Deer but such as had been mewed up in Richmond Park, which are mighty different from them that do browse in the Highlands on the Heather. He do say that Highland Deer-Stalking do excel every other Sport, from Tiger-Hunting to Fox-Hunting, which I mean to repeat to MR. CORDUROY to make him mad. Then he to describe the Manner of Stalking the Deer, and his Account thereof mighty taking, but, with his broad Scottish Accent and Phrases, droll; and good Luck, to hear him talk of Braes, and Burns, and Cairns, and Corries, rattling the R in every Word! He says that the Deer are the cunningest and the watchfullest, and can see, and hear, and smell at the greatest Distance of any Creature almost living, and do keep Spies to look out, and their Ears and Eyes always Open and their

Noses to the Wind, and do think and reason in their Minds like human Beings; which, methinks, is peculiar to the Scotch Deer. He says that the Sport is to fetch a Compass on them by Stratagem, so as to approach or drive them nigh enough to shoot them with a Rifle, and it do often take some Hours and several Miles, mostly crawling on the Hands and Knees, to get one Shot. He says that the Stalker and Hill-Keepers that wait on him must, to gain their Chance, dodge, stooping behind Crags, wriggle and creep over Flats and up Brooks like Snakes or Eels, clamber up and run down Precipices, and stride over Bogs, wherein they do sometimes sink plump up to the Middle; which should be rather Sport to the Stag than the Huntsman. But after all, the Deer shot dead, or wounded, and at Bay with the Hounds at his Throat, but despatched at last, and punched, which he do call "gralloched," is such a Triumph that it do repay the Sportsman for all his Pains. He do say that what with the Grandeur of the Mountains, and the Freshness of the Air, the Spirits are raised beyond what we could imagine, and the Appetite also increased wonderfully; whereat MR. GOLLOPE did prick up his Ears. To conclude, he did declare that no one could know what Deer-Stalking was that had not tried it; but methinks I can, remembering how I used in my Youth to creep in Ditches and behind Hedges to shoot Larks.

HORRID MURDER IN BAKER STREET.



BAKER STREET is in a state of terrible convulsion. From number one to number the last, an electric stream of indignation has passed through every brick wall; and every head of a family has frantically rushed to the ink-stand. *Punch* has received the result in a shower of letters; but can only afford the benefit of print to the following. The writers have, to a man and a woman, sent their names; for the present, however, they are withheld; nevertheless, they are at the service of MADAME TUSSAUD. (Apply at the counter between the solemn hours of 12 and 1).

"MR. PUNCH,—I have lived and paid taxes and water-rate five-and-twenty years in Baker Street. I am the father of more than a promising family. Three magnificent girls, and two boys of the true British stamp. Morals unexceptionable, with a contempt for polkas, chatelaines, mustachios and cigars. Something like a family—with principles to be proud of. Well, Sir, it is my wish to be neighbourly; especially to a female. Nevertheless, MADAME TUSSAUD—a few doors off—must not be permitted to go on, making Baker Street a penal settlement for murderers in wax. To say nothing of my family, I have house property in this street; and am tremblingly alive to a prospective fall of rents; Baker Street becoming—if things go on as they have done—the Norfolk Island of the metropolis. Year after year I have suffered MADAME TUSSAUD to add to her monsters, in the hope that the horror would kill itself—in the belief that the town would be fairly clogged with murder, and so the nuisance be abated. But it is not so. Public feeling seems to make the GREENACRES it feeds on, and every month brings with it a new atrocity. MR. RUSH was the last magnificent addition to MADAME T's amiable family; and now—according to the *Observer*, a first gibbet authority, a distinguished turnkey furnishing exclusive intelligence—we are to have the Liverpool monster, GLEESON WILSON, hanged a few days since; and at whose hanging MADAME TUSSAUD had a representative present to obtain the clothes of the wretch. And these 'clothes' are to bring new poison to Baker Street. These murder-tainted garments are to infect the atmosphere of my fireside. Talk of cholera, Sir, and miasma, is there not a worse moral poison, and does it not reek from the Chamber of Horrors, contaminating not only Baker Street, but all London?"

"I know very little of law; and have but little wish to improve away my ignorance. Nevertheless, Sir, it is my intention, in concert with a few of my neighbours, to make my appearance before the Magistrate of Marylebone, on Monday next, and there to put the following case:—Is not the Chamber of Horrors a public nuisance? And is not MADAME TUSSAUD, as proprietor thereof, open to an indictment for driving a trade *contra bonos mores*, and to the manifest injury and corruption of public taste and public feeling?"

"As I say, Mr. *Punch*, I know little of law: nevertheless, it does strike me that the above is rather a delicate case, and will call for much stuff and horse-hair ingenuity to put it out of Court. At all events, Sir, as the father of a family, and owner of property in Baker Street, it is my duty to try the question; and this I will do, or I am not your obedient servant, and my name is not,

"—"

"SIR,—Although I live in Baker Street, I am the proprietor of a very distinguished domestic theatre—I say domestic, because it is in that theatre that the fireside virtues are most thrillingly exhibited—across the water. Now, Sir, by the Dramatic Act (an infamous law, by the way, as it absolutely compels a manager to pay for the dramas he uses)—every new piece must be licensed, at a certain cost,—the fee of the Saxon Deputy Licencer, MR. KEMBLE—before represented. This, it is urged, is to insure propriety of words, character, and manners, in the play produced,—that the public may not be scandalised.

"Now, Sir; why should not MADAME TUSSAUD be placed under the Chamberlain? Why should she not be compelled to obtain a license for RUSH, and GREENACRE, and COURVOISIER? Why should I, a playhouse manager, pay a fee for each domestic drama—and the show-woman pay no sixpence for her domestic assassins? Why should the Chamberlain be defied by them?"

"Knowing, Mr. *Punch*, that copies of your inestimable journal are duly found upon the Privy Council Table, I earnestly trust you will print this, that it may catch the benevolent eye of HER MAJESTY, and the eye of all her Ministers.

"Yours ever, —"

"HELP, Mr. *Punch*, help, advise, or my daughter is lost! Mr. *Punch*, my ARABELLA is (was) the sensiblest and sweetest girl, till a month ago; plain in her ways as plain work itself; and with a heart so tender, it would bleed if a kitten wanted milk. And now—but you shall hear.

"A month ago, three young ladies, friends of ARABELLA, with a newspaper a-piece,—as they said, 'with such ducks of pictures in 'em'—came to our house, to go to MADAME TUSSAUD'S. (I tremble of nights to think we're only—doors from the Chamber of Horrors). The girls were in such high spirits; you'd have thought they were going to fireworks at Cremorne or Vauxhall. Well, Sir, to be short, ARABELLA went out—and from that day, she has been by no means herself; but entirely somebody else.

"I remember at boarding-school, reading a poem where a girl of Thessaly, I think, fell in love with a stone statue—in stark mad love with it, as though it had been a live Lieutenant of the Guards. Something of the sort has happened to my ARABELLA; and (as I hear from their mothers) to the other young ladies. As for ARABELLA, she'll sit for a whole morning saying nothing; then suddenly cry out, 'Sweet RUSH!' 'Interesting JAMES!' 'Strangled BLOMFIELD!' And when I scold her, and tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself to talk in that way of a monster, she draws herself up, and says—'She thought so, once! But MADAME TUSSAUD has destroyed the narrow prejudice. Dear woman! as MISS DEATHSHEAD observed, she brings murder home to our business and bosoms. Yes, mamma;—I don't know what she meant—'we first endure, and then embrace.'

"I hear, too, that all the other girls have gone in the same way. One's in love with COURVOISIER, and calls him her *beau garçon*! Another does nothing but cut out profiles, in black paper, of the enthusiastic but indiscreet OXFORD; whilst the third has written a monody, with an urn and a weeping willow in water-colour, to JAMES GREENACRE! Only yesterday, I opened the following letter from MISS TYBURN to my girl:—

"DEAREST ARABELLA,—Those ferocious and interesting beings, MR. and MRS. MANNING, are to be examined on Wednesday. I know somebody who knows the Clerk at the Police Office, and am promised seats on the *Bench*. Do come, and bring your double *lunettes*, that we may have a good look. MRS. MANNING does not wear a *visite* now, but a polka.

"Pray, Mr. *Punch*, do what you can to help us, and Baker Street will be bound to bless you.

"Yours in affliction and in hope, — — —"

"P.S. I don't quite believe it. But a man was just shown me, who they say is CALCRAFT, the hangman, who's engaged to take the tickets at the Chamber of Horrors, and to give any particulars required of the subjects.

"P.S. No. 2. I find it isn't CALCRAFT; but the phrenologist from Liverpool, with the cast of WILSON."

THE CROWN OF HUNGARY IN THE MELTING-POT.

As things have fallen out, we cannot be sentimental about the Crown of Hungary, seeing it is, if found—to be worn as an extinguisher by the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. It is said—said with indignant utterance, that KOSSUTH has the diadem! That it was "the gift of a Pope to a Saint!" (Pretty presents have passed between Pope and Saint, or all history is a flam!) That it has been "stripped of its jewels as bribes for the Mahomedan!!" And worse than all—the gold has "terminated an almost sacred"—(is gold made in heaven, or the bowels of the earth?)—"an almost sacred existence of eight centuries, as ignominiously as a mere piece of stolen plate in the melting-pot of a Jew!!!"

Put all this into plain words. If the main statement be true (which we do not believe), KOSSUTH has preserved the life of a glorious man by means of the Crown of Hungary. Had the Crown fallen into the hands of either Russia or Austria, would it have fulfilled so noble an end? Let the jewels of the Hungarian Crown adorn the covers of the Koran; even then they cannot minister to less Christianity than has been exercised towards Hungary by the boy Emperor.

The Literature of Swindling.

We have seen a work advertised lately with the extraordinary title of "*The Do and its Kindred*." This must be a very useful work, if it treats of the regular *Do* in its compound form, for a treatise on the simple *Do*, as a warning to those likely to be done, would be a valuable addition to our literature. We presume the *Do-Do*, or double *do*, must include every species of the *do*, not omitting a biography of the famous DAN-DO, of oyster-eating notoriety. The career of this man, whose infirmity it was to keep others continually shelling out, without ever shelling out himself, would be an exceedingly instructive lesson.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE.

IN spite of our well-known hatred to clap-trap of all kinds, we fear we shall be compelled to raise the old cry of "Woman in distress," on behalf of those British females, who are called by business or pleasure into the Metropolitan Omnibi. The fair sex, it is evident, cannot pass along the Strand without imminent danger of being hunted down by the savage 'busmen—not less formidable than bushmen—who rush furiously along the public thoroughfares in such a manner, as to render it impossible to make out what they are driving at. The Indian seas were never more formidable from the presence of pirates, than is the Metropolitan Strand, from the habit that has grown up among the 'busmen of making excursions on to the pavement, and carrying off, by main force, the unprotected females who happen to be passing along the thoroughfare.

A few days ago, a small craft was attacked off ACKERMAN'S Repository, by two or three members of that savage hoard which infests the Brompton Road, and pours down in torrents from Putney every day into the very heart of the Metropolis. The craft perceiving that the 'busmen were bearing upon her, hoisted what canvas she could, and was crowding down under a pressure of parosol, when three rival 'busmen suddenly lay to, and over-hauled her with great violence; one of the 'busmen turned out to be a lugger, and began lugging away the craft, having hooked her on yard-arm and yard-arm, when a brigantine coming up on the other side, hove to with fearful violence, and getting her into his wake by means of a grapline, had nearly succeeded in towing her away, and she must have been carried off, had she not opportunely caught sight of a life-buoy, in the shape of one of ACKERMAN'S boys, to which she held on, until a skipper skipped up to her rescue. The most violent of the assailants was subsequently brought to punishment, but if the British fare are to be protected, it will be necessary to invest the street-keeper with T. P. COOKIAN powers, enabling him to afford general protection to all females in distress, and rescue them, by a summary process, from all "land lubbers," and others who may offer any molestation to that precious article, distinguished in nautical phraseology, as a "petticoat."

As we have said already, we hate clap-trap, but it seems necessary that a little of it should be revived in order to stimulate a wholesome chivalric feeling in favour of the British fare; and we hereby authorise for six months, the restoration of the celebrated assertion that "The cad who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, whom it were gross flattery to term anything else but a Brompton 'Bus Conductor."



GENERAL GÖRGEY'S LAST ESSAY.

WE learn that "ARTHUR GÖRGEY, of Toporez, in Hungary," has just contributed a paper to the Academy of Sciences, "on the virtues and chemical properties of Cocoa-Nut Oil." It is said, that the General in his late transactions with Russia, has also learned something of the properties of *Palm Oil*.

NELSON'S LIVING IMAGE.

(An Ode, by his Statue in Trafalgar Square, to the British Public).

I 'm much obliged to you, my grateful nation,
For raising me to this exalted station,
Sublimely towering o'er KING CHARLES THE MARTYR,
And the two GEORGES, sire and son,—
The sire, with pigtail moving fun;
The son, his steed bestriding like a carter
Who, stirrupless, rides Dobbin to the brook:
Examples both which let all sculptors shun,
That don't intend their works absurd to look.

Your lifting me above those comic princes
So far, a feeling on your part evinces
Which is a most distinguish'd compliment
To that illustrious heir of fame,
That hero of immortal name,
Whom I've the honour here to represent.
I have no doubt that he appreciates fully
The very flattering nature of your aim
In hoisting me thus high with crane and pulley.

I 'm sure he is aware that my position
Is of his lofty deeds a recognition;
His treatment with my own identifying—
Not that he 'd relish standing here
In burning heat and cold severe,
In winter frozen and in summer frying;
He's better where he lies in glory bedded;
Trafalgar's victor would esteem it queer
For his deserts to be, in fact, mast-headed.

But NELSON has an Image, living, breathing,
Which, Britons, to your care he died bequeathing;
To which, whatever tribute you may render,
(And, grateful Public, I regret
To say you've offered none as yet)
He'll also feel with sense by far more tender.
HORATIA still survives, JOHN BULL, my beauty!
NELSON expects—his words you won't forget—
That England by his child will do her duty.

THE DISAGREEMENT OF THE DOCTORS.

A LIST of queries has been issued by the College of Physicians to the medical profession, calling upon the various members to state the different results of their different treatments of cholera. A perusal of these queries will show the utterly random nature of the shots that science has been taking at the disease, for never was there such a jumble of drugs and expedients, damp sheets and wet blankets, chalk and cheese, electricity and mesmerism, brandy and catechu, in fact, everything but dog's-nose, for beer has been the only thing that has been universally prohibited.

We shall be indeed curious to learn how this extraordinary mixture has operated on the public organs of digestion, but we are rather alarmed at the suggestion thrown out by the College of Physicians, that, when a practitioner is in doubt as to the effect of any particular treatment, he is to persevere in a number of cases until he is quite satisfied of its being either beneficial or deleterious. The College in its thirst for information, forgets the possibility that while the doubts of the practitioner are being resolved, several patients may be sacrificed, and we trust we shall not furnish one of a series of experimental cases, that may terminate in the proof that the particular treatment under trial is calculated to lead to a fatal consequence.

The Knight of Malta!

MR. MORE O'FERRAI has not been reprimanded by EARL GREY for having denied to the sick and wounded Italians the refuge of Malta. On the contrary, it is to be inferred, that the Governor has met with the commendation of the Colonial Office, and may expect preferment therefrom. Last night at the clubs it was generally understood that the illustrious Governor would be lent by our Government to Austria, for the purpose of trying to discover the whereabouts of the Hungarian crown, said by some to be carried off by KOSSUTH—by others to be secreted, buried in some dirty place. Now, if the latter inference be the true one, we have no doubt that MR. O'FERRAI, once let loose, will, by his genius, readily discover the buried diadem. The deeper the dirt, the quicker the instinct.



A SKETCH FROM AXLESBURY.

THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN.

OUR nerves have recently undergone a violent galvanic shock by the announcement of two new songs with the following titles—"Of what are you thinking?" and "I'm thinking now of thee." We do not wonder at the song writers beginning to ask each other what they can possibly be thinking of, for it is a question that common sense has long been anxious to find an answer for. We shall expect in a few days to see the music publishers announcing at the usual price of 2s. "What are you up to?" which is quite as sentimental as "Of what are you thinking?" and we may anticipate an immediate reply to "What are you up to?" in the form of a poetical exclamation of "Oh! now I'm up to snuff?" The combination of the familiar with the poetical is becoming so frequent that we may look for a string of interrogatories being set to music one of these days, and a bill in Chancery arranged as a ballad in 6-eight time, to be followed in due course by the answer drawn by an equity draftsman, and treated as a composing draft by one of the many composers who are always on the alert to furnish an echo to the ideas of others.

PANIC AMONG THE SMALL JOKE-MONGERS.

WE understand that very great distress exists among the small joke-mongers, who had for some time been picking up a scanty and precarious living, by getting up spurious articles of imitation ware, without any wear at all—and the unwholesome demand for which has altogether subsided. We may shortly expect to see advertisements in the paper offering "A small Wittling Business for sale," or "a Joke Walk, doing three puns a day, with six jokes to be taken as fixtures," they being considered fixtures on account of their going off having been found utterly hopeless. We confess we cannot feel much commiseration for these failures which have originated in an attempt to trade without capital, or even worse, to obtain credit by making surreptitious use of the capital of others. The result has been, that the joke market, like other markets occasionally, experienced a temporary glut of inferior stuffs, but these having been exhausted, the prospect of the legitimate concerns are sounder and heartier than ever.

Our Insinuating Contemporary.

THE *Morning Post* announces that the REV. DR. HINDS, Dean of Carlisle, is to be the new Bishop of Norwich. Our contemporary adds the remark that—

"Though the Rev. Dr. is a man of considerable intellectual ability, we regret that we cannot have the satisfaction of congratulating the Church upon this appointment."

Why not, since his intellectual ability is admitted? What has the *Post* to say against DR. HINDS? If merely that he is neither a Tory nor a Puseyite, the *Post* should have stated the objection, instead of making an ambiguous observation calculated to injure the reverend gentleman's character.

WHAT IT COSTS TO PLAY AT SOLDIERS.

FRANCE has spent upon its war establishment, from 1831 to 1849, no less than £288,000,000!

This enormous sum may be said to have been spent upon reviews, for not one war (the razzias in Algeria are even too contemptible for the contemptible name of war,) broke out during the above period. Therefore it cost France £10,000,000 a year for reviews: really there is no game so expensive as playing at soldiers.

LOUIS PHILIPPE's motto was "*La Paix à tout prix*," and he certainly paid dearly enough for it. According to the late king's tariff, peace was nearly as expensive as war. But then it was "an armed peace." It required 500,000 men to prevent France from fighting; that is to say, nearly as many as NAPOLEON required to fight all Europe with. We must say we doubt the peaceful intentions of such a warlike nation. A peaceful man does not walk about with duelling pistols in his pocket.

And it is probable that France will have to pay for its eighteen years of childish reviews with a perpetual income tax. We only hope it will be a timely warning to other peace-preaching and war-practising nations.

DRAMATIC DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

ACTORS and managers are in the habit of playing sad havoc with the Queen's English in general, and the degrees of comparison in particular. We find from long experience, that a "*positively last appearance*" is comparatively the commencement of an arrangement of some duration, and that the more "*positively last*" anything theatrical may be, the more superlatively remote it is in all probability. RUBINI had six "*positively last engagements*" and nearly as many "*final retirements*" from the stage, which were of a nature to put an end to all our preconceived notions of finality. The Adelphi Company has lately been outraging the degrees of comparison at the Haymarket, by showing that positively six may mean comparatively twenty-four, or thirty, as success may warrant. We congratulate the manager on his audiences having become "large by degrees, and beautifully more," a result that may readily excuse his having taken a perverted view of the degrees of comparison, in the announcements put forward in his play-bills.

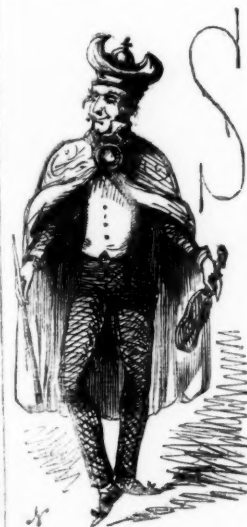
Posterity on Intramural Interments.

"YESTERDAY, some workmen employed in digging the foundations for the new Baths and Wash-houses, which will form so conspicuous an ornament of that broad and magnificent thoroughfare, Shakspeare Street, disinterred an immense number of human bones and skulls. Shakspeare Street, it is well known, stands on the site of old Drury Lane; in which locality, according to contemporary records, was situated, so late as 1849, the burial-ground of St. Martin's. That such was the case, is placed beyond a doubt, by the discovery of these relics. It is clear, therefore, that a century ago in this metropolis there prevailed the barbarous and abominable custom of burying the dead among the living—a fresh evidence, if such were needed, of the filthiness and folly of our ancestors."—*Times*, Sept. 18, 1950.

A NEW DIGNITY.

SEVERAL dignities ending respectively in *arch*, are familiar to everybody. For instance, there is a Mon-arch, a Patri-arch, and—that which is higher than any—a Hier-arch, but we have been somewhat astonished at the advertisement of a Professor of Dancing, who calls himself a Gymnasi-arch. We did not know that the aristocracy of dancing had gone higher than a Barony, but it is possible that since the expulsion of so many sovereigns from their thrones, they may have, some of them, taken steps—and why not dancing steps?—to gain a livelihood.

During the first revolution the magnates of Europe were, many of them, in the habit of laudably devoting their talents and accomplishments to the purpose of earning a maintenance, and it may be that some ruined Continental aristocrat, whose ability lies less in his head than in his heels, may have adopted the title of Gymnasiarch, as being more adapted to his former rank, than the plain appellation of dancing-master.



DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA, AFTER THE SCHOOL OF "ION."

SCENE—Oxford, afterwards the Queen's Bench and Court of Bankruptcy.

Time: Five Years Credit.

ACT I.

The High Street of Oxford.

BAITS (a Horse Dealer), GLIB (a Confectioner), EASY (a Tobacconist), and LUREWELL (a Wine Merchant), discovered at their doors.

Baits. The Freshmen gather, and my steeds, that like
The mares of Thracian DIOMEDE are fed
Upon young men, neigh for their complement
Of willing victims.

Glib. Range the spicy show
Upon my counter! Let Strasbourg supply
Her *foie-gras* that APICIUS might have tempted;
Let gay Provence her fragrant truffles lend;
Lyons her pungent garlic with the flesh
Of the wild boar, such as on Roman boards
Smoked in the elder time; while England sends
Her common dainties, from the lordly chine
To humble crumpets: fill the ice-pails full
With snow of Apennine or Wenham Ice;
Pile up the modest biffin, and the date
Of Libya, with the pine of tropic seas,
And all that makes wine parties dangerous
For the digestion.

Lurewell. While I contribute
The generous juice that bringeth cent per cent—
Port, that for roughness with Falernian vies,
And flushes with the log-wood's constant glow:
Sherry, that sprung to light when hot Cognac
Wooded, won, and wed the daughter of the Cape:
Madeira, that ne'er knew its island home,
And other vintages equal to foreign,
Though of pure English growth.

Easy. And
I, my friends,
Who also love our England, will
supply
The fragrant herbs that erst NICOTIUS
loved.
My weeds are bred out of, the
Hebrew kind,
That never knew Havannah, while
my pipes
Carved from the Euxine sea-foam,
tempt the eye
That need not ask the pocket how
it stands.

Baits. Lo! where yon Freshman
comes—so ORPHEUS walked
Upon his downward path—so
quaint ULYSSES
Sought entertainment of grim POLYPHEMUS.

Enter YOUNG SOUTHDOWN. They surround him.

Baits. Horses for nothing—
hacks that, like the steeds
Of car-borne PHAETON, once whirled
the Sun,
Until the railways drove it off the
road—
My stable is all thine to pick and
choose,
To ride or drive, hacks, hunters,
up to weight
Of the Queen Amazon, when eager
THESEUS
Pursued her across country; tandem-nags,
That would have borne HIPPOLYTUS,
nor shied
At the sea-monsters—try them—
never mind
The money—'tis your judgment I
would have.



Tradesman. "OH, PRAY, SIR, DON'T THINK OF PAYING; WE SHALL
BE HAPPY TO GIVE YOU EITHER THREE OR FOUR YEARS' CREDIT."

MORAL.—The Freshman immediately remembers a dozen different things,
which he cannot possibly do without

Easy. My board is piled for thee—enter and taste;
Let not a thought of dross poison the sense
In its enjoyment; Does the busy bee
That culls the honey from sweet Hybla's flowers,
Think of the fate FORTNUM AND MASON keep
In store for him?

Lurewell. This way my cellar lies—
The steps as easy, the descent as smooth,
As that which to Avernus led of yore
Pious ÆNEAS.—

Easy. Try my mild Havannahs,
And learn how to expound the mythic tale
Of those who eat the Lotus.

All. Come, oh come!
Y. Southdown. 'Tis well—my plastic bricks—but how to pay?
I know that, watchlike, ye do go on tick;
But still a time must come for winding up,
Even with watches.

All. Nay, think not of that!
You are a gentleman—will act as such—
We cannot make inquiries: not a doubt
That you will pay. Meanwhile, our terms, you see,
Are three year's credit, interest after that,
At five per cent.

Y. Southdown. Have with ye—one and all!

[Exit furiously into all the shops at once, attended by BAITS, EASY, GLIB, and LUREWELL.]

ACT II.

*A lapse of four years between this Act and the next. The Queen's Bench.
YOUNG SOUTHDOWN discovered in a poorly furnished Apartment.*

Y. Southdown. The bubbles I have blown, are burst at last;
And huge collapse into primeval Chaos,
Has crushed my world, on credit's chalky base
That lately towered, into its nothingness.
A Judge's order, like the sudden bolt
Of Jove against rebellious Titans hurl'd,
Has stricken me to Earth, just as my foot
Was on the deck that to Boulogne's retreat

Had borne the downcast SOUTH-
DOWN. It is well.

Enter AN ATTORNEY.

Attorney. Say, reckless youth,
have you as yet agreed
To an arrangement with your cre-
ditors?
Nay—tell me not of ten per cent,
nor yet
Of mean instalments—let your go-
vernor
Come down for your extravagance,
as JOVE
Was forced to make good all the
injuries
That daring PHAETON's fire caused
to the world.

Y. Southdown. I have nothing—
can pay nothing—will do
nothing.
Here you may keep me—for the
governor
Is stern, and to my heart-urged
prayers for tin,
His rigid answer still is "Serves
you right."
And it does serve me right—I feel
it now—

See where the ERINNYES and fell
NEMESIS
Crowd through my cell—see there
—they howl against me—
Old ticks—old breakfasts—sup-
pers—wine parties—
Wild hunts of hacks—forests of
mild cigars
That blaze and smother me—Ha!
Ha!! Ha!!! Ha!!!!

*[Falls into a trance.
Scene closes.]*



THE DANCING LESSON.

Professor Brougham and his Agricultural Pupils.

"His Lordship is possessed by an honourable ambition to beat everybody and everything. * * * If his Lordship can put a little more life into these gentlemen, he will do them good service."—See *Times*.



ACT III.

The Insolvent Court.

EASY, GLIB, BAITS, LUREWELL, Y. SOUTHDOWN, and a COMMISSIONER.

Commissioner. The case is heard. The insolvent is remanded Without protection, naked,—like the chief
Whose name I now forget, but 'tis in HOMER—
Against his enemies. Thine acts, young Sir,
Have been imprudent; yea, more, they have been
What in poor men the world oft calls dishonest.
What would for honest needs have well supplied,
Hath been in wanton pleasures flung away—
While these, the easy ministers of folly
That trusted thee, find their fond hopes disperse
Like the mirage that mocks the traveller
In Libya's parching deserts. As for you,
Evil supporters of an Evil life,
Go hence, and think if blessing should attend
Upon an industry that thrives, as did
The bees of ARISTÆUS, on Corruption.
Learn, parents, from the fate of this sad youth,
That there are lessons more important far,
Than those that guard against wet feet, late hours,
And all the ills that mothers' hearts appal,
Which wait the youth whom ye dispatch to seek
The studious Universities—So warned,
Teach them of honesty and self-restraint,
Of truth, of manhood, and the happiness
To stand erect upon the solid base
Of ready money dealings—Learn, ye youths,
That longest trust has heaviest period,
And all the interest that ye pay, but adds
Fresh weight to the stone, which like sad SISYPHUS,
He rolls who buys on credit; and learn ye,
Oh creditors, that like to SCYLLAS bark
About the strait through which young men must sail
To onward life, or like to Syrens wile—
Learn ye, that he who panders to an evil,
Is liable for its continuance.
That DIKE, when she helps such, never lifts
The bandage from her eyes, and that, in short,
Your gains by such a system are ill-got,
Your losses, when you do lose, well deserved.

THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH AT ROME.

The French army, in the persons of certain French Officers, at Rome, have won new laurels. They have magnanimously conquered a female singer, at the Argentina Theatre. One MADAME REBUSSINI refused to pick up a *bouquet* thrown as an offering to her genius by the fraternal French. This was the more disrespectful, as no doubt the *bouquet* was composed of heart's-ease, and other floral emblems of simplicity and love—emblems made so very rife, wherever the French have trod upon Italian earth. French Officers, the blood of the *grande nation* being up—up like exploding gunpowder—took the stage by storm; whereupon, says the account in the *Nazionale* of Florence, "MADAME REBUSSINI appeared pale and dishevelled, with tears in her eyes; she held the *bouquet* in her left hand." And so insulted France was mollified; and the French applauded. It is impossible not to glow with admiration of such self-restraint. We will not go quite so far as to regret that the head of the REBUSSINI was not shaven off by the avenging sword; but certainly three or four of her "dishevelled locks" ought to have been excised by the sabre of France, and sent in a locket to the French President. They would have been quite worthy of his other Roman laurels; and more so, if saturated with a Roman woman's tears.

"Thunder and Ouns."

LOUIS-NAPOLEON in his railway speech at the Yonne, says—"I could have wished to have gone as far as Tonnerre." His letter to the Pope, however, has gone quite as far, only we are afraid that it was composed principally of the Yankee kind, called "battered thunder." Where is the advantage of writing a fulminating letter that it is treated with about the same respect as if it had been sent by JOSEPH ADY? This style of letter-writing partakes strongly of the *fortiter in modo* and the *suaviter in re*. It is like a man with two wooden legs that should threaten to kick the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. We should like to see a portrait of LOUIS-NAPOLEON as the Olympian Jove of Europe, sitting on a cloud of tobacco-smoke, with the French Cock at his side, holding in his hand the *Tonnerre* of France. *Crémartin! Quel joli petit Tonnerre de Président!*

MORE SEA-SIDE INTELLIGENCE.



BY an overland bathing-machine we have received papers from the respective gates of Mar, Ram, and King, on the South Eastern Coast, which is still enlivened by the presence of those who find in it a cheap substitute for Carlsbad, Baden-Baden, and the other Bad'uns and Good'uns of the Continental watering-places. Those who cannot get to the original Italian Tivoli, may enjoy its Margate namesake, where there is the usual compound of a bowling-green, a hermit, fireworks, a Cosmorama, and brandy-and-water within call, which are the customary ingredients in a Tea-Gardener's idea of Elysium. A balloon ascent was promised, but as not even the renowned

GREEN himself would have been Green enough to enter a car which, after taking up at Tivoli, would in all probability set down in the German Ocean, the ascent did not take place, and during the high winds all talk of the balloon has completely blown over. The theatre is also open, and a SIGNOR SOMEBODY has been dancing in fetters "by kind permission of MR. SINCLAIR." The chains of this Signor must be very galling to him when he requires the permission of another before he may dance in them.

It used to be the boast of the (Stage) Briton that the chains fell at once from the slave directly he put his foot on British ground, but here is a lamentable instance of captivity in the case of a (dramatic) Signor,—is he not a man and a brother?—who goes about dancing in fetters by "kind permission" of MR. SINCLAIR. The dramatic company has recently been strengthened by the addition of two canine celebrities or dog-stars, who are rescuing weary travellers every night at half-price, and fastening on assassins' throats for the benefit of box-book keepers. The pier is still the favourite promenade, where a well disciplined German Band has some difficulty in rendering itself audible against the wind instruments of BOREAS, who has commenced his annual series of equinoctial concerts and grand Galer nights. The town crier is still the great (nasal) organ of local intelligence, and the following is a *verbatim* report of one of his most recent announcements. "To-morrow morning, *City of Canterbury*, direct, Fast and Commodious Captain Large, Favourite Navigation Company, *Royal William*. Sale of effects, 8-day Piano, BROADWOOD'S, 6½ octavo clock, Superior Hunting Watch with additional keys, the property of Mrs.—, I forget her name, leaving Margate." At the bazaars there is the usual demand for the absent one in the shouting of half-a-dozen voices at once, for the "only one wanted."

THE DEPRAVED AND ILLITERATE POOR.

At the Central Court, one STEPHEN CUMMINS, painter, is found guilty of bigamy. He sells his first wife for six shillings; five shillings for the wife, and "one shilling to drink health." That the transaction may be in due form, CUMMINS gives a receipt. The Recorder, sentencing CUMMINS to imprisonment and hard labour for one year, says, "Under any circumstances, it were a great public offence for a man to go through the ceremony of marriage with another woman, while his wife was living." (But then the poor are so depraved—are so illiterate! They will not go to the Ecclesiastical Court—they will not appeal to the House of Lords. A legal separation, conveying the right of future marriage, is always to be had on proper evidence given,—and yet the poor will not purchase their remedy. Noblemen and gentlemen conform to the law of divorce, and making a bow to its majesty, undraw their purse-strings. But we cannot account for it—the poor, let them be ever so outraged in their conjugal affections, will not go to market, like their betters, for the proper separation.

A LONG PULL, A STRONG PULL, AND A PULL ALTOGETHER.

An American Publisher announces the "Panorama of a Railway, nearly a mile in length, embracing some of the finest specimens in lithography." A mile of lithographs! To make the stretch perfect, we wonder the Yankee did not say that PRINCE ALBERT had laid the first stone!

THE DONKEY-BOYS OF ENGLAND.

A Song for the Sea-Side.

THE Donkey-Boys of England,
how merrily they fly,
With pleasant chaff upon
the tongue and cunning
in the eye.
And oh! the donkeys in a
mass how patiently they
stand,
High on the heath of Hamp-
stead, or down on Rams-
gate's sand.

The Donkey-Boys of En-
gland, how sternly they
reprove
The brute that won't "come
over," with an impressive
shove;
And oh! the eel-like ani-
mals, how gracefully they
swerve

From side to side, but won't advance to spoil true beauty's curve.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how manfully they fight,
When a probable donkestrian comes suddenly in sight;
From nurse's arms the babies are clutch'd with fury wild,
And on a donkey carried off the mother sees her child.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how sternly they defy
The pleadings of a parent's shriek, the infant's piercing cry;
As a four-year-old MAZEPPA is hurried from the spot,
Exposed to all the tortures of a donkey's fitful trot.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how lustily they scream,
When they strive to keep together their donkies in a team;
And the riders who are anxious to be class'd among genteels,
Have a crowd of ragged Donkey-Boys "hallooing" at their heels.

The Donkey-Boys of England, how well they comprehend
The animal to whom they act as master, guide, and friend;
The understanding that exists between them who'll dispute—
Or that the larger share of it falls sometimes to the brute?

THE DANCING CHANCELLORS.

It seems that the illustrious NATHAN is not the only Baron who seeks distinction in the mazy dance; but his brother Barons, BROUGHAM and LYNTHURST, are ready to contest with him the Terpsichorean crown, and we should scarcely be surprised to hear of the first-named Peer having rushed into the eggy arena as a competitor with the hero of a hundred eggshells. We shall begin to think when such noblemen as LORDS BROUGHAM and LYNTHURST begin to pride themselves on their dancing, it will become a question whether NATHAN may not become "a discontented Baron" if he is not called up to the House of Lords as first EARL OF ENTRECHAT.

We had imagined that the accomplished BROUGHAM had already distinguished himself in every science and art, but this wonderful man has yet to make a saltatory reputation, and we have no doubt, that though he only begins at a period of life when the dancing days are usually considered to be over, he will leave the imprint of his footsteps on the sands of time as he goes dancing down to posterity. As he has lately adopted the science of Agriculture, he will perhaps render the more graceful subservient to the more useful pursuit, and we may expect to find him inventing a new ballet to be danced in wooden shoes, and to be called the "Clod Crushers." Every novelty had apparently been exhausted in the shape of Sylphides, Daughters of Air, Spirits of Water, and Children of Fire; but it will be reserved for LORD BROUGHAM to compose a *Divertissement*, called *Les Fils de la Terre*, or the Sons of Earth, introducing a *Pas de Clod-crushers*, with real clods; and as a final *tableau* is always considered necessary, an effect, *à La Fiorita*, with its real fountains, might easily be produced by a grand distribution of liquid manure, on the newest principle. The ingenious and indefatigable MONS JULLIEN will of course avail himself of the story told by LORD BROUGHAM, to prepare for his next series of Concerts—

THE LEGAL QUADRILLE.

And since the Army and Navy have long had their respective quadrilles, it is only fair that the Law should be similarly honoured.

This very novel feature of next season's Promenade Concerts, will of course be got up with the liberality usually bestowed by the MONS on his new productions; and the same enterprise which took him into the mountains in search of cows' horns, upon which to accompany the "*Ranz des Vaches*" for the Swiss Quadrille, will inevitably carry him into the Courts of Law in quest of all kinds of legal instruments to be added to his orchestra for the purpose of making the performance of the Legal Quadrille as perfect as possible. The drums and tambourines will be covered with the parchment of real deeds, and that very piercing instrument, a *fi-fa*, will be added to the ordinary fifes on the occasion. The Time will, of course, be 6-eight throughout; and a rapid movement, consisting of a run up and down the scales of Justice, will form a part of the accompaniment. We may anticipate from the descriptive powers of the MONS JULLIEN, something like the following announcement of the contemplated novelty:—

FIGURE 1. Rising of the Sun, and sitting of the Court—Slow movement of the Motions of Course—Filing and double-filing of the Bills—Slow advance of the professional combatants, and rapid advance of the Money by the Suitors.

FIGURE 2. Slow movement in sixteen Crotchets—Grand chassez-croiszez of the Counsel from side to side, and balancez of the Chancellor.

FIGURE 3. Down the middle of the Long Vacation, and back again—Hands across, and hands over—The Suitors handing the fees across to the solicitors, and the solicitors handing them over to the Counsel.

FIGURE 4. The leading couple of Counsel pair off in opposite directions, leaving the junior couple, or couple of juniors, setting to each other, and coming round to their first positions.

FIGURE 5. Grand round for all the Counsel, and final advance by the Suitors, who after their last advance, are thrown off on both sides, and are left to retire—Both couples of Counsel join hands, and the Quadrille concludes with a Grand Crash in two flats, followed by a movement of four sharps in a *scherzo* through several rapid passages leading up to A minor, whose notes go off into minims, until they reach the lowest minimum.



The Cheapest of Fires.

WE frequently observe in the newspapers an advertisement which offers "Four Fires for One Penny." Some scores of fires may be obtained for that small sum by the simple practice of letting lucifer-matches lie about houses on the floor.

AN INVITATION TO A BALL.

TIGERISSIMO HAYNAU has published a proclamation, calling upon all members of the late Hungarian Diet to come and be tried by Court Martial. He forgot to add, by way of *post-scriptum*, "Muskets kept continually at full cock, and an unlimited supply of ball-cartridges on the premises."

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.



y the newspapers, "anything for a change" would seem to be the motto of everybody. The Bromptonian seeks the heights of Highgate or Hampstead, for autumnal change of air. The citizen quits the London lowlands for a lodging in the Surrey hills, and thus the theory of the ups and downs of life is brought into almost universal practice. The newspapers teem [with invitations to those in want of change of air, and the *Athenæum* of the last three weeks has contained three consecutive advertisements proclaiming the respective

advantages of Undercliff, Ventnor, and Baden-Baden.

The Isle of Wight would stand a chance of being converted into an Isle of Greens, if it were filled with persons lured thither by the promises held out in the advertisements. The "consumptively disposed" are invited to a salubrious climate and "congenial sentiments," and "invalids" in general are offered furnished houses and apartments at Ventnor, "surnamed," as the historians would have it, "the Madeira of England."

We were not aware of Ventnor having been honoured with this *alias*, nor do we see why it should be called England's Madeira, any more than Gravesend might be termed its port, Battersea its cape, or Chelsea—*toujours chère*—its sherry. We shall be hearing next of Herne Bay putting itself up as the Marsala or Marseilles of Kent, and Margate usurping the title of the antimony wine of the Isle of Thanet, on the score of the anti-monetary effects of its bazaars on the pockets of the visitors.

Perhaps, however, the most absurd of all the advertisements addressed at this season of the year to invalids, is that which asks them to come to Baden-Baden to enjoy "a quiet and tranquil life," amid "*fêtes*, concerts, and balls," "the sounds of music enlivening the promenade," and "the numerous parties of equestrians, and splendid equipages, now covering the beautiful valley of Lichtenthal." How "a quiet and tranquil life" is to be got at amidst all this noise and bustle we cannot conceive, and, indeed, we who keep no other equipage than a tea equipage, are positively confounded at the idea of the equipages that the valley is said to be covered with. "Preparations," it is also added, "are being made for hunting parties, on a scale of magnificence which will form an appropriate termination to this brilliant season." The idea of winding up "a quiet and tranquil life," of *fêtes*, balls, and concerts, with a series of hunting parties, completely sets at defiance all our preconceived notions of peace and sobriety. Perhaps the placidity attributed to Baden-Baden is only of a political kind, and in this we can, we believe, bear out the facts stated in the advertisement.

The Grand Duke has been restored to his throne—on the bar at the back of the refreshment room—and the treasury, in the shape of the till, seized last year by the Red Republicans, has been given up to the petty potentate. The army has been reduced to the old peace footing of a corporal's guard, and the civil department is being worked by contract at a pound a day, while the Grand Duke's brass band has been engaged at an English watering-place for a term sufficiently long to stock the privy purse to an extent which renders the royal assets quite equal to what they were before the outbreak. So far as these arrangements are concerned, tranquillity is, no doubt, to be found at Baden-Baden; but in other respects, we do not think that the advertisement we have referred to holds out a very tempting promise of peace and quietness.

Needs must when Smithfield drives.

AMONG the champions of the Smithfield nuisance are the drovers now employed in pioneering the bullocks as they bellow through the streets of London, and it is not surprising that these gentlemen should object to the abolition of the Market, when we see them driving a roaring trade out of it.

LONDON, PARIS, HERNE BAY, VIENNA, NEW YORK, BERLIN, LITTLE PEDDLINGTON, TO WIT.

CITIES are just as conceited, if not more so, than men. There is scarcely a large or small town but what has called itself, at some time or other, "the Capital of the Civilised World."

TEETOTALISM TRIED BY THE RULE OF FATHER MATHEW.

(To *Massa Punch*.)

"SAR,

"HIM berry much 'bliged to you for grantin him de favor ob a place in your baluable collums de toder day for him remarks on de sayin ob FADER MATHEW dat Slabery be no forbidden by any passidge in de Scripture.

"Since den him been 'minded by a friend ob de nigger ob anoder pint him glad wid your permishn to recmend to de 'tention ob de berry reberrend Fader. 'Pose dere no passidge in Scripture agin Slabery—witch I say dere am—wot place FADER MATHEW got to show dat forbid de use ob fermented lickers?

"Him know berry well dat Bible forbid wine drinkee for drunkee. But it 'low him in moderashun; and in one place recmend a little for de sake of de stomach; and besides tell how water was change into wine at a marriage feast,—meant to be drink dere him sponse, by de leaf ob FADER MATHEW.

"By de berry reberrend Fader's own rule, Sar, he no right to preachee teetotal abstinence from alkol, and pretend to teachee better dan de Book.

"Wen FADER MATHEW delibber sermon, him wonder if he ebber talk ob de 'Slabery ob drunkenness,' and de 'Slabery ob de debble?' Slabery, him warrant, de wust word he can use for low, wretched, miserable, shameful state. Do de Scripture 'low any man to keep him broder in sitch a state as dat, Sar?

"Him read, toder day, *De Life ob Jonathan Wild*, by the celibated Novliss, FIELDING. Wen JONATHAN condemn to be hang, de Ornary ob Newgate come to conbert him. JONATHAN propose bottle ob wine. De Ornary say him prefer punch, 'cause punch a licker nowhere spoken agin in Scripture. So FADER MATHEW's an old argment, and used, too, long time ago, agin FADER MATHEW.

"Baleeb me, *Massa Punch*,

"Your berry humble Sarbent,

"SAMBO."

A SANITARY DICTATOR.

F. M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON has long possessed a tolerably decent reputation as a defender of his country. F. M. however, understands the business of national defence even better than people generally suppose. For several months the British forces, under the generalship of the noble DUKE, have sustained, comparatively to the rest of the population, without loss, the attacks of the common enemy—the prevailing epidemic. The *Times* has informed us how, on the approach of the invader, F. M. promptly issued orders to the commanding officers of the Household Troops, and the various garrisons, to set their barracks, outhouses, stables, and quarters in general, in order. The consequence is, that the army was never in better condition. It is much to be wished that F. M., in addition to his various other offices, was made President of Sewers, Inspector of Nuisances, Dictator to Parishes, and Commander-in-Chief,—with full military authority,—of the Board of Health. St. Saviour's, and similar districts, would speedily become salubrious under martial law, dispensed by the Duke: and vestrymen and guardians be forced to do their duty against a foe that is as little to be trifled with as F. M.

The Pope "Changed."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* does not hesitate to say, "that the Pope is much changed." "His hair has become nearly grey." We fear this is from the foolish and inordinate use of French powder. "And his countenance, though still retaining all its saintly placidity,—the bomb-shells flung among his flock, not very much disturbing the absent shepherd—'is marked by some lines of care;' perhaps, traced by the edges of French sabres. Altogether, however, the Pope has stood the siege of Rome like a brick of Babylon. And his face still retains—says Correspondent—"the combined expression of unaffected devotion, unbounded philanthropy, and saintly philosophy!" Devotion, philanthropy, and philosophy, may be very sublime; but are certainly not the better recommended, when drest in French regimentals.

"ORDERS" PUNCTUALLY EXECUTED.

THE old KING OF HANOVER has executed *his* Order upon HAYNAU—the Order of the Guelph. We understand that MADAME TUSSAUD, fired with emulation of ERNEST, has also sent to the Austrian Whip, *her* Order for the Chamber of Horrors. He has certainly won his free admission.



RAGGE. RIP. AND. CO. DRAPERS. AND. MERCERS.



TRICKS-OF-Y^e LONDON. TRADE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, September 25, 1849—With my Wife this day to Westminster, and walking thereabouts in Regent-Street and Oxford-Street, and the principal Streets, though contrary to my Resolution to walk with her only in the Fields, but did it to please her, and keep her in good Humour, but in mighty Fear of what it might cost me, trembling to observe her continually looking askance at the Shop-Windows. But I cannot wonder that they did catch her Eye; particularly the Haberdashers, and Drapers, and Mercers, whereof many were full of Bills, stuck in all Manner of Ways across the Panes, and printed in Letters of from two Inches to a Span long, and Dashes of Admiration two and three together, as staring as a Notice of *Hue and Cry*. Mighty shocking to read in one Window, of a "Tremendous Sacrifice!" in another of an "Alarming Failure!!", in a third of a "Ruinous Bankruptcy!!!", by Reason whereof, the Goods within were a selling off at 50, 60, or 70 per Cent under prime Cost, but that at any Rate the Owners must raise Money. Good Luck, to think of the desperate and dreadful Pass the Drapery Trade must have come to; so many Master-Mercers and Haberdashers on the Threshold of the Prison or the Workhouse, and their Wives and Families becoming Paupers on the Parish, or Beggars, and their People out of Employ, starving; if their Notices do tell true: which made my Heart ake, I mean, through laughing at their Roguery. But my Wife did say, very serious, that we were not to judge, or to know of their Tricks and Cozenage, and, that it was no Matter to us if they did cheat their Creditors, provided we could buy their Wares at a Bargain, and besides, if we did not, others would. So

going by RAGGE, RIP, and Co., their Establishment, as they do call their Shop, she would needs stop in Front of it to look in, and, I knew, consider what among the Things there, she could find to want: which did trouble me. I to read the Posters in the Window, which were the worst and most pitiful of any, and by their Showing Mr. RAGGE, and Mr. RIP, and their Co. were going all together to the Dogs. My Wife did presently, as I expected, find somewhat she had a Mind to: a Muslin she did say was Dirt-cheap, and I knew was Dirt-worth. I plainly refused to let her buy it, or anything else at RAGGE and RIP's, who have been, to my Knowledge, making a Tremendous Sacrifice any Time the last two Years; but the Simpletons their Customers the only Victims. But I do not pity such Gudgeons a Whit as are caught by these Tricks of the Drapery Trade; and methinks they are rightly served by being cheated in seeking to profit, as they think, by Fraud and dishonest Bankruptcy. I told my Wife that RAGGE and RIP do sell off at a Loss to none but those that deal with them, and were like at that Moment, instead of being Bankrupts, to be making merry at the Expense of their Dupes. But she being sullen at my Denial of her Muslin, I did quiet her by the Promise of a better Piece at FAIRCLOTH and PRYCE's, who do carry on Business without roguish Puffery, and after the old Fashion of English Traders, according to the Maxim that "Good Wine needs no Bush," which my Wife, poor silly Wretch, not understanding, I explained to her did mean, that Stuffs worth the buying, to find a Sale, do stand in no Need of Haberdashers' trickish Advertisements.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

BUONAPARTE AND THE MAGPIES.



HAT a BUONAPARTE should lecture upon the comparative qualities of magpies, is very encouraging. Compared with certain eagles, single and double-headed, magpies are most respectable, most conscientious birds. PRINCE LUCIEN's mode of treating the little blue magpie of Spain, and the little blue magpie of Siberia, has suggested to us a subject that, with profoundest respect for the peaceful philosophy of the Prince, we beg to offer to his ornithological Highness. Why should he not give a series of lectures—say at the Whittington Club—on the Birds of foreign Courts? Sure we are, he might make the

course most touchingly instructive. Illustrations so abundant! For instance: let us assume that he takes his own little blue magpie of Spain as typical of the very little king consort of that country. Is it to be doubted that he would draw therefrom the most amusing parallel? The blue magpie of Siberia might also be made subservient—comparing small things to mighty ones—to an admirable illustration of the habits of the Emperor of that land of hemp and hides. But this, by the way. The fullness of the subject would be afforded by the Court Birds themselves.

MR. WARREN, a practical man of Manchester, has recently lectured, and most successfully, on the growth and manufacture of cotton, illustrating his text by model machines. Let PRINCE LUCIEN improve upon this; and with his property-birds about him (there must be a successor to the late able MR. BRADWELL, who can supply the animals), lecture on the recent and present condition of the Continent from its various winged representatives.

And first the Gallie Cock. Very eloquently would LUCIEN describe the miserable condition of this bird, in its gradual deterioration from game to dunghill. We have just learned that the COUNT MONTMOLON's apartment at Longwood is turned into a poultry-yard. Could a cock, by way of contrast, be procured from the St. Helena stock, it would, doubtless, add to the interest of the lecture. Any way, LUCIEN would admirably show the present pipped condition of the bird. How it had cried cock-a-doodl-doo before Rome; and how it had scratched the dunghill of diplomacy, and *not* found a jewel. How it moulted feather by feather; and how, at the present moment, with MAZZINI's sentences wreaked upon it, (True MAZZINI! with the "breath of heaven" still speaking to him "from the Alps of his country,"—how, as though scalded with boiling oil, it is a poor, naked, featherless thing—a mere poultreer's bird—with not a plume to fly with.

Next, the Roman Eagle. Here the Prince would show, how, for the past forty years and more, the bird had been chained, and fed upon the garbage of the Vatican. How it snapped its bonds, and flew upward and upward to the sun, still stronger with the light that gilded it,—until its wing was broken by a French bomb-shell (fired in the name of freedom) and down it fell, and was chained again with stronger iron, the keepers in red hats looking warily at the new forged links.

Austria! Double-headed Eagle, would supply a large and terrible subject. The Prince might give its monstrous history from its monstrous birth. Might show how, vulture-like, it had fed upon the vitals of liberty that still were not consumed, but grew again—again to be devoured. Might dilate upon its present hunger, screaming with its double-voice for prey escaped. Screaming for a meal off KOSSUTH; a picking of BEM; or with a scrap or two of a small Poet, who "always goes about with a bare neck." Yes, CHARLES BEM—hear the Double-headed Eagle's Hue and Cry—would furnish capital fare. His "round face, and brownish ruddy complexion" would be excellent food. And then KOSSUTH: think of the Double-Beak stuck into that "lofty open brow," that "small handsome mouth," that "beautifully formed eye," with its "upward look." And MADAME KOSSUTH would be a dish for the Royal Bird—the Austrian mightily relishing woman's bleeding flesh, scourged or otherwise by the whip of HAYNAU. THERESIA KOSSUTH's "long forehead, black hair, and eyes," would waste, and turn grey and become dim, feeding the vengeful appetite of the Austrian Eagle. And PETOSY, "poet;" his "vaulted round forehead" and "well-proportioned mouth"—poets have ever been such weak, small singing-birds, in the talons of imperial might—would be very pretty picking; if SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID would only render the dainty morsels for the banquet.

But ABDUL MEDJID refuses to supply the food, and the Double-Headed Eagle may cry in vain.

Here are a few birds for PRINCE LUCIEN to begin with. With time and opportunity, he might supply other lectures upon the Eagle of Russia, and on the dollar-loving Eagle, with a beak for negro flesh, of America. Any way, that he may for awhile quit the study of blue magpies for the better anatomy of carnivorous birds of royalty, is the humble wish of

A LITTLE BIRD.

"AROYNT THEE, WITCH!"

THE *Sherborne Journal* tells us that in the neighbourhood of Henton and its vicinity, in a population of about 200, it is asserted that there are 19 witches. And *Punch* begs leave to inquire,—How many clergymen? And what are they about? Where the Bishop of the Diocese? If the poor creatures "about midnight generally hear some terrible unearthly noises," where are the Ministers of the Church to still the tumult, and exorcise the demon of ignorance? Children, it is said, are "scratched." Are the pins stuck properly in their clothes? Some of the folks are "hag-ridden." No doubt. How many of us have more upon our shoulders than we can comfortably carry? Some "dream wonderful dreams," and "some have cramps!" We hardly know what to prescribe against dreams,—unless it is continual wakefulness,—whilst cramps we take to be as old as night dew and the east wind. Nevertheless, we think the cases of the Henton sufferers, cases for the clergy. The battle against the witches is one for the clergyman and the schoolmaster. Of the 19 hags there is not one that may not be mortally levelled by the New Testament and the Primer. Whilst certain arrows to bring down certain black game are best feathered from goose-quills.

A WET DAY AT A COUNTRY INN.



Guest. "IS THAT YOUR NOTION OF SOMETHING AMUSING?"

The Spread of Protectionism.

THE last few days have furnished external evidence of a remarkable spread of Protectionist principles, or, at least, of an attempt to advance them by the formation, in the suburbs, of numerous associations of a Protectionist character. We have read in no less than sixty different windows within the last week, the following portentous announcement:—"A GOOSE CLUB HELD HERE." This looks as if the Protectionist party had formed a fearless resolution to call things by their right names, and to get up as many Clubs as possible. We never attended one of these Goose Clubs, but we dare say an agriculturist orator is always in attendance, to stuff the members with sage, after the approved Protectionist fashion.

A GOOD EXCUSE.



"Now, my little man, tell me—for a penny—why don't you wash your face?"

"Lor, bless you!—We never has no water down our court."

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW.

(A VOICE FROM CHURCH STREET AND CHURCH COURT, BLOOMSBURY.)

Is it a street or kennel? Foul sludge and fetid stream,
That from a chain of mantling pools send up a choky steam:
Walls black with soot, and bright with grease; low doorways; entries dim;
And out of every window, pale faces, gaunt and grim.

Crouching at every door-way, under each foot of wall,
Bundles of ragged squalor, wives, husbands, children small;
Unreverenced age, grey-headed youth, man with his manhood cowed,
Woman without her womanhood, haggard and fierce and loud.

I moved, I marked, I marvelled, each sense of me assailed
By sounds, shows, stinks, that hearing, sight, and smell at once regaled—
Suffering and sin here held their own—bad but relieved by worse,
The ear turned, eager, from the cry, to hearken to the curse.

I had stepped from out a thoroughfare—an artery that rolled
One of the London human streams—the streams that run with gold;
I had but twenty steps to take, another stream to find,
Rolling as rich and rapid, with waves of human kind.

And between these ceaseless currents that speak to thought and sight,
Of knowledge, arts, and wisdom, religion, riches, right,
Lieth this hideous delta, this sad and savage place,
In its wants, as in its wickedness, lower than lowest race.

That stream still rolleth onward—for blessing must not stay;
The grave, the good, the wealthy, the wise pass on their way;
Here on the river margin no fringe of green doth lie,
The tide goes rolling, rolling, and the desert howls hard by.

I paused upon the border—but it was midnight then,
And the great streams no longer poured their daily tide of men;
And, save the watchlight and the wail of those with sick or dead,
Even that misery was at rest—that wretchedness a-bed.

I heard a voice upon the air, which a Church Street house did utter,
With a gush of sighs right redolent of cess-pool, trap, and gutter,
Whereto from out a spruce snug house in New Church Court hard by,
With no more of self-complacence a voice did make reply.

Quoth the Old House—"Here must I stand, 'mid sewerage-mud, and
smells;
The cess-pool water saps my bricks, and poisoneth my wells;

Plague takes its lodging in my rooms, where every inch of floor,
Triple-tenanted already, wants not that grim guest the more.

My rafters creak beneath the weight of ignorance they bear;
My old walls shake with all they see of sickness, crime, and care:
While Vestrymen and Guardians, Health Boards, and Boards of Sewers,
Are wrangling round my wretchedness about their several cures.

Whitewash my ceilings, flush my drains, or ventilate my rooms;
Do something—all or any—ought but this strife, that dooms
My helpless, hopeless inmates to the first red plague that falls
Upon the prostrate squalor crowded within my walls.

For you, my decent neighbour, you're cleansed outside and in;
Your miserable lodgers are turned out, kith and kin:
And when our parish Solons bring strangers here to view
Our sanitary progress, they proudly point to *you*.

What did you *do*, Church Court, to win a fate so changed from mine?
We both were foul, yet in your spruce new stucco coat you shine;
While I, besides the misery that was, and is my own,
Must help to bear the wretchedness from off your shoulders thrown."

"Envy me not," quoth the New House, "old friend, although 'tis true
That I have cast mine ancient slough, and show a front span-new.
Such loads as you and I have borne may not be flung away,
As they cart off the rubbish of our shells, within a day.

'Tis true that I am clean to sight; its gig between my rows
Respectability may drive, nor hold its decent nose;
That Competence now stands erect, where Beggary crouched before;
That Misery, rent and reckless, squats no longer at my door.

But hollow all this decent show: ill doth the dwelling fare,
From squalor purged, that selfishness may find free quarters there;
They have swept the human offal out of my shelter—true,
But 'twas to pile the festering heap higher, old friend, in you.

There's not one wretchedness the less for all my smiling face;
There's not one grain of filth the less, for all this well-swept place;
There's not a plague the fewer for all my clean-flushed drains;
My scavengering and sewerage is worse than wasted pains.

They've drained the stream that ran through me, to dam it high in you;
They've swept out my old lodgers, to furnish you with new;
The Plagues that Parish Boards crow o'er as vanquished, only scoff,
And write up on their recent homes, 'Removed to two doors off.'

They issue from compacter haunts, the stronger for compression,
And though their residence no more, I still am their possession:
Each ill, as I was, swept away, a new ill crop arouses,
Until the public may exclaim, 'A plague o' both your houses!'"

"AROUSE YE THEN, MY MERRY MERRY MEN."

CONSIDERABLE excitement has prevailed within the last few days in Trafalgar Square, by a movement of a most unexpected and unusual character. About a week since a surly old man and an obstinate hobbledehoy, furnishing an apt illustration of "crabbed age and youth," were seen advancing to the foot of the NELSON Column, and having fumbled for some time about the base, they succeeded in elevating a piece of canvas, or an old sheet—there are speculations in favour of both views of the material—to the height of the pedestal. Some alarm was created among the inhabitants that the dismal-looking texture might possibly be the standard of COCHRANE again about to be raised in the neighbourhood, and the blank and dirty aspect of the affair went very far towards favouring the supposition.

Upon inquiry being made, it turned out that the proceedings that had caused so much uneasiness were preliminary to the investing of the Column with the base relief, a style of out-door relief, the want of which has for some time indicated our national poverty. We have heard that the reason of the delay in finishing the four lions, whose absence has been so much commented on, arises from a vague hope of the sculptor that he shall persuade the British Lion to give him a sitting.

Gems from John O'Connell's New Book.

Parliamentary Impressions and Recollections of JOHN O'CONNELL, Esq. M.P. during a career from 1832 to 1848.

I recollect that I made a disagreeable Parliamentary impression whenever I rose to speak.

I recollect that I promised to die on the floor of the House, but I've an impression that I didn't.

My impression is that I didn't make much impression upon anybody's mind, at any time, on any subject.

ANOTHER GRATUITOUS EXHIBITION.



we are happy to find that, at this dull season of the year, the Metropolis will henceforth be enlivened by a free exhibition which has just been thrown open to the public, and the particulars of which will be found recorded in the following (fourpenny) paragraph:—

"The MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE has, to a considerable degree, thrown his splendid town mansion and grounds in Berkeley Square open to the view of the public, by the erection of an iron gate in Berkeley Street, opposite Hay Hill."

Here is an opportunity for a loungeur to spend an agreeable half hour with his nose between the gratings in front of a great man's house, and a comfortable consciousness that he is owner, for the time being, of as much of the property as he can, as the saying goes, "put in his eye and see none the worse for it." We hope the Commissioners of Police will issue proper regulations to prevent confusion at this very attractive exhibition, now, for the first time, thrown open to the public in general. We suppose it will be intimated that "Donkies' heads are to be turned towards the Hay on Hay Hill," and that policemen are to take up or give a setting down to all who may misbehave themselves.

We have heard it rumoured that the proprietor of a celebrated tavern means to throw open, in the most liberal manner, the view of his viands to the general public, by placing in his window, from ten to one, the materials for an excellent dinner; it is expected that noses will be turned towards the most savoury dish, and while the exhibition continues open, mouths will be permitted to remain open in sympathy.

CURIOSITIES OF SPORTING LITERATURE.

We believe we may commend the subjoined extracts to the attention of all lovers of sport, even such as may never have shot a bird, or caught a fish, or crossed the back of a horse in their lives. The first, so far as it is intelligible, is an indignant denial of the charge of unfairly destroying foxes; but of some of it we can neither make muzzle nor brush. Read it:—

"FOX HUNTING IN EAST KENT.

"To the Editor of the Kent Herald.

"SIR,—A report having gained strong currency, that it is my intention to appear before the world in a new character, that of 'Vulpecide,' (is it possible that even a dream of the slightest suspicion can exist on this head? I cannot find language sufficiently powerful by which to express my utter astonishment!) I wish it, with your assistance, to be made publicly known that, as far as my humble endeavours are concerned, if any representations are conveyed to me at any time, declaratory of persons annihilating or endeavouring to annihilate the breed of foxes upon my property, I will take the most active measures by which to obviate the consequences resulting from such doings, as connected with the interests of the East Kent Hunt. No,—no fox shall be killed upon my property *illegitimately*, if I am made acquainted with the circumstance in sufficient time so as to prevent it, as long as I hold life, and enjoy the use of intellect, by which to discriminate that which is right from that which is wrong. I trust that I shall again appear in the hunting field. How could I (absence or presence *never* ought, and, therefore, *never* will make any difference as to my line of action) have the consummate assurance and impudence to do so, unless my brains were choked up with the dust and cobwebs of mental aberration complete, branded with the ignominious title, 'Selfish Vulpecide?'

"I have the honour to be your faithful servant,

"JOHN F."

MR. F. says, that if he is informed that persons are exterminating, or endeavouring to exterminate the breed of foxes upon his property, he will, as far as his humble endeavours are concerned, "take the most active measures by which to obviate the consequences resulting from such doings as connected with the interests of the East Kent Hunt." Does MR. F. mean to promise that he will replace the slaughtered foxes?—which would seem to be the only possible mode of obviating the consequences to the East Kent Hunt that would result from the destruction of those animals. But this gentleman is not the less amusing for being unintelligible. We hope to see him in print again; and expect that he will supply the void in literature which has been left by GEORGE ROBINS.

The other morsel, though more laconic than the foregoing, is not less enigmatical:—

TO BE SOLD, A HANDSOME SHOOTING COB, about 13½ hands high, six years old, perfectly sound, and warranted to sit on her back, and shoot a dozen times, and will stop at the word of command. To be seen at MR. T——'s stables, &c. &c.

The owner of this Cob should exhibit her, not sell her. An animal that could perform the astounding feat of sitting on its back, and shooting twelve times, let alone stopping at the word of command, would bring its proprietor more money than the Learned Pig, or TOM THUMB, or the Mouse of musical memory.

We ask our readers if the above pieces of writing are not by far more extraordinary compositions than even gun cotton or the marine glue?

THE LOUIS NAPOLEON CODE OF HEALTH.

THE health is dependent, not so much on the circulation of the blood, as on the circulation of a railway.

To be in good health you must be constantly opening new lines.

Good health is only found at the Buonapartist stations.

A Republican, or Red Station, is a sign of blood to the head.

A Legitimist, or White Station, is an indication of languor, nausea, and extreme paleness.

A cry of "*Vive NAPOLEON*" causes a high colour, and general hilarity of spirits.

Several cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" produce the most violent palpitations of the heart, that, if not checked, are likely to turn, the head. The sensation, however, is very pleasant, though the relapse is very trying when caused by

A cry of "*Vive le Président*," which is always succeeded by a general coldness, and the lowest depression of spirits.

A cry of "*Vive la République*" always has such an effect, that you are obliged to go home to bed directly, where you are sure to remain several days, according to the intensity of the blow.

A kick, given publicly by a Mayor, will upset you for a week, and is liable to bring an attack of cholera, from which you can only recover by writing a letter, which need not be official, or by dancing at a public ball, or by reviewing several thousands of National Guards, or by visiting privately a poor artisan in his garret, only taking care that the visit is made in a quarter where you are known (and popular).

By attending to the above simple rules, it is astonishing how easily you may preserve your constitution.

An Emperor's Presence of Mind.

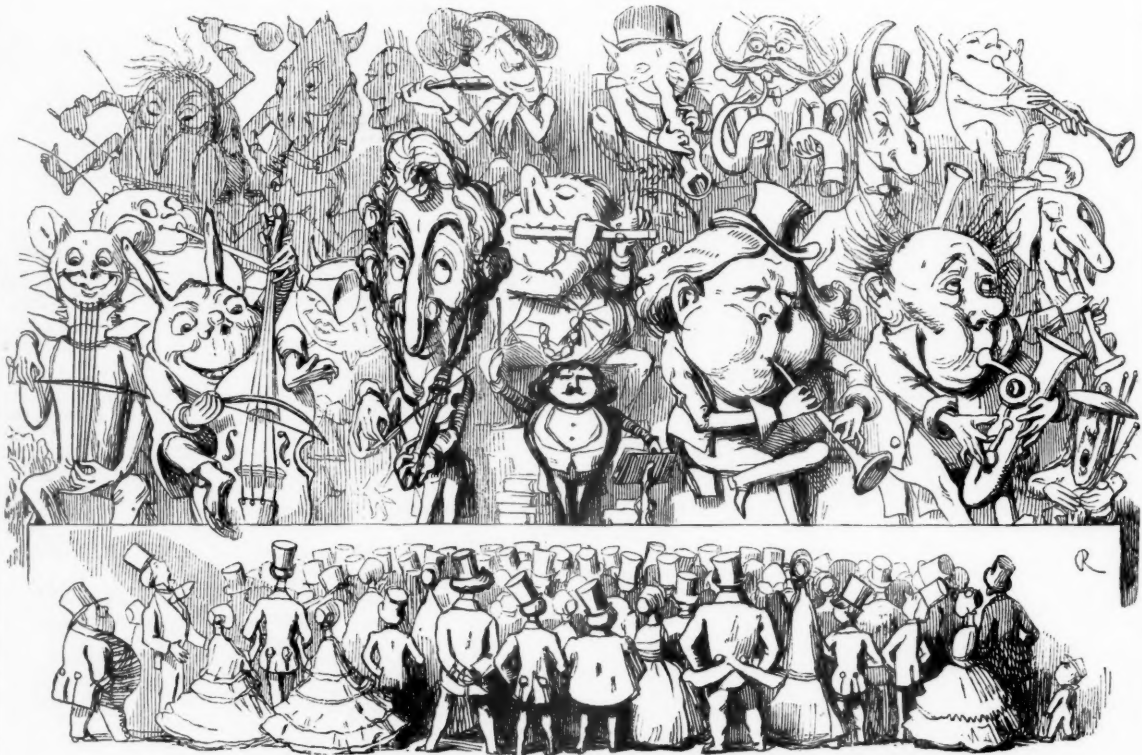
It is said that JELLACHICH assured the young EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA that he must "to the very letter fulfil the promises he had made to his subjects!" Whereupon, we learn, that the Emperor was astonished; but "did not lose his presence of mind." No doubt the Emperor believed in the royal right to keep every thing, *but* his word. That, being undecieved, he should keep his presence of mind, is a marvellous instance of imperial greatness.

IRELAND'S NEW BIRTH.

MR. DUFFY, in the *Nation*, goes upon his knees to the priesthood of Ireland. In the words of his friend MEAGHER, if Ireland is to have a new birth to liberty, "she must be baptized in the old Holy Well." And who are to be the sponsors? According to the insinuations of MR. DUFFY, we cannot mistake the parties. Simply, CORPORAL FIEE and CAPTAIN BLUNDERBUSS.

HOW TO PURIFY THE SEWERS.

THROW into them a quantity of railway shares (with calls due) and they are certain to be cleaned out.



A MONSTER CONCERT.

NEWS OF NEXT SESSION.

THERE seems to be such a dearth of business for next Session in the present tranquil state of the country, that the professional agitators will be regularly hard up for a case, a cry, or a grievance. In the absence of other exciting topics, it is whispered that a renowned champion of every body and every thing intends calling for a Committee of inquiry into the "unmerited persecution" that has been for so many years endured by a certain acknowledged victim of domestic melodrama. It can be proved by true bills, which have been presented over and over again to that grandest of grand juries, an enlightened British audience, that the victim has been nearly one thousand times unjustly condemned to death, and has only been rescued at nearly one thousand last moments by nearly one thousand *apropos* appearances of nearly one thousand ghosts, real culprits, reluctant witnesses, or unconsciously retributive low comedians.

The dreadful scene of this long series of "persecutions"—all quite "unmerited"—has been the New Cut, and it will be proposed that a return should be laid before the Honourable House of all the unfounded charges, base imputations, murderous drabbings by the hair of the head, and ferocious seizures by the throat in the assassin's grip to which the "acknowledged victim" has been subjected.

We have no doubt a very strong case of unmerited persecution will be got up, and we are happy that in these days, or at all events in this country, the case in question is the only one of "unmerited persecution" that is likely to arise for a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into. As a warning to persons, who having the power might be seized with the will to persecute, the effect of the inquiry might be beneficial, and we dare say, if the matter should be proposed, there would be no opposition on the part of HER MAJESTY'S present Government.

A TREMENDOUS JOKE.—A celebrated punster, who has long ago broken up the whole of his dental establishment with the constant cracking of jokes, has sent us a pun of such terrific power that we are actually afraid to print it, lest it should split the sides of the globe, and completely upset the earth's gravity.

A WORD FOR MR. WALKER.

It is the common remark of churchwardens, poor-law guardians, and people of that sort, that the movement for the abolition of intramural interment is all WALKER. This, in one sense, is quite true. Mr. G. A. WALKER, Surgeon, and author of "*Gatherings from Grave-Yards*," is the originator, and has been the chief fomentor, of that most laudable agitation. If ever the London atmosphere is purified of volatilisised dead men, and ceases to hold corpses in solution; if we shall be enabled to walk the streets without inhaling human remains in a state of vapour, and go to church without taking our defunct relations and neighbours into our lungs; and if, as may be expected, through this desirable change of air, we shall get rid of cholera and typhus: for all these benefits we shall have, humanly speaking, to thank Mr. WALKER. Already he may be said to have saved all the lives that have been preserved by the partial closure of churchyards.

Now Mr. WALKER, being a public benefactor, we suppose will not fail to be rewarded as such; that is, to be utterly neglected as long as he lives, and perhaps to have a caricature of his person, under the name of a monument, erected to his memory after his death. But should the Government be of opinion that any truly useful man can possibly deserve to be recompensed like a soldier or a lawyer, we would suggest that the more prompt and solid species of requital might judiciously be allotted to Mr. WALKER.

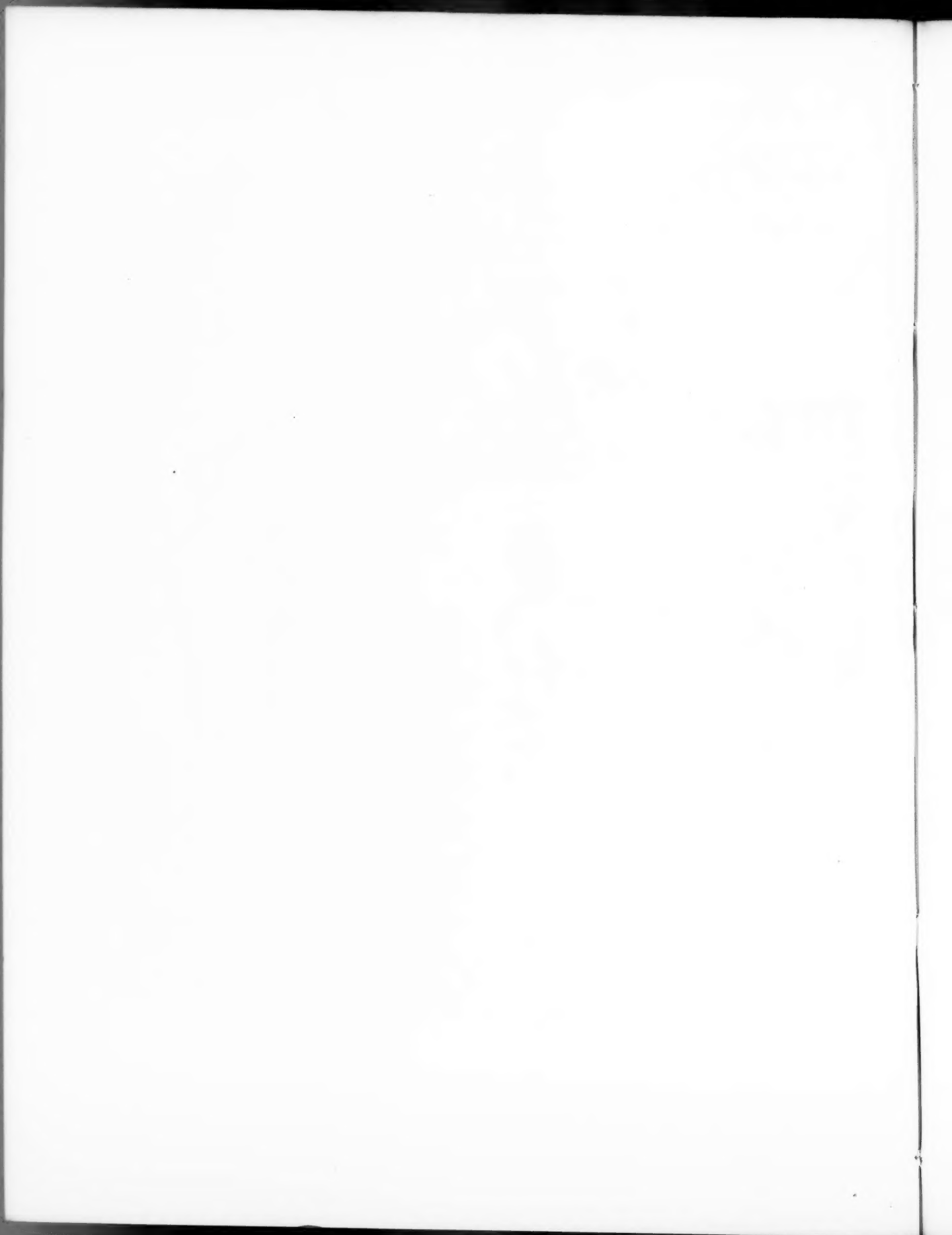
Little and Good.

A CALCULATION has been made, which shows that the whole of the gold currency in the world would only weigh 1150 tons, and that a room 20 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 10 feet high, would contain the whole of it. If this is all the gold coin the world contains, the proprietor of a tea-cup full, or an old stocking stuffed with sovereigns, has indeed a most respectable share of it. Our respect for the bank parlour and its riches becomes lowered in an instant, and we dare say, if the truth were known, the whole of the gold coin in the establishment is confined to one division of the cellaret in the bank parlour sideboard.



"WATER! WATER! EVERYWHERE;
AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK."

W. P. M.



A POOR LOOK OUT.



GREEN is still the prevailing colour among a certain class of advertisers, who are continually applying for that which causes us simply to express a wish that they may succeed in getting it. One of the latest specimens of the very sanguine temperament enjoyed by some of our fellow-creatures, is a request to be supplied with a Government appointment for life, producing between two and three hundred a-year, with the slight stipulation that the duties must be nominal, or capable of being performed by deputy. This little snuggery, which, if it exists at all in these days of retrenchment and hard work, must be a little official nook, that has escaped the eye of all financial reformers—this exceedingly comfortable sinecure is advertised for by one G. D., who does not object to come down with £500 to the high and influential person through whom alone such a situation could ever be attainable.

Fancy one of our Ministers of State taking a sheet of paper, and answering G. D. with a proposal that the document conferring the office should be hidden under a certain archway at a given moment, while a bag containing 500 sovereigns should be deposited under a lamp-post opposite. Imagine the Minister lurking about the appointed place with the official warrant in his hand, and looking out sharply for G. D. to locate the "swag" in the position designated by the answer to the advertisement. If we were a member of the Government, or possessed of official patronage, we would insist upon G. D. letting us know what he might dare to take us for, when he presumes to insult a large body of the most exalted men in the kingdom, by his petty bribe of 500 sovereigns.

If, as WALPOLE said, "Every man has his price," we hope our leading statesmen, whoever they may hereafter be, will, at all events, keep their price up considerably higher than the paltry standard at which G. D. has taken the liberty of fixing it. Happily we have not yet come down to the practice, sometimes recommended by very enthusiastic economists, of putting out the Government of the country as a contract, to be undertaken by the year or by the job; nor have we commenced letting the seats on the Treasury benches to the highest bidders; and we are, therefore, tolerably safe so far from the risk of the places in the administration being filled by a set of people, who undertake the thing at the very lowest figure, with the intention of making what they can out of it, by such indirect means as G. D. appears to look upon as a matter of course, if we are to judge of his notions on the point by the tenor of his advertisement.

Radetsky among the Flowers.

GRIM old RADETSKY has returned to Vienna; and, we are told, he was almost smothered with flowers and garlands flung upon him by the Austrians. All well and good—for Austria and Austrians. The Man of the Sword comes back, having ham-stringed Italian Liberty. Let the Viennese throw their flowers upon him; but why—oh, why should British writers, in their wholesale eulogy, cast upon the tool of Austrian tyranny the Rose of England?

GIVE THE OLD GENTLEMEN THEIR DUE.

It has often been said with much severity that the persons who planned Trafalgar Square did not know how to lay out a site. This is hardly fair, for it is perfectly evident that in the achievement of laying out a precious sight of money they are beyond all competition.

Louis-Napoleon's Pony.

THEY show at Boulogne a pony foaled at Logwood, in the house of NAPOLEON. The pony is on its way to the President, a present from M. LACOSTE, a Mauritius planter. There is a sly irony conveyed in the present. As the nephew can by no means ride the high horse of his uncle; he may nevertheless, in one sense at least, be able to post his pony.

A LAPSPUS LINGUE.

THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY have just authorised the admission duty free of pigs' tongues from America. We have no objection to the freedom of pigs' tongues in any part of the world, but we wish some of the asses' tongues at home could have some wholesome restrictions put upon them.;

CHURCH VAULTS.—ST. SAGE-CUM-MARJORAM.

"Mr. Punch,

"I AM, and have been, for five-and-forty years, Vestry Clerk of the ancient church of St. Sage-cum-Marjoram, an edifice that, handed down to us by the Normans,—(the Conqueror having laid the first stone, and rented a family vault hitherto unoccupied)—does honour to the City of London. As Vestry Clerk, you must permit me to raise my voice—(which I could wish a brazen trumpet for the occasion)—against the unhallowed war at present waged against the vested interests of the dead asleep in church vaults, and in the vault of St. Sage-cum-Marjoram in particular.—Under the unprincipled plea of public health, the unbeliever desires to aim a blow at the decencies of the dead; and further, it is my opinion—and not only mine, but that of our beadle, a humble, but a very far-seeing individual—to introduce pagan and heathenish rites to the contempt of Christian burial.

"The present cry is—Come and be buried in the country. The churchyards are foul; the church vaults fouler; come and take your long rest with hawthorns smelling about you, and skylarks singing above you. All very fine—but I (and the beadle) see what it will end in. A few years, and there'll be no burying at all—none. And this I would wish the undertakers to ponder upon, that they may rally round the church and her yards, and vaults, and other institutions. A few years, and there'll be revolutionists to propose what I've already heard called the good old Roman way; namely, to make a bonfire of the dead, putting out the flame with wine, and gathering up the ashes to be put into an urn for household furniture. I've heard of a phoenix,—though I never saw one—that's burnt with cinnamon, and mace, and nutmegs, and other spices. In this fashion, it will be proposed to get rid of them who die well-to-do, consuming the poor with nothing better than tar and turpentine. We now see advertised 'four fires for a penny' in the shape of circles of wood. Give up our London vaults and churchyards, and in like manner and in time we shall see—'Four funerals for five-and-sixpence.' Urns will put out coffins.

"But, Mr. Punch, what I particularly want to stand upon is this; the sweetness—I may say the more than sweetness of the church vaults (so shamefully attacked) of St. Sage-cum-Marjoram. Nothing can be sweeter! What's the words?—

'Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

Which is the case with our vaults. A flower-garden in June is nothing to 'em. And for this reason. Only the most respectable people of the parish have been buried there—and will continue to be. Look at our clergyman—look at his clerk—look at our beadle—look at all the congregation. Pictures of health! And all along of the sweet and odoriferous vaults of St. Sage-cum-Marjoram. And so—I've no manner of doubt of it—so it is with every other church; for which reason, I write this letter, calling upon all churchwardens and all beadles, to rally round their tomb-stones, to raise the black flag with the death's head on it in their churchyards, and one and all to cry—'War to the Death, and no Surrender.'

"Give up your churchyards, and in ten years, at least, there'll be no decent lying for anybody: no, nothing but what the heathen call, funeral piles. However, I have eased my conscience, and am,

"Your Obedient Reader, and

"VESTRY CLERK OF ST. SAGE-CUM-MARJORAM."

Sooted to the Climate.

WE see the announcement of a new kind of Fresco painting which has been discovered in Berlin. The proof of its durability is, that a painting executed in it by KOULBACH was put up a chimney for a year, and found perfectly fresh and in good preservation after being thus smoked. Applying this test, we may promise ourselves that the works in the Vernon Gallery are certain to be durable, for no chimney can be darker and few sootier than the hole which they occupy.

"HAPPINESS WAS BORN A TWIN."

THE good EARL OF CARLISLE has very pithily illustrated the words of BYRON. A stranger sends to the Earl £100 to be devoted by him to the public service. And the Earl, forwarding to the BISHOP OF LONDON the stranger's £100, adds to it a twin £100 from his own pocket. It would be well if Poets had always such practical illustrators as the excellent EARL OF CARLISLE.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

WE understand that in Paris—the capital of European liberty—it is in contemplation to give a grand *fête* to LOUIS NAPOLEON, to celebrate the result of French interference in Rome, that is, the revival of the Inquisition.

PENNY-A-LINE ATROCITIES.



BEATEN away from the enormous cabbage plantations, and fairly routed out of the early strawberry beds by the lateness of the season, the penny-a-liners have been terribly put to it for a meal and a paragraph. Even the monstrous gooseberry can no longer be crammed down the public throat, for the newspaper reader will no longer consent to be made a gooseberry fool of as he once used to be. An unusual haul of mackerel, which was formerly all fish in the casual reporter's net, is now not worth its weight in ink to the unhappy scribe, nor will the very best attested pig with five tails run, as once it would, the round of the newspapers. The two-headed cat has gone to the dogs; the bi-tailed bullock has drawn in his horns; the one-eyed jackass has given his last kick, and the whole catalogue of nature's anomalies, which could once command their fourpence per paragraph as the regular market price, are now utterly valueless.

In their despair, the penny-a-liners have lately taken to the horrible practice of burying people alive, and causing them to wake again, in order that they—the penny-a-liners—may turn a most dishonest and, indeed, a most atrocious penny. It is true that they get an additional sixpence by a contradiction a few days afterwards, and that, after administering the bane to the reader, they do not long withhold the antidote. We nevertheless think that these interments, with which the newspaper cemeteries are now being crowded, should be put a stop to as speedily as possible.

TURKEY *versus* TYRANNY.

ACCOUNTS from Vienna and St. Petersburg state that the Austrian Vulture (improperly called Eagle) and the Russian Bear are in a most frantic state, raging mad with disappointed hatred. Their triumph over Hungary has been robbed of nine-tenths of its zest by the escape of Kossuth and his companions, who have taken refuge in Turkey, and whom the Porte refuses to deliver up to their tender mercies. Of course it is impossible for any human being to conceive the agonies of these wretched creatures, thus baffled of their prey, and burning with the thirst of vengeance which they are forbidden to slake; but their howlings are said to be frightful. The SULTAN is considered to have shown great spirit in resisting the demand of the allied savages, and to have fully substantiated his claim to his ancient title of the GRAND TURK. Altogether it may be said that Turkey has, in this matter, taken an attitude truly worthy of the *SUBLIME PORTE*.

Spes et Opes.

It is stated that a vessel lately arrived from Ireland with five pockets of hops, the produce of that country. This is good news indeed; for we have heard of nothing but empty pockets in Ireland for some years, and the worst of it is, that we have been expected to fill these empty pockets incessantly. (A wretch at our side has almost spoiled our satisfaction at the circumstance alluded to, by whispering in our ear the suggestion, that the arrival of these hops may be the happy prelude to Irish h-opulence.)

THE OLD CHURCHWARDEN'S COMPLAINT AGAINST
SANITARY REFORM.

PRISH! What 'trouble and vexation, what a deal of botheration, we are put to by this precious sanitary reformation!

What's the sense of "sanitary?"—no such word in dictionary—an expression to the good old English language quite contrary.

In our district so extensive, if a drain's at all offensive, it must instantly be mended; which is monstrously expensive.

And our dead we're forced to bury somewhere in a cemetery, all because our churchyard's crowded; which is arbitrary, very.

If we're satisfied with that matter, though the churchyard were still fatter; if so be we're not partic'lar, what to other folks is that 'ere?

How the scientific asses preach about their poisonous gases, making havoc 'mongst the habitations of the lower classes!

Things our forefathers knew nought of, now they tell us fever's caught of—oh! the times when sulphuretted hydrogen was never thought of!

I've no faith and no reliance in your chemistry and science; if you'll act by my advice you'll set the doctors at defiance.

We, the Board of Health supposes, ought to make sinks smell like roses; people now-a-days pretend to have such very dainty noses.

I'm convinced, by much reflection, that there is not that connexion, which we heard so much on lately, 'twixt uncleanness and infection—

My great uncle is a brewer; eighty-eight, and well as you are; all his life has he been living close beside an open sewer;

And the Thames with refuse flowing, its salubrious nature showing, makes, he says, beyond comparison the best of porter going.

Dirt and filth with health agreeing in the pig 'tis easy seeing; now, inside, a pig, I'm told, is very like a human being.

But in outlay to engage us, would, I own, make me outrageous, even supposing filth and dirt to be infectious or contagious.

I would go to such expenses on no reasons nor pretences; let us save the cash, I say, and take our chance of consequences.

SLAVE TRAFFIC IN ENGLAND.



FOREIGNERS accuse us of selling our wives in Smithfield Market, but what will Europe say when it reads half-a-dozen advertisements *per diem* in our public prints, proposing an Exchange of Pupils? A pupil is a human being, and an exchange of the commodity implies a traffic in human beings, the idea of which causes our ink to run cold in our quills and brings the "burning blush of shame" into both sides of our countenance. We find the principal of a female seminary prepared to barter away a boy for a schoolmaster's girl; and in another case, the head of a seminary anxious to take out a young lady's education—intellectual and moral—in coals, candles, butcher's meat, bread, or grocery.

We can imagine the sort of account that must be kept in the case of a pupil, whose instruction has to be balanced by food or fuel.

Of course every pound of beef would be properly checked off by a *per contra* in the shape of grammar or geography; and if the pupil's father were in the candle line, so many dozens of dips would be the booked equivalent for so much mental enlightenment.

It is to be presumed that if the articles were not regularly sent in, the instruction would at once stop, and if the parent, being a coal merchant, failed to teach his subordinates when and where to shoot the required coals, the young idea would not be taught to shoot, or would perhaps be significantly presented with the sack, and a polite intimation of its being impossible without coals *alere flammam*. However convenient the mutual accommodation system may be, we wish, for the credit of the country in the eyes of foreigners, that the objectionable heading, "Exchange of Pupils," be at once withdrawn from the advertisements.

BAKER STREET, A PENAL SETTLEMENT.



WE see by the *Times* that the boors of the Cape of Good Hope have shown themselves more fastidious than the polite people of Baker Street. The folks of the Cape have resolved not to receive among them a ship-load of English convicts; and further, have determined to refuse to supply any of the necessities of life to any persons, official or otherwise, who shall obey the mandate of the Colonial Office, in the reception or toleration of felons. We understand that, taking this hint, the tradesmen of Baker Street and the vicinity have resolved to starve out MADAME TUSSAUD and all her establishment, unless Madame consents to cleanse the neighbourhood of the evil brought upon it, by her "harbouring and comforting"—to use the words of the State—RUSH, COURVOISIER, GOODE, and other murderers too sanguinary to mention. For our own part, we respectfully call the attention of the Board

of Health to MADAME T.'s Chamber of Horrors. We understand that DOCTOR BRITAN has recently examined the place, and the result of his microscopic investigations is truly alarming. The *fungi* discovered in the wax of the murderers are sufficient to poison all London; entering, as they do, by means of newspaper advertisements, into the moral food of the population. The devastation committed, particularly amongst women and the youth of both sexes, can scarcely be exaggerated. If moral health be really the care of the State, there is but one remedy for the disease communicated by the felonious wax—namely, the melting-pot.

We have, however, heard a report—that gains hourly ground—respecting Baker Street. The *Neptune*, being sent back with its convict freight from the Cape, will disembark her felons at Greenwich. Thence, they will be conveyed to Baker Street, and quartered upon the inhabitants. That is, the attics only of the houses will be rented by Government, and a certain number of convicts located in each. On Monday next, it is said, Government blacksmiths will proceed to place bars before all the garret windows, and to take other precautionary measures against the escape of the captives. A turnkey will occupy the two-pair back in every house! Of course, Government cannot thus invade the rights of private property, without making due remuneration. But, as the Cape refuses to receive our criminals, and as we must locate them somewhere,—it appears to us, that Baker Street is admirably chosen for the purpose. It has been proved, or at least asserted, by the report of the Board of Health, that people become acclimated to a fetid atmosphere. In the like way, we presume, folks may, after a time, live in a neighbourhood having a bad reputation for murder, and never be the worse for it. Government does not act without authority. Its medical officers have examined the inhabitants of Baker Street, right and left, and opposite to the Chamber of Horrors; and except a certain wildness of eye and tremor of lip, and colour suddenly coming and going, with knocking of the knees together, and other phases and movements, sympathetic with a guilty knowledge,—except this and these, the inhabitants of Baker Street have borne the homicidal wax-work without any change. Therefore, half-a-dozen convicts (for the number in each attic will never exceed six), with a tutelary turnkey, can make but little difference in the moral atmosphere of the neighbourhood. We understand that the post of matron to all the convict garrets has been offered to MADAME TUSSAUD; but that lady has not yet returned an answer. It has been whispered, that her silence is the result of well-grounded discontent; her vested rights in wax-work crime being, as she declares, materially injured by making living convicts rivals to her atrocious dead!

Of course the determination of ministers to carry out on a large scale the purpose of MADAME TUSSAUD, and to make Baker Street a penal settlement for live convicts, has caused considerable stir in the neighbourhood. *Punch* will anxiously watch and report the progress of events.

MANNING A POET.

THE Penny-a-liners have this week made another most interesting discovery with reference to MANNING, who, if we are to believe the paragraphist of the daily press, "occupies his time principally in writing poetry, and his compositions are generally presented by him to his Solicitor." Here is good news for the music-publishers, who were beginning to want a new sensation after the decline of the Merry Sunshine which the poet has "loved not wisely," but rather "too well." A new song by MANNING will be a great hit, and will be well worthy at once to take its place by the side of the "What are you thinking of?" the "Yes, I have dared to love Thee's," the "Write to Me's," and other favourites of the boarding-school class.

We do not doubt that we shall soon have the Bermondsey Ballads in the hands and mouth of every sentimental Miss, while JULIEN will have the affair got up as an appropriate feature in his next "Monster" Concert. There will be, of course, an end to all further applications for money to conduct the defence, since a lawyer, with such valuable property as the poetical MS. of a suspected murderer in his possession, must be unreasonable indeed to think about the security of his fees, whatever may be the issue of the trial. We expect to hear in a day or two that MRS. MANNING has taken to crochet work—according to penny-a-line authority,

which, we beg to say, we consider no authority at all; but in order to gratify the morbid curiosity of the public, no stone can be left unturned by the imaginative paragraphist to add to the excitement on the subject of this, at present, most interesting couple in the whole kingdom.

ARISTOCRACY FOR THE MILLION.

IN these days "Everything for Everybody" is the universal motto, for there is nothing offered to the wealthy few, but a cheap edition of the luxury is immediately forthcoming for the benefit of the less affluent multitude. Music is no longer the monopoly of the higher classes at two shillings per sheet, but may be had for twopence by the million, and the fashionable paletôt is not more within the means of the peerage than obtainable—from one pound and upwards—by the people.

There is one thing, however, that has not yet been supplied to the million, and though the matter in question seems naturally adapted to exclusive use, we do not despair of seeing it extended to the masses, under the very taking title of Aristocracy for the Million, and we are happy to furnish a suggestion, in the hope of inducing MR. BURKE, or some other great heraldic *littérateur*, to try the experiment. We would propose, as an admirable beginning, a work under the title of the Peerage and the Landed Gentry, giving an accurate account of all such Gentry or Gents as may have landed at the Pierage between London Bridge and Battersea within a given period. The literature of flunkeyism has already descended almost as low as to have come to a biographical Court Guide, and we see no reason why it should not take another step downwards to the directory, from which the transition to the Peerage and the Landed Gentry—on the plan we propose—would be perfectly natural.

EUROPE GOING BACK AGAIN.

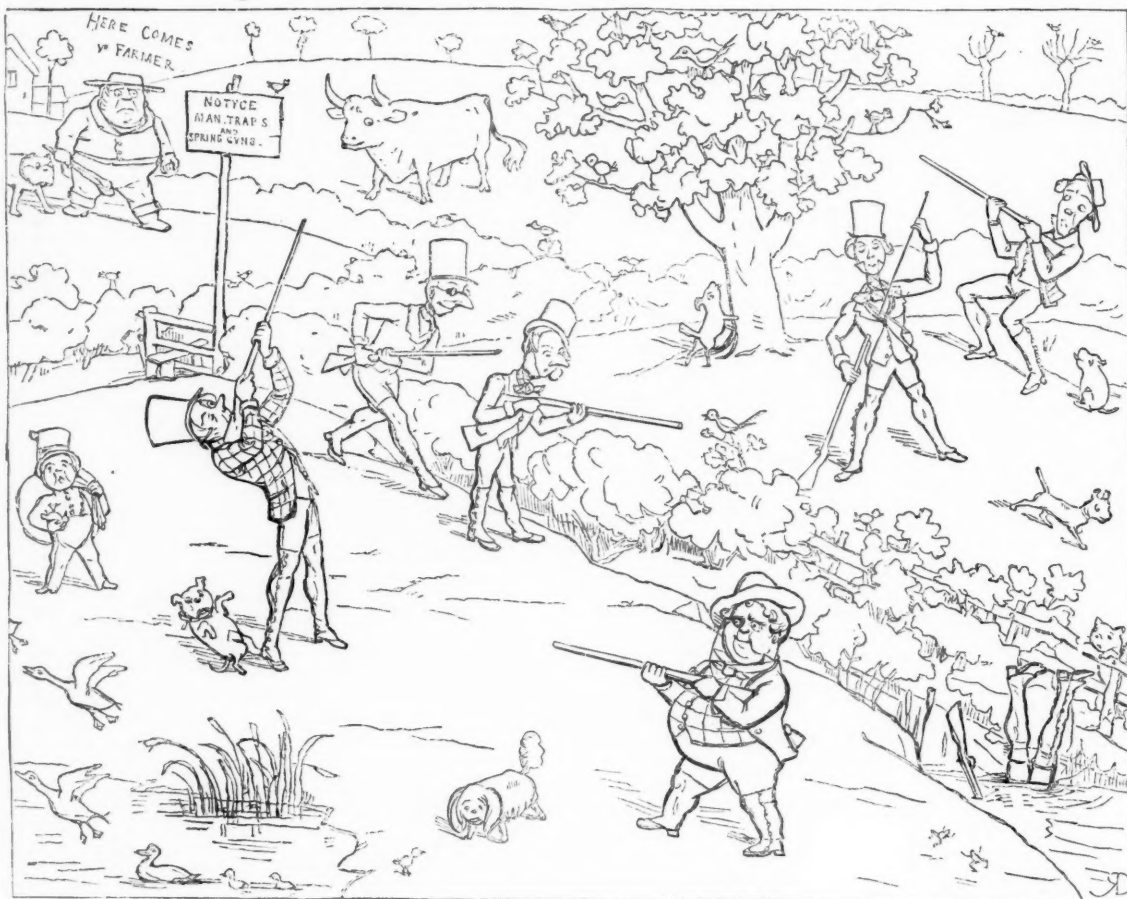
THE admirers of things as they were will be gratified by the information—which we derive from the *Morning Post*—that

"By a new law on Sporting in Prussia, just sanctioned by the King, no one is to have the right of shooting unless possessed of 300 acres of land."

Hurrah for the Game Laws! Torture and breaking on the wheel, we suppose, will be restored next in Prussia: perhaps witch-roasting also. Truly the Continental Sovereigns are, to use a vernacular expression, "a going of it." They have not only gotten Liberty down; but they are dancing on her, and the above-mentioned enactment, in figure, is a specimen of their capers. We may, however, be blamed for ascribing salutatory activity to a set of beings that may with reason be said to exhibit rather the tardy and retrograde motions of the crab.

Consistent Protectionists.

THE *Times* informs us that at the late West Surrey Election the mob of Guildford exercised their privilege of free and independent electors by taking the liberty of breaking the windows of each candidate's hotel. Our contemporary adds that "the worthy inhabitants of Guildford stood by in evident gratification at the damage caused," and that the general remark among them was, "It will be a good thing for the glaziers, and of course the candidates will pay." Of a truth, the men of Guildford have proved themselves staunch Protectionists, not only by returning MR. EVELYN, but also by applauding the doing of other mischief in the belief that it would afford encouragement to British Industry.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1849. N^o 30.

A PARTIE OF SPORTSMEN OVT. A SHYTNGE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, October 1, 1849.—Up mighty betimes, and to Brushwood for a Day's Shooting, by Invitation from Mr. TIBBITTS, whose Father, the rich Furrier, did die the other Day, and leave him a Fortune, and now he hath rented Brushwood Manor to shoot over for the Season. But Lack, what a set of young Rogues I found there of TIBBITTS his Acquaintance, a-smoking of Cigars and short Pipes, and a-drinking of Ale and bottled Stout at 10 o'clock of the Morning! Mighty ashamed of, though diverted with, my Company, to hear their loose and idle Conversation, and how none of them could pronounce the letter H, and to think what an unlettered vulgar Fellow TIBBITTS is, and that I should demean myself to associate with such a Companion only because of his Riches, and Wine, and Dinners. One of the Party, WIGGERS, did tell me we should have a prime Lark, which, this being the first Day of Pheasant-Shooting, I did think droll; but divers Larks, indeed, were shot before the Day was over. So we into the Fields, and a Keeper following us with the Dogs, and, whenever I did look over my Shoulder, did catch him grinning and making Faces behind our Backs. But strange, to see how much better the Rogues did shoot than I expected, though firing at Tom-Tits, or anything almost, and do understand they got this Skill at the Red House, Battersea, through popping at Pigeons and Sparrows let loose from a Trap; which do seem but a cruel and barbarous kind of Sport. But little Birds were not all they shot, for one HIGGES aiming at a Hare did miss, and instead of the

Hare hit one of the Dogges, and sent him yelping and limping Home. But good Lack, to see how careless the Fellows were with their Fire-Arms, carrying their Guns, full-cocked, pointing right in one another's Faces, and one, dragging his Piece through a Hedge after him, it went off, but finding it had only carried off the Skirt of his Shooting-Coat, we had a good Laugh of it. Another, with a double-barrelled Gun, having shot off one Barrel at a Blackbird, I did see reloading; the other Barrel being still loaded and at full Cock. He, forcing down the Ramrod with all his Might, I did catch him by the Elbow, and point to the Cock of the Gun, and methinks I did never see a Man on a Sudden tremble so terribly, or grow so pale. Getting beyond Brushwood, into a Field hard by, Mr. WIGGERS did let fly at some Ducks, for one of those Larks he had been talking of, which did bring down upon us the Farmer, with his Bull-Dog, and cause us to make off with all the Speed we could. I in mighty Dread of being seized as an Accomplice in shooting the Duck, fearing the Farmer, who is horribly enraged with the Game-Preserving at Brushwood, for that the Game do eat up his Crops; and, truly, the Game Laws are a great Nuisance. Home from our Shooting, with our Bag, carried by TIBBITTS his Tiger-Boy, very full, with a Brace or two of Pheasants and Partridges, but many more Brace of Chaffinches, and Yellow-Hammers, and Robin-Redbreasts, and so to Dinner, where all very merry, and so to Bed.

OLD BAILEY COURT CIRCULAR.



NDoubtedly the increasing interest every day developed by an enlightened public in the sayings, doings, and dressings of illustrious prisoners and culprits, demands an Old Bailey Court Circular. It is a crying want of the times, and must be answered. *Punch*, with his customary benevolence, is induced to put forth a model or sample number. The thing should be nicely illustrated, that it might more readily find its way into the family circle; and impress itself the more vividly in the minds of the youthful members. Nothing like cutting moral lessons into the bark of olive branches, that may enlarge and grow with their growth. However, to give a foretaste of the matter.

"Yesterday morning MR. SIKES rose at 7. Asked if there was anything new in the papers? Wished to write an Ode to Liberty, and desired to be denied to everybody who might call, except to MADAME TUSSAUD or representative.

MR. SIKES partook of his breakfast with characteristic energy. Complained that the prison regulations did not permit brandy in his tea; but concluded his remonstrance with the philosophic remark that, 'when one's in Newgate, one must do as Newgate does;' also complained of the barber, and declared his intention to be tried in moustachios and a tip.

"Yesterday, MRS. SIKES got up in usual health and spirits. She wore a muslin morning gown, with maiden-blush bows. Had a half-blown rose stuck in her braided hair. A letter (of course it had been opened by the governor,) from LORD FITZNODDY, (he has been constantly on the Bench during the examinations) requested of the fair prisoner, one lock from her tresses. With a light laugh, she said 'it was like his impudence,' and then 'raised the glittering forlex high in air,' as MR. POPE says, and cut it. MRS. SIKES's presence of mind, her intellectual resources, and her *jeu d'esprit* in general, have won her the hearts of the prison. All the turnkeys swear by her.

"Three boys, of the various ages of 11, 12 and 13, were salubriously whipped by MR. CALCRAFT, who—it is pleasant to think—made a great impression upon all the culprits.

"In the evening, MR. SOLOMONS transacted business with WILLIAM PORTER, *alias* BILL SWIPES, detained upon an insinuation of burglary."

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

SWEETS OF THE SUNDAY.

WE rejoice in the stir created by the equivocal notice of the wise men of the Post Office. Why it should be so, we know not; but certain it is, the spirit of mischief—some sort of *Puck*—is very apt to look over the shoulders of men drawing up Bills of Parliament, Reports, and other official literature, leading their pens astray into the quagmire of quibble, and the bogs of nonsense. This spirit was active in St. Martin's-le-Grand; and, under its wagging influence, the Post-Master was made to threaten London with Sunday letter delivery the same as upon the pounds, shillings, and pence days of the week. London was straightway in a pucker. Meetings were held; and the beadle of Exeter Hall looked more than usually ominous. Whereupon the Post-Master reconsiders his work—calls for another sheet of paper, and makes his meaning plain. Some twenty-five clerks (who will, of course, receive extra money) are to attend for a time in the morning and evening of a Sunday; and these five-and-twenty sorting in the metropolis, will set free hundreds of their country brethren, heretofore prisoners to the letter-box from morn till night. Here we have a clear gain. The greatest liberty of the greatest number. And in London and its suburbs—we are thankful for the continued blessing—our knockers are to remain untouched by postmen.

Our continental friends are apt to be very merry on the dulness of an English Sunday. They are welcome to all their mirth, so that we keep all our dulness. It is a blessed pause—a healthful breathing-time—from the hurry, and scramble, and tumult of working-day life. It is a day to look for—a bit of blue in the distance, let the other six days be never so murky. A bit of Sabbath sunlight, gilding the "sullen ground" of laborious time.

To the English Sunday—it is our faith—Englishmen owe no little of

that sober common sense that makes them strong and great among the nations. In Sabbath quiet is renewed a power that, all unconsciously it may be, manifests itself in the six days' strife. The Sunday pause—the domestic calmness of the Sunday hearth, when the household gods have their benignant influence, is a precious blessing. May it never be scared by the noises that make Vienna so gay, and Paris so delightful! Above all, let the six day slaves of Cockney-land be spared the stunning rap-rap of the postman's knocker. At the Sunday hearth, at least, let all men say with the Athenian, "Business to-morrow."

SALT WITH THE SULTAN.

KOSSUTH, BEM, and his companions have eaten ABDUL MEDJID's salt at Widdin, and the Sultan will not throw them as garbage to the Russian Bear. We love peace, but let us, at all cost, honour the spirit of hospitality. At this moment ABDUL MEDJID, the Turk, is one of the best favourites of Christian England. The magnanimous Mahometan may enjoy an imaginary shake of the hand with every decent Briton. We say we abominate war: but we have a deeper hatred of treachery. In the cause of the Sultan's salt we would not hesitate to fire away more than a little salt-petre.

Again, to do proper honour to the noble Sultan. This is a time for testimonials. What if we send a testimonial to Constantinople? Something that shall typify the virtue of the reigning Turk! Therefore, we beg to suggest the gift of a magnificent salt-cellar. And for the device, a Turkey—a very fine Turkey—with its wings covering a figure of wounded freedom from the teeth and paws of a grizzly bear.

FEEDING THE TIGER.

A MAGNIFICENT dinner has been given to HAYNAU, the woman-whip, at Vienna. The correspondent of the *Times* speaks of "that man of iron," as being seated next to the Serbian patriarch, a man of silver—"silvery beard and hair." In such case, a most unseemly juxtaposition of the metals. This HAYNAU, we read, was vehemently applauded by the small white hands of the fine ladies of Vienna. Innocent things! Did they reflect upon their sister-woman scourged by the orders of the barbarian who, it is to be feared, was really born of woman—and fed at woman's breast? At Kuseburg—according to a letter from an Englishman, dated at Widdin, Sept. 11,—this much-applauded HAYNAU, baulked of his prey in the escape of BEM and others, "ordered the lady of the house, who had treated them with courtesy, to be flogged. And she was afterwards dragged barefoot by the robbers as far as Halseg." But the atrocity was not at its full. "Her husband, maddened by this outrage, blew out his brains with a pistol!" Wives of Vienna, another round of applause—another flourish of your snow-white kerchiefs, in honour of the man-monster of iron, "whose breast," continues the *Times*' correspondent, "down to his waist was covered with stars"—aye, most malignant stars, with blood and fire, and pestilence, in every baleful ray. We would rather do knee-worship to the spots of a panther, than even at a public feeding tolerate the stars of a HAYNAU.

MORE O'FERRALL AND THE IRON FLIES.

"THOUGH absent, present" might be the political motto of MORE O'FERRALL. Though in the body at Boulogne, he is still in the spirit at Malta. When he quitted his governor's chair, "he left his character behind him;" and that, in fullest activity. Another shipload of refugees has arrived at Malta, but have been consigned to a part of a lazaretto, called "The Sicilian Hospital." This was in obedience to the orders of the absent governor. Here is a picture, that surely is a little too horrible even for the strong taste of Downing Street:—

"We heard the wallings of the devoted wife, whose husband had that day been forced by increasing sickness to his loathsome mattress. We saw the gaping wounds of some, that under careful treatment would have been long since cured. We saw those whom the fate of war had deprived of a limb—we saw the loathsome vermin crawling on the bodies of many, by whom the luxury of a bath had not been attainable before, although this treat has, we believe, been since allowed. We saw those suffering from cutaneous diseases of every kind—we heard the groans of a poor creature, suffering the pangs of labour; we saw—but we have told enough."

Surely MR. O'FERRALL has earned his right to a Russian Order: he can hardly escape the cross of St. ANDREW for all this? But hear further:—

"The shrivelled arm had scarce the necessary strength to dislodge the numerous flies already settling on their victims."

This is horrible. Nevertheless, a flesh-wound fly-blown may be curable—but hardly so a fly-blown reputation; so fly-blown, that decent people hold their noses when they think of it. So fly-blown, that not a whole river of rose-water running from Downing Street, will ever again sweeten it.

These said flies suggest to us an odd wish. Folks have heard of the famous wooden eagle, the wonderful iron-fly, constructed by that marvellous mechanician REGIOMONTANUS. We hugely desire the skill to make not one such fly, but a Midsummer swarm of such flies; iron flies; a very cloud of buzzing, droning metal. And when we had made the multitude of iron insects, we would further wish for

the power to make them MR. MORE O'FERRALL's continual attendants. They should lackey him everywhere. At home and abroad—at table and in bed (all mosquito curtains being vain against their ferruginous wings)—the iron flies, the small relentless Erinnyes, swarmed from the flesh-flies of Malta,—should wait upon the governor, and do him buzzing service. By the way, the shivered sword of Rome—(there is a stily in the future for another blade)—would supply admirable material—most retributive metal wherewith to manufacture the swarm of vengeful iron.

A LITTLE BIRD.

CHEAP BIBLES AND BIBLE-BINDERS.

"THROUGH the world we are famed above all other firms,
For supplying best goods on the cheapest of terms;
To no house in the Trade but our own can you go,
Where the wares are so prime and the figure so low."

"And what is your merchandise, gentlemen, tell?
Coats, vests, trousers, boots, shoes, hats and caps do you sell?
And your Firm, that for cheapness is equal'd by none,
Is it IKEY and Co., Sirs, or AARONS and SON?"

"Oh, dear no! a far higher position we claim:
A Society, 'British and Foreign' by name,—
And the articles sold at our Mart so renown'd,
They are Bibles and Testaments, handsomely bound.

"Don't suppose we do business for profit and pelf,
For our object's the good of our neighbour—not self;
And we render the Scriptures as cheap as we can,
To the end that the Gospel may reach the poor man."

"Ah! and how do you manage to bring down their cost,
To a price on which cash, one would think, must be lost?"
"We contract for their binding,—a method, you see,
That reduces the sum to the lowest degree."

"Oh, indeed! Do you know, then, what wages are paid
To the workwomen—those on whose labour you trade?
Take the mean—mean, in truth, you'll permit me to say—
Five-and-sixpence a week for ten hours in the day.

"So the Book, that to none threatens vengeance more dire
Than to those that the lab'rer defraud of his hire,
Is encased and embellished without by the sin
Which in heaviest terms it denounces within.

"Whither want urges Woman, let gaols witness bear,
Let the stones of the pavement cry out to declare;
And the Volume that lightly men tremble to name,
Thus is bound in her guilt, and is clothed in her shame.

"If your charity prompt you cheap Bibles to sell,
Let your charity pay the poor bookbinder well;
And the means that so freely the Scriptures supply,
Will no more, in effect, give their precepts the lie."

Rubbing up the Old Plate.

THE *Morning Chronicle* has an article several columns long, with the following lively title—"WHAT IS THE REAL POSITION OF THE PLATE QUESTION?"

We think it would puzzle PLATO himself with all his philosophy to answer the above question. As for ourselves, we are induced to believe that the real position of this Plate must be "The Rack," for our mind is sure to be thrown in that state directly we begin to look for it. We suspect that this piece of Plate was originally given as a Testimonial to some indefatigable sub-editor for his unremitting exertions in filling the paper during the recess.

A DISSOLUTION MOST DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

Of all dissolutions, to which Chambers that are representatives of the people are royally subject when they wax too warm, none would give us so much pleasure as to witness the Dissolution of the Chamber of Horrors in Baker Street. We wish the Sun would walk in some fine day, and order, *à la* CROMWELL, some of his strongest beams to "take away those baubles." "What a melting sight it would be!"

A SERMON IN A (FOUNDATION) STONE.

It is at Holloway they have laid the first stone of the new City Prison. Is this a recognition of the fact that Prisons, repressing the manifestations without touching the root of crimes, only do good in a hollow way?

FINE SWEET HAVANNAHS.

DR. ANDREW URE, the celebrated chemist, tells us "I have found in tobacco in Bond, fully 43 per cent of sugar." We never knew before that Bondage had its sweets!

According to the above statement, it would seem that cigars were only lollipops in disguise, and a tobacco warehouse nothing more than a "sweet-shop" on the largest scale. Nurses should be warned in time not to give too much to their young charges.

By-the-by, now that we think of it, this new discovery of saccharine in tobacco must be the reason why we see so many of the Rising Generation smoking now-a-days. Depend upon it, it is the sugar that tempts the little dears to put a cigar into their mouths.

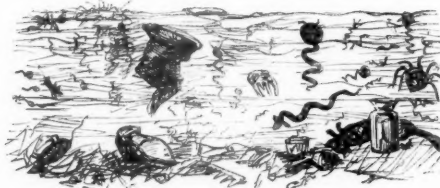
THE WATER THAT JOHN DRINKS.



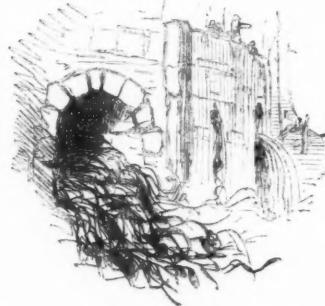
This is the water that JOHN drinks.



This is the Thames with its cento of stink,
That supplies the water that JOHN drinks.



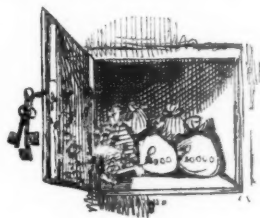
These are the fish that float in the ink-
y stream of the Thames with its cento of stink,
That supplies the water that JOHN drinks.



This is the sewer, from cesspool and sink,
That feeds the fish that float in the ink-
y stream of the Thames with its cento of stink,
That supplies the water that JOHN drinks.



These are vested int'rests, that fill to the brink,
The network of sewers from cesspool and sink,
That feed the fish that float in the ink-
y stream of the Thames, with its cento of stink,
That supplies the water that JOHN drinks.



This is the price that we pay to wink
At the vested int'rests that fill to the brink,
The network of sewers from cesspool and sink,
That feed the fish that float in the ink-
y stream of the Thames with its cento of stink,
That supplies the water that JOHN drinks.

THE PRIVILEGES OF PARLIAMENT.

WE have heard a good deal of objection during the last year or two raised against certain Parliamentary privileges, which are not thought quite consistent with legislative dignity; but we have been struck by a very novel mode of turning the distinction of M. P. to account, by making it figure in a "selling off" advertisement, issued by a retiring linen-draper, who "trusts his many friends and the public will take advantage of this unprecedented opportunity." The whole affair is rather unprecedented we admit, and though there is no objection whatever to an M. P. being a tradesman, the availing one's self of one's membership to embellish an advertisement about the shop, is, to say the least of it, an original idea, and may rank among the goods in the window as a decided novelty. It used to be one of the points of Chartism, that Members of Parliament should be paid, and perhaps it is in pursuance of this very liberal principle that an M. P. in the linen line would feel himself at liberty to make the most of his membership in connection with his "French Merinos, Indianas, Coburg Cloths, Balmoral Plaids, and other articles at 35 per cent. under market prices."

We admire the precision with which it is intimated that, "To prevent mistakes all goods are marked in plain figures," and indeed it is quite evident that plain speaking is the very essence of the whole advertisement. The combination between the political and commercial character of the M. P. who "must sell off within a very limited period not capable of extension," is rather peculiar at first sight, but as the honourable gentleman is probably one of the Utilitarian school, it is natural that he should do his best to make the very most of everything, and if the addition of M. P. to his name can add to the inducements to the Public to come to his shop, he feels himself of course justified in availing himself of his legislative capacity in the way of business.

HAMLET IN THE LONDON CHURCHYARD.

SCENE—London. A Church-Yard.

HAMLET (MR. PUNCH), HORATIO (MR. JOHN BULL), and CLOWN.

CLOWN, digging, throws up a Scull.

Hamlet. That scull had a nose on it, and could smell once: How the knave has hacked it from the spine as if it were SIKES's jaw-bone, that did the horrid murder! This might be the pate of a meat-salesman, which this ass now abuses; one that would defend Smithfield, might it not?

Horatio. It might, my lord.

Hamlet. Or of a rector?—which should say, *Let us sleep with our fathers! Let us be buried with our sires!* This might be the Reverend MR. SO AND SO, that praised such and such a burial-ground, because he had a vested interest in it; might it not?

Horatio. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, e'en so; and now not even my Lady Worm's, coffinless, and knocked about the ground with a sexton's spade. Here's fine retribution, an we had the trick to see it. Did these bones cost so much the burial to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

CLOWN.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

[Sings.

For—so the dead we treat;

O, a pit of lime for to be made

For such a guest is meet. [Throws up another scull.

Hamlet. There's another. Why may not that be the scull of a churchwarden? Where be his vestries now, his votes, his violent opposition to the Board of Health? This fellow might be in't time a great furnisher of funerals, with his feathers, his mutes, his mourning finery, his crape, his habbands. Is the fine of his finery and feathers to have his fine anatomy cut into fine pieces? The very undertaker cannot rest in his grave; should they bury any more here? ha?

Horatio. Not a single one more, my lord.

Hamlet. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave is this, sirrah?

CLOWN. Nobody's, Sir.

Hamlet. I think it be nobody's indeed; for thou lettest nobody lie in it.

CLOWN. Nobody lies out on't, Sir, for 'tis everybody's grave; and what is everybody's, is nobody's: *argal*, it is nobody's grave.

Hamlet. How long do you suffer a man to remain in the earth ere you break him up?

CLOWN. Faith, if he be not broken before he die (as we have so many railway accidents now-a-days) we let him stay for some two year, or three year. Here's a scull now hath lain you i' the earth three,—ay,—four year.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

CLOWN. A rich old fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

CLOWN. A pestilence upon him for an old rogue! he sold me a stale sheep's head once. This same scull, Sir, was CLEAVER's scull, the Aldgate butcher.

Hamlet. Aha! old CLEAVER! I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of singular taste, of most peculiar fancy. Here hung the lips that pronounced slaughter-houses salubrious, I know not how oft. Where be your lies now, your blunders, your pieces of absurdity that were wont to set the public in a roar? Get thee to the Parish Vestry, and tell them that let them bury twenty feet deep, to this condition must they come at last; bid them think on that. Pr'ythee, HORATIO, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Why may not imagination trace the remains of an alderman till we find them poisoning his ward?

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No faith, not a jot. As thus: HEAVISIDES died, HEAVISIDES was buried, HEAVISIDES became gas, the gas is sulphuretted hydrogen; of sulphuretted hydrogen is bred typhus. And why, by that typhus whereto he was converted, might not his ward be poisoned?

Fat HEAVISIDES, deceas'd, and turn'd to gas,

Poisons his fellow-creatures in the mass:

Oh! that, like fools, we should let plagues be bred,

In crowded towns by burying our dead!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Young Gentleman. "I wonder why they call them 'Dog Carts?'"

Young Lady. "Because they generally carry 'Puppies.'"

A RUSSIAN FALLACY.—NICHOLAS, in his contemptuous opinion of the Crescent of Turkey, evidently thinks the Ottoman moon to be made of very green cheese.



THE WAR-SONG OF THE WILD 'BUS-MAN.

To the Box, brother 'Bus-men, the grey dawn is breaking,
The mist from his flanks the night cab-horse is shaking:
Shops open: the milkman prepares for his walk,
He hath pumped the bright water, and bruised the white chalk—
Dash down the big bumper of new-milk and rum,
A kiss, and adieu to your lady-love—come!
To the box, brother 'Bus-men, and hey for the stones,
And let those who go by us look out for their bones!

Leave the solemn old sixpenny far in the lurch,
As slow as a hearse, and as grave as a church:
Hoo! give 'em their heads, now then, stop us who dare—
Hoo! forth, tearing threepennies, forth on the fare!
Whip sharp round the corners, cut close thro' the lane!
There 's that Opposition afore us again.
Ho canters—we gallop—Ha! ha!—that 's the pace—
Ho sets down—we're upon him—a race, boys! a race!

Crash over the apple-stall—pick up the fruit!
Smash into the donkey—an obstinate brute!
A short cut by the pavement! Hold on, my good team,
See the foam flies in flakes, and their sweat comes in steam;
Ha! Gent for the City, that sitt'st at my side,
Dost tremble to share in the 'Bus-man's wild ride?
Hah! ha! ha! talk to me of justice and law?
Pale son of the stool, hold the seat and thy jaw!

Hark! what 's the wild music that greeteth our ride?
'Tis a batch of old ladies that scream from inside.
Like a whirlwind we sweep by the street where they'd stop,
But we'd not pull up now QUEEN VICTORIA to drop.
Who journeys with us our good pleasure must stay—
Besides, 'tis but threepence to ride all the way—
We are bound to the Bank—what 's a threepenny fare?
They'll be set down at last—if we ever get there.

Oh! there 's joy in the stormy serene of the box,
There 's joy in the sharp breeze that lifteth the locks—
There 's joy when one's pole in a rival one feels,
In the grind of his panels, the clash of his wheels—
In the crashing and cursing, the jingle and jar,
And the wild work that follows the 'Bus-men's wild war—
But, chiefest of joys—from one's foeman a fare,
By dint of strong arm, and sheer slanging to bear.

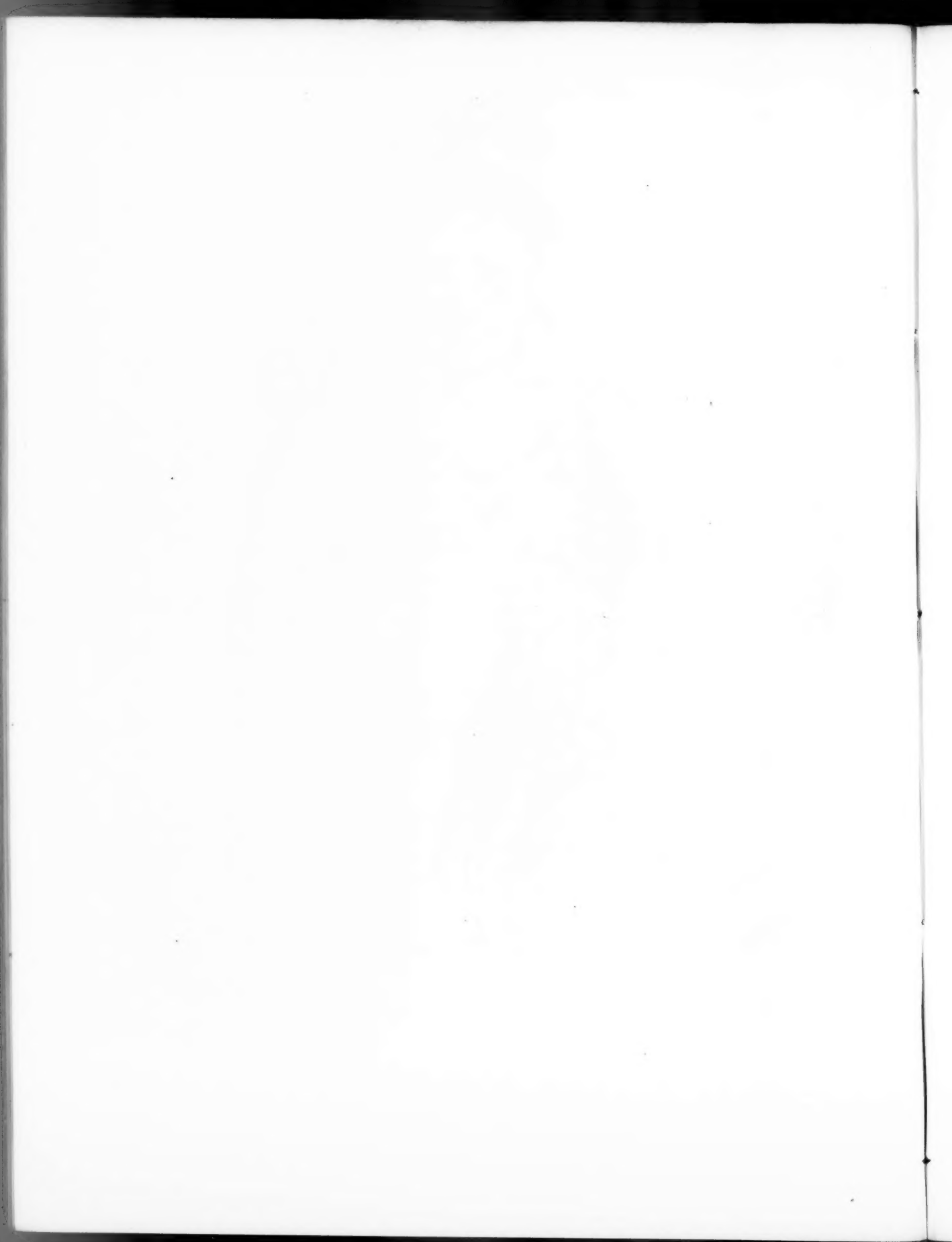
With their badges and beaks, their policemen and stuff,
They would smooth into tamesness the 'Bus-man so rough:
Clap a twitch on his nose, and a drag on his wheel,
Nor leave him at will with his riders to deal—
But he laughs them to scorn, for JOHN BULL, well he knows,
Thinks he makes up for all by the pace that he goes,
His fare 's only threepence—the public so deep,
Must take things as they come, if they *will* have 'em cheap.



HAMLET IN THE LONDON CHURCHYARD.

Hamlet (Mr. Punch). "WHY MAY NOT IMAGINATION TRACE THE REMAINS OF AN ALDERMAN, TILL WE FIND THEM
POISONING HIS WARD?"

See p. 145.



MONSTROUS BIRTH.



HE olive planted by VICTORIA on her late visit to Ireland having become infected with the properties of the soil, has committed a vegetable bull, and produced

1. An attack on the Cappoquin police-station.
2. A fatal party fight at Dolly's-brae.
3. A dozen tenants and as many landlords shot in struggles to take and keep the crops.
4. A batch of new Secret Societies.
5. And lastly, a fresh agitation for Repeal by a new monster party, formed out of the ignoble

parts of the Young Ireland faction and the tail of the Old One.

WANTED, A SPONSOR FOR A PALETOT.!

A TALENTED Tailor, whose name may be found inscribed in the advertising columns of his country, informs the world that "A novelty is in preparation for the approaching season, to which a distinguishing name has not yet been given." Till this important discovery is made, (the poor tailor is closeted twelve hours a day, we are told, with his goose, sitting indefatigably upon the Peerage in order to hatch this golden egg), we suggest that this new garment be called "THE CLOAK OF MYSTERY," for it seems to be the only Paletôt that the tailors have not registered yet.

Such an article, too, would be invaluable to many persons. We can imagine the husband of LOLA MONTES would at times give any money for a good cloak of mystery!

By-the-bye, if this unchristened Paletôt is to assume at all the features of a wrap-rascal, HAYNAU would not be a bad "distinguishing name."

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

THE Germans are making a great noise about their Fleet. Now, we were scarcely aware that Germany had a fleet, any more than the Great Desert. We should as soon think of calling Stoke Pogis a maritime power as Prussia, for what an inland country can want with men-of-war to defend it, surpasses our nautical knowledge. However, the German Fleet has been ordered into the Mediterranean, and this order has been followed by such a fearful cry of "Shame," all through Germany, that we have been prompted, out of curiosity, to look into the fact whether the Germans have any boats or not, for we should be very sorry to sink, (in the estimation of the world) their entire navy, by running it down upon false grounds.

Accordingly we dispatched *Waterman No. 101*, to Hamburgh, and, having furnished him with a microscope of the strongest power, gave him full authority to inspect the German Fleet in any way he pleased, and to send us the result of his observations.

This is his report:—

"I never seed sich a Fleet! I'm blessed if our Thames Navy would'n't shut it up in Davy's locker, Admiral and all, any morning before breakfast, and think no great guns of it either.

"This is what I sawed with my own eyes. First they showed me little steam-tugs which they was purlike enough to tell me was "steam-frigates." I thought they was making fun on me and so I looked into their faces, but they moved no more than cheeses, so I admired their steam-tugs as well as I could without laughing, and told 'em they was remarkably Hansom for their size.

"They then pinted out to me 4 steam corvettes or covies, I think they called 'em, and very rum covies they are. They are Richmond steamers looking wherry poorly.

"The next article was a guard-ship, which looks uncommonly like a sand-dredging machine.

"The last bundle of firewood was 24-gun-boats which may be seen any arternoon at SEARLE'S, by a-picking out 24 of the ugliest wherries, and giving each on 'em a long gun-barrel over the bows.

"Sich is the sum tottle of the Garman Fleet. If it isn't drowned like so many kittens, long afore it reaches the Mediterranean, I'll eat my breeches.

"I must tell you, the sailors looked wherry sea-sick when I sawed

'em, and every man jack on 'em wore straps. I seed one chap a manning the yards with a pair of Berlin gloves on.

"The Commodore was a-pacing of the deck with spurs. I axed if he warn't the Colonel of Horse Marines? but they clearly didn't understand me, for one chap, taking his *chaps* off, said I 'was too good."

"The Garman Fleet stands then as below:—

- "3 Steam Tugs;
- "4 Richmond steamers on the doctor's list;
- "1 Mud-dredging machine, mounted with a cannon;
- "24 Wherries with 24 gun-barrels.

"I am bound to state that several persons informed me that the Garman Fleet had never been in sich an efficient state before."

After the gratifying report of our Commissioner, we shall never doubt the existence of the German Fleet again.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

OUR ingenious friend the *Builder*, who has been the unconscious architect of many of our jokes—as well as of his own fortune—has supplied us with a small lot of building materials in one of his recent advertisements. We beg the attention of the public to the following:—

WANTED to Purchase, a TRAVELLER capable of lifting 10 to 12 tons. One that has been already used would not be objected to if complete and fitted with the modern improvements. Letters, with particulars, may be addressed to, &c.

We confess ourselves somewhat puzzled by this announcement, for though we know that a Traveller will pick up a great deal in the course of his travels, what can be meant by his being "capable of lifting 10 to 12 tons," is to us a thorough mystery. The intimation that the Traveller is to be purchased, adds to our perplexity, nor can we see what is intended, unless a regular sell of some sort is implied in the offer of a purchase. There must be some allegory under the suggestion that the Traveller is required to lift 10 or 12 tons, and perhaps, after all, it is somebody with the power of raising a few hundred pounds that is required. "One that has been already used would not," we are told, "be objected to, if complete and fitted with the modern improvements." We presume that this is an allusion to the beard, moustachios, imperials, and other kindred adornments which seem to be regarded as "modern improvements" by the ordinary run of Travellers.

The stipulation for a capacity to lift 10 or 12 tons remains still unexplained, and we can hazard no other suggestion but that it may have reference to some "strong man," who may be required to travel with a show, in the character of HERCULES. It is now some time since we have seen anything of the class of prodigies to which we allude, and a gentleman who could revive the old practice of holding in his teeth an arm-chair with an adult in the seat and six children clinging to the legs, or who is possessed of the enviable power of bending a poker across the bridge of his nose, holding up a BAKER'S Patent Mangle by the hair of his head, and allowing a park of artillery to be let off on the top of his chest, would no doubt prove a very attractive novelty.

THE BOARDING-SCHOOL PHILANTHROPISTS.

It has reached our ears that the principals of several highly respectable suburban boarding-schools for young ladies have, in order to cultivate a feeling of charity among their pupils, set them to work in the cause of the distressed Irish. The design is excellent, but we can scarcely venture to express an opinion as to the result, for we find from inquiry, that the fair labourers in the philanthropic cause are chiefly devoting their energies to the manufacture of pinafores. The idea is a pretty one, and the saying that a stitch in time saves nine, will doubtless be quoted to expedite the fingers of the youthful benefactors of Hibernia, but unfortunately the sons of Hibernia will be rather puzzled when the pinafores arrive, and are distributed among them by way of succour.

A pinafore is a very useful article, and a supply of these domestic wrappers might have been rather *apropos* to give the Irish people a tidy look at the time of the QUEEN'S late auspicious visit, but a pile of pinafores will be rather an absurd cargo to send out at this time of day to the distressed sons or daughters of Erin. It is nearly as bad as dispatching breeches to the Cherokees, and paletôts to the Patagonians.

Railway Intelligence.

SUCH has been the mismanagement of their Railway by the Caledonian directors, that the concern is thoroughly scotched, if not quite killed.

The Fife Railway is to be dissolved, the shareholders having to pay the piper.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.



THE papers have lately been teeming with correspondence relative to the best means of disinfecting premises or persons; and we are not surprised that the suggestions offered should be somewhat miscellaneous. Lime has been the grand specific, and it has been strongly recommended as an article to be put down at every door, and there has been almost everywhere, a little lime *in limine*, or at the threshold.

The official report of the Markets has not for some time announced lime as slack, for the article has no sooner been introduced, than it has gone off with the rapidity of quicklime, and it has been difficult to procure sufficient supplies of it.

Every day has brought forth some new suggestion for guarding against infection; and one of the latest propositions has been a recommendation to the public from a gentleman who has found smoke a most efficient purifying agent, and who is desirous that the London public should avail themselves of such a very plentiful material. He has, he says, derived the most especial benefit from gas smoke, and he hopes that others will try the effect of a fluid which he has found so salubrious.

To us his recommendation savours a good deal of the old fable of the tailless fox, and seems to proceed from an individual, who, being smoked out of house and home, is not only anxious to make the best of it by looking at it in a disinfecting light, but is under that peculiar impression to which so many of us are liable, that by getting our neighbour into the same scrape as ourselves, we are lightening our own burdens.

There are a class of individuals who always do as they are told, and we have no doubt that as "in a pliant hour," the gentleman with the toothache was recommended to take some cold water in his mouth and sit on the hob till it boiled, there will be many who hearing that smoke is a disinfectant, will be ready to pass an afternoon among the chimney pots.

A DEAD TAKE IN.

We are informed by the *Post* that an association has been formed to carry out MR. DISRAELI'S Aylesbury Scheme, appropriately headed by a MR. LOWNDES, of "the Bury." If they will call it the Burial Society we shall be happy to assist at the funeral.

MR. DUNUP ON POSTAL REFORM.

OUR old friend (and his own enemy) MR. DUNUP, has written to us, declaring his views on the new Post Office project, which it will easily be believed he indignantly declaims against. He maintains that, judging by his own experience, the delivery of letters is always much too rapid, and he adds that every communication he receives through the post, being always a demand for money in some form or other, comes a great deal quicker than it is required. He objects, of course on principle, to any addition to the labour of the Post Office Clerks, and he protests loudly against the additional labour that would be thrown upon him, and others of his class, in answering duns, should any arrangement be made to augment the number of letters on any day whatever. He is of opinion that commercial confidence is the very soul of our prosperity, and he thinks it very desirable to keep up that confidence to the utmost extent, by allowing as much time as possible between the sending of a letter and the expectation of an answer, for he maintains, with some show of reason, that as long as there is reason to hope that an answer may yet come, the writer of a letter for payment of debt may retain some slight gleam of confidence in the possibility of receiving a remittance.

It is true that MR. DUNUP's views on the subject of the proposed postal changes, are somewhat original, but as every turn in the kaleidoscope of opinion may assist us in getting a glance at the truth, we have thought it right to lay before the public the ideas with which our friend has favoured us.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Paris: A. and W. Galignani and Co., Rue Vivienne, No. 18. Baudry's European Library, Quai Malaquais, No. 3.

THIS is an extraordinary work. A miracle of cheapness. A handsomely printed book—printed in double columns, on very decent paper, in royal 8vo. (if anything be royal in extremely Republican France,) and all at the low charge of 9 francs,—some 7s. 6d. of English money. Many thousands of this impression of MR. MACAULAY's work—it must delight his *amour propre* as an author, to know it—have been circulated in England. "Sir," said a Boulogne bookseller, his voice slightly trembling with emotion, "Sir, it is impossible to supply travellers. But we expect a few thousand kilogrammes more of the work, by tomorrow's train; and then, for a week we may rub on."

It is cheering to feel that French, Belgian, and American booksellers are doing their best and their worst to scatter abroad (and at home, when smuggled) the seeds of English literature. We should be lost in amazement at the cheapness at which they sell English books, if upon second thoughts, we did not arrive at the conviction that—they stole them. These gentry live upon the purloined brains of authors; and, we must own—from the samples we have seen—very fat and oily they look upon the larceny.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the MESSRS. GALIGNANI have a very handsome château entirely built of the skulls of English writers. The savage shows his scalps as evidence of his triumphs; the polite bookseller rejoices in the brains of his victims.

We had almost forgotten to give due directions for smuggling, for the benefit of the English public and the English Custom-house officer. "Sir," says the French bookseller, holding up the tome, price 9 francs, "you will smuggle it thus. Divide the book in two. Then, spread it over your breast, button your waistcoat close, and, when you land, look the picture of innocence in the face of the searchers."

Atrocious Invasion.

"SIR,—I perceive under the head of Foreign Hops, that this spurious product, which has hitherto been confined to our theatres, from which it has excluded the home-made article, is about to extend itself to our breweries. The foreign hop, which has ruined the morality of our ballet, is, I regret to observe from the list of imports, coming in to impair the body of our British beer! And this is Free Trade!

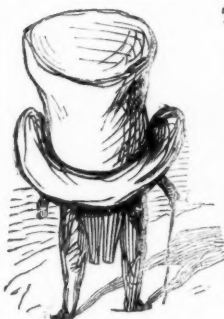
"I remain yours,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

HOW TO DO THE OBSTREPEROUS COLONIES.

THEY won't take our paupers after they have become convicts. Let us send them out as Emigrants, before they get into prison.

THE LATEST MIRACLE OF MESMERISM.



THE *Manchester Guardian* has published a most extraordinary statement in a letter from one M., said to be an officer of rank in the Royal Navy, and an unexceptionable authority. It is a pity that M. did not sign his name in full; for those who see M. appended to any marvellous relation, cannot help recollecting with misgivings, that M. stands for MUNCHAUSEN.

However, the deponent M. witnesseth that a certain *clairvoyante* at Bolton, unable, when wide awake, to read or write, did, fast asleep, being cast into the mesmeric state, point out the present identical position of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN on the map, and declare that SIR JOHN was alive and better than he had been, and in good hopes of returning to England in nine months and a half. FRANKLIN, by her account, was somewhere to the north of Hudson's Bay, but to have divined his thoughts at so great a distance, she must have been considerably farther north than he was. She professed to visit his ships; one of which was sunk; she said that some of his men were following him, and that she saw the dead bodies of others under the snow; moreover, she described the forests, savages, and animals that she passed in going to him: among the latter, in particular, "one that leaps very far, supposed to be a panther or a wild-cat;" a wild-cat most likely, as it is probable enough that this seer can see how the cat jumps.

But this is not all. She likewise went to visit SIR JAMES ROSS, whom she made out to be ice-bound off Bankes's Land, and she added, that when she saw him it was snowing heavily. She described his looks, and the position and appearance of his ships; and stated that he intends returning to England when he can; which is possible. Curiosity may inquire how she got to SIR JAMES ROSS? According to M., by means of an old letter in SIR JAMES's handwriting; by which it is to be understood she was placed in communication with him. Scepticism may perhaps identify the billet of mesmerism with the broomstick of witchcraft.

So much for M's marvellous narration. O day and night, Readers, but this is wondrous strange! The greatest wonder is that the revelations concerning SIR JAMES ROSS should have been derived through a specimen of his handwriting. A *clairvoyante* at this rate, could give you the biography of all the pupils of MR. LEWIS of the Strand. Your oldest letter will furnish the latest intelligence about you by mesmerism.

Punch hereby advertises the *Mesmeric News*, a weekly paper, in which, by means of autographs of the Ministry and Ambassadors, divined from by a *clairvoyante*, he proposes regularly to publish diplomatic negotiations, proceedings at Cabinet Councils, and all the most important secrets of State. This idea is now copyright, but will be disposed of (to Government only) for an adequate consideration, by *Mr. Punch*.

Three Things We Cannot Do.

THE Pavilion, that grand design for a grocer's shop, at Brighton, has only cost £18,200 to keep in repair during the last eleven years. We are sure that sum might have been realised if some enterprising CURBIT had turned the useless Palace into Club Chambers—though the best thing to purify the tainted place, would have been to convert it into Baths and Wash-houses. But we are told the toy will share the fate of all toys, and will shortly be broken into pieces.

There are three things in which we English are oceans behind the Continent. We cannot build a Palace, erect a Monument, or make Coffee.

The Largest Bread-Basket in the World.

ACCORDING to the *Morning Chronicle*, such is the waste of sewage, "that no less than 246,000,000 pounds of bread are flung into the Thames every year."

Reversing the ingredients in FALSTAFF's bill, there is very little sack to so much bread, so the sooner the above state of things gets the sack the better.

A NOTE FOR MR. BRIEFLESS.—You are requested to look into the Chamber of Murder, and say whether MADAME TUSSAUD could not be indicted for murder on the ground of her having been for so many years an accessory to the fact.

CURIOUS EPITAPH IN A FORGOTTEN CHURCHYARD.—"HERE LIES A BOX OF LIFE-PILLS."

TRAVELLING MADE UNEASY.

WE do not wonder at HER MAJESTY preferring her yacht to the railway. In the former, she can sail about without interruption. She is not obliged to stop every half-hour to the prosy address of some prosy Mayor. The sea, thank Heaven! is not overrun with Lord-Lieutenants. No yeomanry, either, stop up the gang-way to go through their awkward manœuvres every time HER MAJESTY appears on deck; and, above all, there are no drums, or cannons, on the ocean. Oh! those eternal cannons! How pleased the QUEEN must be to get away from them two days together—to be able to breathe the fresh air, unpolluted by gunpowder! It must be such a treat for Royalty to enjoy itself without a headache—to go to bed tired and happy, and with its hearing perfectly unimpaired.

The way in which Corporations try to catch the Royal ear is by the noisy overture of some twenty-one guns—to induce HER MAJESTY to listen to them, they have recourse to the beautiful Irish plan of making her deaf, first. This plan, disagreeable as it may be, is attended, however, with a certain advantage, for it must opportunely relieve HER MAJESTY from the fatigue of listening to the wearisome address which the Mayor of every Little Pedlington thinks he has a right of presenting at the Royal carriage-window as often as the Royal carriage passes through his town. On the sea, there are none of these drawbacks. The yacht can pursue its quiet way, free from Mayors and all other nuisances, not forgetting the Reporters. It is clear that the Royal Family prefer their steamer, for the simple reason, that they can enjoy nowhere else such perfect privacy as on board of it. To speak vulgarly, the QUEEN is never so much at home as when she is thoroughly at sea. It is too bad such a state of things should exist! We are all ready to boast of England being a Land of Freedom; there may be freedom enough for every one else, but there is very little of it for the QUEEN when she travels.

LICENSED SHOPLIFTERS.



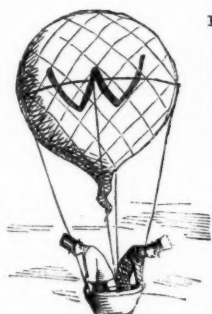
SOME weeks or so since, according to the *Sunday Times*, "JOHN AARON, who keeps the King of Bohemia, High Street, Hampstead, was fined £2 for eight bad measures. This was a second conviction."

This is only one out of some fifty defrauders, most of whom had been convicted for the second and third time. The punishment, in our opinion, is much too slight. An ignorant boy is sentenced to hard labour for months, if not transported, for stealing a pocket-handkerchief, and yet these respectable shopkeepers can go on robbing their poor customers for months and months, and

escape with a small fine. Tradesmen are generally unforgivingly severe against any monomaniac, or starving wretch, whom they detect shoplifting. What is a good punishment when they are robbed, must be equally good when they are the robbers, and much more so, for whereas the first is an isolated case of robbery, and may be only the first offence, the robbery by fraudulent weights and measures is a series of robberies which being perpetrated every hour of the day, it is impossible to calculate the number of offences, or the amount stolen.

Accordingly, as shoplifters are always imprisoned, or transported for several years, so we would have these licensed shoplifters punished in the same manner. As the law at present is, every shopkeeper has an interest in being dishonest. If he has a large business, it is well worth his while to use false weights. What is a fine of 20s. once a quarter to him, if he can gain a penny every time he uses his fraudulent pound weight, or quart measure? Why, he would clear as much, frequently, on the Saturday night. We cry out against gentlemen who are allowed to compound for their offence at the police-offices, by the payment of some small fine, and yet, these shopkeepers escape by the same means every time that they are convicted. Trade has its golden and silver keys just as much as the peerage. If one of these genteel cheesemongers, or aristocratic publicans, was put in the Dock of the Old Bailey, and sentenced, like other prigs, to the mill for three months' hard labour, we should not hear of so many instances of this, the pettiest kind of petty larceny, committed behind the counter. As it is, any tradesman can be a shoplifter for 5s.; he pays his money, and can go home and repeat the same offence the next minute. Highwaymen are extinct, and indeed where is the fun of risking your life when you can rob as you please, simply by opening a shop and using false weights and measures to any extent by paying for them.

A LEGEND OF FLORINS.



E see there has been a terrible piece of work with QUEEN VICTORIA's last baby of the Mint, the Florin. Never, in the memory of the oldest money-lender, has there been such a disturbance among the coin. And for this reason, Miss FLORIN has appeared in terrible *deshabille*. Quite unfit to keep company with respectable, pious coins, with all the proprieties about them. But then Miss FLORIN was introduced to society by a Roman Catholic Master of the Mint (how unlike SIR ISAAC NEWTON, master sent from the moon and stars to test guineas and crowns!) and besides what was wanting about the head of Miss FLORIN, besides the absent *Dei Gratia* and *Def. Fid.*, the curious eye, with a decent pair of spectacles, could discern in the royal arms, on the obverse, a papistical gridiron quartered with the leopards. However, the pockets of mankind are not to be trifled with. Coin has curious sympathies. No sooner was the first Florin dropt in the till of a distinguished banker—no sooner did the new comer mingle with her elders—than she was spelt and read, and turned over and over, by her associates. The till was dark enough: but what of that? Does not money see and sometimes work in the dark? Has it not been known to prey in the dark? Therefore, wonder not that the bright new comer, the illustrious stranger from the Mint, was, at a glance, revealed to her companions.

"Eh? what—what? Florin—florin? One tenth of a Pound? One tenth of a Pound? What—what? Florin—Florin?" rapped out GEORGE THE THIRD, staring, and, with a very swelled cheek, making violent faces from a Five-shilling piece, and almost threatening the new young lady. "VICTORIA REGINA, 1848! Very good—very good! But where's *Dei Gratia*? where's *Dei Gratia*? Inside, eh? Inside?" and then the GEORGE THE THIRD Dollar, with the unseen tip of his pig-tail raised, cried "Bad money! Bad money! No Defender of Faith! Wicked money! won't go! won't go."

"Another evidence, Sir, of the impiety of the times." Thus spoke GEORGE THE FOURTH from a Half-crown; smiling a thoughtful smile with the sweetness of the first smiler of Europe. "Yes, my worst fears are realised. The sainted ELDON foretold it, when I granted Catholic Emancipation."

"Very bad—very bad! horrid—horrid! Coronation oath—Coronation oath," cried the THIRD GEORGE's Dollar. "Gone to Hanover first! Gone to Hanover!"

"When I was coerced into that abhorred measure—"

"I'd have lost my head first—lost my head," said GEORGE THE THIRD.

"I ought to have stipulated that no Papist should have been allowed at the Mint. No, Sir," said GEORGE THE FOURTH, another sickly smile upon his silver cheek, "no, Sir; there is upon the Florin no *Def. Fid.*: no Defender of the Faith. Alas! my country! Miserable land, when religion has departed even from the coinage!"

"Avast there!" cried WILLIAM THE FOURTH from a Shilling. "Yes, avast and take a turn in that. VICTORIA REG.—well, I think it a very pretty thing. And if dear little VIC.—bless her precious eyes—if dear little VIC.—"

"CLARENCE," said GEORGE THE FOURTH, "I'm afraid your religion's of the cockpit. Your manners; always smelt of oakum. It's a matter of history, CLARENCE, that you always had all the vulgarity of the family."

"Belay there, GEORGE, about history. I'm a swab, if—for all you're up at Charing Cross—you aren't mast-headed in history, and your grog stopt. As for this new Florin that we're all to go with—"

"Never!" exclaimed the Half-crown of GEORGE THE FOURTH, jumping with indignation at the thought, and coming down with a clink among his silver companions. "I will never go with such a piece of irreligious metal."

"Very right—very right! Good boy—good boy!" said the Dollar of GEORGE THE THIRD.

"I will—yes, I will be melted first," cried GEORGE THE FOURTH. "To omit *Def. Fid.*! To leave out Defender of the Faith! What—what will my dear friend, HENRY THE EIGHTH, say?"

"HENRY THE EIGHTH! Know him, GEORGE? Know him?" asked GEORGE THE THIRD.

"I had the happiness, Sir," replied GEORGE THE FOURTH, in the Half-crown—"the great pleasure to pass five years with him in a cabinet, since scattered. A fine, noble gentleman! But then, I always had a great sympathy with HENRY THE EIGHTH."

"Well, and he was promoted to be Defender of the Faith? Wasn't he?" asked WILLIAM'S Shilling. "And arter that, what did he do? Why, didn't he go and blow up the ship?"

"CLARENCE," said GEORGE THE FOURTH, "your ignorance is dreadful. Sir," and the Half-Crown turned to the Dollar, "Sir, I have made up my mind. My principles—my morals—strengthen me in the determination. I will not go with that irreligious Florin."

"Very right—very right," said the THIRD GEORGE's Dollar. "Very right—no Christian will take it."

"No!" cried the GULIELMUS Shilling. "Only just you try it in the fleet on pay-days."

A RARE BEVERAGE.



"WATER, SIR! YES, SIR! THE REAL THING OR THE SUBSTITUTE, SIR! REAL WATER VERY DEAR, SIR; A SHILLING A GLASS, SIR."

MR. JOHN O'CONNELL "AT IT AGAIN."

It appears that MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, no longer having the fear of summary justice before his eyes, is in two senses of the phrase, "at it again."

The *Times*, in recording the revival of the Repeal Association in Conciliation Hall, on the 5th instant, reports that—

"MR. JOHN O'CONNELL rose, and announced the receipt of £3 10s. from the patriotic coal-porters of George's Quay, and two or three smaller sums from individual contributors."

A Repeal Bill at so many months, cashed by the poor coal-porters to the amount of £3 10s. "At it again" in sense No. 1.

Having made the above intimation—or avowal—or confession—MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, according to our contemporary, proceeded to deliver a discourse, wherein he dared to utter the following words:—

"There was another act of LORD CLARENDON's which should not be forgotten. At Dolly's Brae he sent the military and police to escort an Orange party while they were committing massacres on the people."

When MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, the other day, published his "*Recollections and Experiences*," it may have been hoped that he had abandoned fictitious oratory for historical literature. Vain was such hope; and the foregoing incorrect assertion respecting LORD CLARENDON compels *Mr. Punch* to exclaim with reference to MR. O'CONNELL,—"At it again" in sense No. 2.

Mr. Punch really knows not which to deprecate most; MR. JOHN O'CONNELL's sayings, or MR. JOHN O'CONNELL's doings.

Melancholy News.

The following paragraph appeared twice or thrice in last week's *Court Circular*.

"MR. MORE O'FERRAL had yesterday an interview with LORD JOHN RUSSELL."

We are very sorry to hear that any of HER MAJESTY's ministers keep such company. By the way, if it be necessary to perform quarantine on quitting the Island of Malta,—may not events require a like sweetening of those who hold intercourse with a Governor thereof?

BADEN TOO BAD'UN.

(Being the Experiences of a disgrusted Father of a Family.)



IR.—AN advertisement, headed 'Baden,' has appeared in the *Times* any time this summer. It holds out to the lover of solitude the inducement that this charming retreat is crowded by the nobility of all countries. It attracts visitors who want cheap and comfortable quarters, by the assurance that all its hotels are filled by illustrious personages, and that there is not a lodging to be had, without turning out a British duke or a German sovereign prince. It promises peace and quietness by informing you that the delightful valley of Liententhal resounds from morning till night with the music of numerous brass bands, and the clattering hoofs of equestrian parties.

Persons nervous about the use of fire-arms by the inexperienced, are also comforted by the intelligence that numerous hunting parties on the enormous scale of former years, will be organised during the season. Lastly, the Parisian who has never been at the Hippodrome, or the Englishman who has not had the pleasure of seeing WIDDICOMBE at Astley's, or CAROLINE and AUBRIOL at Drury Lane, is reminded that a peculiar feature has been added to the establishment of Baden, in the shape of an amphitheatre. Unable to resist these complicated attractions, I started with my family for Baden, early this autumn.

"Now, I hate travelling abroad, loving my little English comforts and and not understanding any foreign language. But my family make up a polyglott establishment among them. My wife—between ourselves—knows a little of all languages, but not enough to talk, or be talked to, in any. My girls have been taught French, Italian, and German, and *speake* something which they assure me is the last language, but which I do not believe to be the German talked by the natives of Germany. My son JOHN, also, professes a familiarity with the above tongues; and I have reason to believe he can make himself sufficiently understood to put questions in any, though I regret to say he cannot understand the answers to them.

"Well, we got to Baden at last, and found very dear and uncomfortable lodgings. To be sure, a *Geheimrath* (whatever that may be,) had been turned out to accommodate us, and that seemed to satisfy my family.

"My son TOM had always bullied me about not smoking. Reduced to a melancholy state of dullness, for there was't a soul to talk to in the place, I thought if ever I *could* smoke it would be at Baden, and tried my first cigar on the bridge, where I was accustomed to stand and amuse myself by expectorating into the stream. TOM was with me, encouraging me. The sentinel approached us, and spoke: I asked TOM what he said, who informed me that it was a remark upon the weather. Whatever it was, the remark was repeated angrily, and at last the man, bringing his bayonet to the



charge, walked self and TOM, at the point of it, into his sentry box, whence, on the arrival of the relief, we were marched off to the *Polizei*, as they call the Police Office here, and I found that it was against the laws to smoke on a bridge in this charming retreat! I need not say in what a state Mrs. TWITTS and family were, on hearing of our arrest. We were released on payment of a fine.

"Next day, TOM, who is a bit of a coxcomb, made his appearance in one of those wide-awake hats, which you may have seen in London. He started on a fishing excursion: two hours after I received a note, in pencil, informing me that he had been arrested on a charge of treason!



"I found him in custody; with some difficulty I discovered that the proof against him consisted in his wearing a 'Heckerisches Hut'—a Hecker Hat. His wide-awake, it seems, resembles a hat which has been proscribed here, because it used to be worn by a MR. HECKER, who seems to have been a Baden CUFFEY. In the agitation very natural on seeing one's son in custody for high treason, I wiped my face with a red silk pocket-handkerchief, and was at once collared by two soldiers, and handcuffed. I found that I was also accused of revolutionary practices, for having my nose, 'with an anarchical and of a red-colour pocket-handkerchief blown,' as the interpreter rendered the charge.

"Sending for my wife and daughters to prove my innocence of all revolutionary tastes and tendencies, they were taken into custody on a



charge of showing treasonable partisanship with the extreme democrats. The charge against them was proved by their wearing red, black, and yellow shawls, picked up a bargain at Berlin, as all articles of those colours might well be sold bargains, if the wearers were liable to be treated in this un-English way.

"But this last affair, I am thankful to say, clenched the business. On our release, which was effected after some days, we all agreed that Baden was not quite the delightful retreat to be chosen in troubled times, and, if the Baden troubles had their inconveniences, I don't know that I have any reason to complain, since they brought me back to Clapham, where my family have remained very contentedly since.

"I beg you to print this record of my experience, as it may save other fathers of families going abroad, and I have the honour to remain,

"Mr. Punch,

"Your harassed but obedient servant,

"JOHN TWITTS."

"THE NEW MORALITY."

It is told by FRANKLIN that certain Quakers contributed to the war supplies in America, when the estimates ran for "corn and other grain." Thus, they were willing to pay for any sort of grain that would shoot. The *Chronicle* has a leader, somewhat in point, on what it calls the "New Morality" of MR. CORDEN, who opposes a loan to Austria to pay for HAYNAU's woman-whips. Let us suppose another famine, like that of 1847,—where," asks the *Chronicle*,

"Where would be the wonder if a hot and violent faction of Americans should convene public meetings in New York to stigmatise, as miscreants and renegades, the merchants who should propose to supply a rival nation with the means of subsistence?"

Surely, this can hardly be called a "New Morality." The Quakers of the American war tacitly allowed it when they made grain synonymous with gunpowder. Nevertheless, we do see a difference between a loaf of foreign wheat, and a foreign bomb-shell bought with English money. We do see a distinction between the outlay of funds devoted, among other atrocities, to the scourging of women, and the imprisonment of children,—and the money spent to discharge cargoes of Indian corn into Ireland. It is one thing to lend money to buy a sword for a HAYNAU, or a blunderbuss for a RUSH—and very much another, we take it, to feed the famishing, and shelter the houseless. Surely, money, with all its other glorious qualities, may have morals—though not merely the morals of the changers.

The Exchequer's Last Windfall.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER lately announced in the *Times* that he had received in an anonymous letter, dated Manchester, October 6, 1849, a Bank of England note for £100, "to be placed to the credit of HER MAJESTY'S Exchequer." It is only because we suspect the donor to be a lunatic that we hesitate to denounce, as a public robber, the man who does his country good by stealth in this kind of way.

AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

MR. DISRAELI assured the folks in Essex that he was ready to stake to them "his political reputation." True to his word, he has ordered for Braintree Church a bran-new double-gilt weathercock.

REPEAL REDUCED TO ITS LAST PENNY.—The price of admission to Conciliation Hall is now One Penny. The car-boys in Dublin call it "THE O'CONNELL PENI-TENTIARY."

A RUIN AMONG RUINS.

In the old Hall of Hedingham, the Hall of the DE VERES,
King Time hath long held wasteful Court with his great train of Years.
They have heaved the roof-tree from its hold, the hearthstone from its bed,
Rent from the wall the banner, and the ivy hung instead.

And every night, for ages now, King Time, enthroned there,
Hath sat, with his scythe-sceptre, and his crown of hoary hair;
And with whistling winds for music, and the pale moon for a torch,
Hath coldly marked the world roll on outside that crumbling porch.

But for one day King Time turned out, and that old hall again,
For the noiseless tread of pacing years, echoed to feet of men;
And the bottle circled merrily to songs and laughter's sound,
Instead of the grim hour-glass that the feasting years pass round.

And round about those mould'ring walls, green-ivied o'er their grey,
Flaring and flimsy banners with flimsy legends play;
And slight deal tables held the place of the massive oaken board,
Where, in hats for helms, broad-cloth for mail, sat farmer, squire, and lord.

There to an Essex audience, with daffy Essex brains,
Uprose a wordy, shallow man, and spoke in sounding strains;
And deft and nimble changes rung on cotton and on corn,
Sluicing Protection with his praise and Free-trade with his scorn.

The place and theme were suited well—a cause now past away,
Upheld in all its ruin in a ruin gaunt and grey;
And the fissures in the fabric, the nakedness and wreck,
Hidden in sophistries as thin as the flags those walls that deck.

Yes! Feudal thoughts and Feudal things both held their own of yore,
As this old pile mocked arrow flight, or even cannon's roar;
But causes, even as castles, rise, live, and pass away,
Though cotton flags and flowers of speech make shift to mock decay.

THE MOST WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

So many wonderful instances of clairvoyance have lately astonished the weak intellects of the public, that we feel somewhat diffident in laying before our readers the following astonishing case, lest they should exclaim, "Oh, this is a little too strong! We can believe a great deal, but this surpasses everything."

But our readers should recollect that Truth is stranger than Fiction. If it were not for that noble copy-book maxim which inspires us with moral courage, we should no more dare to publish the following fact than to go up in a firework balloon with a shirt of gun-cotton on. But as it is, we boldly defy the world, and challenge contradiction.

Here is our wonderful case:

"A young lady (whose name was not SMITH), after having been put into the mesmeric state, was asked, 'if she could see anything in the Vernon Gallery?' After a long silence, during which the question had to be repeated several times, she said, 'the place was so dark she could not see anything.' The experimentalists, however, who had a grand discovery in view, did not despair, and she was directed to look again, when she exclaimed, 'Yes, I do see something; they are like pictures; but there's no light, and it is very difficult to observe anything. But stop; they are pictures; they are hanging on the walls, very close, and some very low down; I can distinguish a TURNER, and there's a lovely MACLISE, and lots more. They are such ducks of pictures, I never saw anything like them before.' But here the patient was so exhausted with the effort, that it was thought expedient, from motives of humanity, to close the *séance*."

We call the above the most extraordinary instance of clairvoyance that has hitherto been recorded, for it establishes beyond a doubt the important fact, which many persons have long suspected, but which no one has yet seen with his own eyes, that there ARE PICTURES IN THE VERNON GALLERY!—only a person must be gifted with the strongest powers of clairvoyance to be able to see them. The Commissioners of the National Gallery should appoint a Mesmeric Professor to be in constant attendance in the cellar.

AN IMAGINARY VISIT TO HOLLAND.

We have never been to Holland, but we can imagine it must be something like the Thames Tunnel—very dark, dreary, and damp—not exactly land, and not altogether water—but something between both.

THAT'S SOME COMFORT.

We are authorised to state that there is no truth whatever in the rumour that the numerous relations between Government and the ELLIOTTS have been suspended.

PLEASANT NEIGHBOURHOOD.



UST now there is no accounting for people's notions of pleasure and salubrity.

MR. DEPUTY HICKS, with several butchers and meat-salesmen, thinks Smithfield highly salubrious, and its neighbourhood singularly pleasant. We constantly see advertisements in the newspapers, announcing for letting or sale, semi-detached villas in "pleasant and healthy neighbourhoods," which, when we come to analyse the labyrinth of terraces, places, crescents, and villas, which make them up, are found to accommodate, on an average, half-a-dozen cow-keepers, five gut and glue-manufacturers, an odd soap-boiler, and, last not least, a firework-maker, whose

premises are blown up, on a fair calculation, once every five years.

With the strong sense we entertain of the great advantage of bringing such conveniences to every man's door, we cannot help feeling that proprietors of gunpowder-mills, alkali, and other chemical works generating noxious gases, &c., are treated with gross injustice in being compelled—the first, to carry on their operations out of towns—the others, to pay damages for injury done to the crops and constitutions of those about them.

A man has not far to go now, if he wishes to be stifled with sulphuretted hydrogen, or to be burnt or blown up by detonating powder, naphtha, rocket mixture, or any other article of pyrotechnics. But why is he to be deprived of the pleasurable excitement of a powder-mill overlooking his back-yard? Why is he not to enjoy the benefit of the chimney of a sulphuric acid manufactory, giving off its smoke into his bed-room?

It is obvious that the study of Practical Chemistry might be much advanced, by bringing such works close to our densely-peopled neighbourhoods; while the invidious distinction which at present confines the privilege of blowing up to fire-work makers, and of poisoning to knackers, bone and glue-boilers, and gut-makers, would be done away with.

We recommend an agitation, in favour of 'the ill-used' proprietors of powder-mills and chemical works, to MR. H. L. TAYLOR, MR. ALDERMAN SIDNEY, MR. DEPUTY HICKS, and the other wisecrackers of the Corporation of London, who have already done such good service in defending and perpetuating vested interests in venerable nuisances, and the rights of the citizens to go on being poisoned after the sacred usage of their forefathers.

The Powers That Be.

- A POWER OF EVIL.—That's Russia.
- A POWER OF MISERY.—That's Ireland.
- A POWER OF LUCK.—That's LOUIS NAPOLEON.
- A POWER OF IGNORANCE.—That's Austria.
- A POWER OF NONSENSE.—That's JOHN O'CONNELL.
- A POWER OF MISCHIEF.—That's LOLA MONTES.
- A POWER OF FUN.—That's LORD BROUGHAM.
- A POWER OF FOLLY.—That's our Colonial Government.
- A POWER OF SLAVERY.—That's the United States.
- A POWER OF GOOD.—That must be Punch.

BEARDED WITH HIS OWN CORN.

AN Irish tenant, who lives opposite to his landlord, has had the impudence—the bold front, we may say—to write over his granary, which is full of this year's crops, "REMOVED FROM OVER THE WAY."

Naval Intelligence.

(From the Buoy at the Nore.)

THE German Fleet put, yesterday, into Hamburg for provisions. After taking on board one dozen red herrings, and a gallon of water, it sailed immediately for the Mediterranean. It carries 6 cwt. of coals. The midshipman is laid up with the mumps.



PREMONITORY SYMPTOM OF MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING FEVER.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THERE'S A YOUTH IN THE PASSAGE AS WANTS TO KNOW IF THESE TOP BOOTS IS ALL RIGHT."

CORRESPONDENCE ON CASINO-CLOSING.

"DEAR PUNCH,
"I beg to say that I highly approve of what MR. SERJEANT WILKINS said the other day at the Middlesex Sessions against shutting up the Casinos. Talking of additional prisons and no end of lunatic asylums being declared necessary on account of the depravity occasioned by music and dancing licences, he said, if such was the fact, it was 'because there was not a far greater number of places where the people—the working classes—might have the full enjoyment of recreative amusements.' And afterwards he said 'that the people required the means of having reasonable recreation, and none was more innocent than that of music and dancing,' in which remark I quite agree with him. I consider myself as one of the working classes, and I can tell you I've a good deal of work to do sometimes. It's very hard if I'm to be obliged to stay cooling my heels waiting to go on duty instead of being able to warm them by the innocent recreation of dancing, as MR. WILKINS very properly calls it. I assure you that I like dancing amazingly, and I don't see why the magistrates should deny such a delightful amusement, and the decidedly refining influence of the female society connected with it, to the working classes,

"And, your occasional Reader,

"A LIEUTENANT IN THE BROWNS."

"Guards' Club-House, Oct. 13, 1849."

"OLD PUNCH,

"Here's a infringement of the Rites o' the people agin! The beeks have bin and Shutt up the Casinor. I agree with SURGEONT WILKINS, that there ought to be More such places for the Amusement of the Workin classes. Neigh; I gose Funder: for I'd ave a lor that every place of the sort should be Redooced to 1d. from 1s.; for a Shillin touch is a Cut above the Workin Man. I ope your o' the same o Pinion with your Ummle Servant,

"GIMLET."

"House of Call for Carpenturs, Sunday, Oct. 14, 1849."

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE public in general, who do not luxuriate in the perusal of the *London Gazette*, may not be aware that Parliament actually met on Tuesday the 9th of October. The report of the day's proceedings is quite a model report, and we feel convinced that when the Legislature meets for the dispatch of business, it will be worth while to imitate occasionally the calm and quiet scene described in the papers of the day following. Not a speech was made, and there was accordingly no talking to prevent the men of business from doing what they came to do, which was to prorogue Parliament till a later period. Only one member of the Lower House was in his place, and he, instead of getting up to inflict a long harangue upon the officers of the House, was satisfied with looking "unutterable things," which he was considerate enough not to utter. A few such sittings as the one to which we allude would wonderfully facilitate the business of the session, and many excellent measures might be passed, if the old proverb that "silence gives consent" were to be generally acted upon.

Town and Country Sunday.

AN unreasonable cry has been raised against the Government for proposing to reduce Sunday post-office work over the country very greatly, by increasing it in London very little. *Cassio* (when exceedingly drunk) says that "the Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient." In like manner, some would seem to think, is London—by its better observance of Sunday—to be saved before the country. A correspondent has suggested a compromise between scrupulosity and convenience by employing on Sundays, at St. Martin's-le-Grand, gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion. And really this is so much like prohibiting slavery in our colonies, and at the same time eating foreign slave-grown sugar, that it would be but consistent to adopt our correspondent's suggestion.



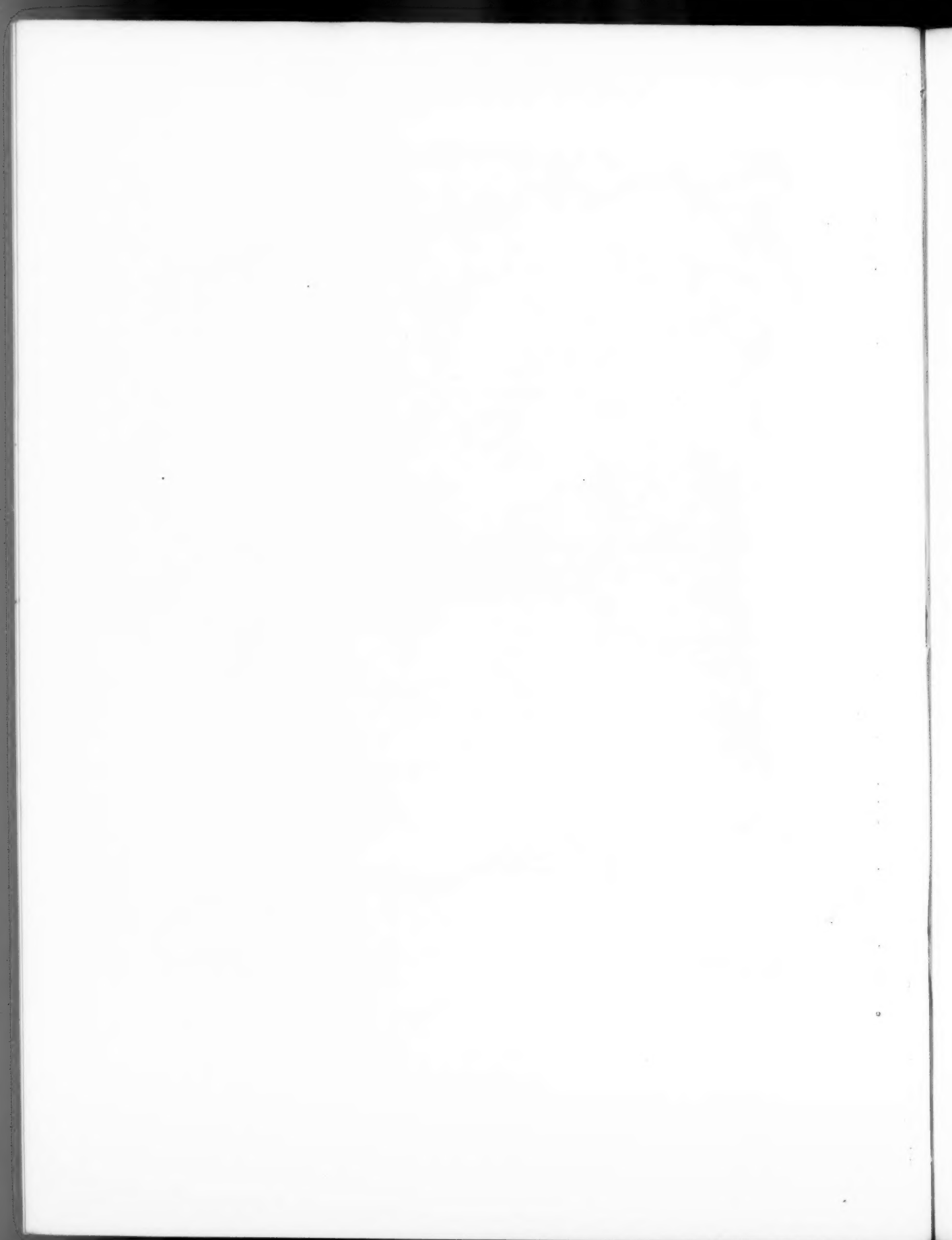
FRANCE, ENGLAND,

AUSTRIA,

RUSSIA,

TURKEY.

THE DANCING BEAR—A PROBABLE SCENE IN TURKEY.



JOHN O'CONNELL CAPPED.



JOHN O'CONNELL, in the pardonable belief that at least the eyes of all the potatoes of Ireland would be immediately upon him, departed a few days since for Dublin to open Irreconciliation Hall, for the purpose of becoming money-taker in the cause of Repeal. The learned and eloquent gentleman had made every necessary preparation. "The first flower of the earth" was renovated fresh as a daisy. "The first gem of the sea" was reset in native metal. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, from the Horse-Guards, cast an anxious look towards Ireland. Everybody expected new Monster Meetings, and new Meetings of Monsters. Well, Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL has shown himself in Dublin, but, for some days past, the learned gentleman has not been visible to the naked eye. It is, nevertheless, believed that he is still in Ireland. Great anxiety has been manifested for his whereabouts by an extensive circle of at least a dozen friends; and it is hoped that his abiding-place is known, though up to the present time he has not been discovered.

The following mysterious account has been given (privately before a magistrate) by TIM HOOLAGHAN, servant of MR. O'CONNELL. The man deposed that the last time he saw his master, he desired him to bring the Repale Cap of the Liberator—the Cap presented at Tara—that, before JOHN went to the Hall to make a mighty splash, he might try it on, and have it taken in, if at all too big for him.—That MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, approaching a mighty big glass, put on the cap, which on the sudden seemed to grow as big almost as the great lantern of the Four Courts, covering him intirely.—That he heard his master crying to be taken "out of that," as the cap was smothering him; that he (TIM) cried to BIDDY DELANEY (the housemaid) to come and help him; that, between themselves, they pulled off the cap, but they could not, with all their eyes, find the master at all at all.

BIDDY DELANEY corroborated the evidence of TIM.

The Liberator's cap, collapsed to its usual size, was handed to the magistrate; BIDDY DELANEY declaring, upon her word and honour, that her master was in it still; bewitched into the smallest taste in life of a Liberator by the cap of DANIEL.

The cap was carefully examined, but the naked eye could not discover MR. JOHN O'CONNELL. Nevertheless, TIM declared he heard him somewhere in the lining, crying in the smallest of the small voice of one of the good people—

"Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not," &c.

Silence being ordered in the court, the worthy magistrate, listening with the acute ear of justice, said he believed he heard him too. Whereupon, it was suggested that the cap should be examined with a microscope, that—if really in the cap—the present Liberator might be manifested to all Ireland.

At the time of our going to press, no microscope had been procured. However, let the matter end as it will, the story should be a warning to all pigmies not to meddle with the caps of giants. Smothering is the least that comes of it.

SANITARY STREET-NOMENCLATURE.

THE names of our London streets exhibit a disgraceful tautology. We are afraid to say how many Peter Streets, John Streets, and, above all, Wellington Streets there are in the metropolis. Let this fault be amended. Let the streets be called by their proper names; that is to say, at present, by the various nuisances or diseases which infest or pollute them, respectively. As, Open Sewer Street; Gully Hole Court; Slaughter House Buildings; Shambles Place; Knacker's Yard; Grave Yard Crescent; Charnel Square; Typhus Terrace; Scarlattina's Rents; Intermittent Row; Consumption Alley; Scrofula Lane; Cachexy Corner. Let such, at least, be the provisional nomenclature of the streets of London, till this filthy capital shall have been properly drained and watered; shall have had its churchyards closed, its atmosphere disinfected, and plague and pestilence expelled from its habitations.

A SINKING FUND WITH A VENGEANCE.

MR. DISRAELI advocates a sinking fund; but were the honourable gentleman's financial schemes adopted, it is to be feared that the fund which would assume a sinking character would be the National Income.

BINDING ON AUSTRIA.

FALCONBRIDGE, in *King John*, recommends Austria to "hang a calf-skin on those recalcitrant limbs." At the present day he could hardly have recommended such a binding in calf, seeing that Austria is already bound in Russia.

A THAMES DRINKING SONG.

AWAY to the cistern, each thirsty soul,
And set the tap a-going,
While murkily into the dingy bowl
The stream is thickly flowing!
If sorrow we cannot always drown,
From our sight we can always thrust it;
The filth in the water will keep it down,
And the sediment will o'ercrust it.
Then hey for the cistern, each thirsty soul,
And bury your cares in the mud-girt bowl!

Let revellers boast of their choicest wine,
Contented let them drink it;
'Tis not so rich as this liquor of mine,
Whatever they may think it;
They boast of its body, but come and see
The Thames, and impartially view it;
Full-bodied, indeed, it fain must be,
While the dogs and the cats run through it.
Then hey for the luscious Thames! I swear,
If you look for body, you'll find it there.

DISPARITY AMONG THIEVES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am just come out of the House of Correction, where I have been for two months, for nothing more than just taking a pocket-handkerchief—not worth more than twopence, if truth's anything in this world—from the pocket of a ticket-porter. Two months, Mr. Punch, and harder oakum I never picked.

"Well, I've just read the newspaper at the Barrington Arms. And there I find sixteen tradesmen all convicted of robbing their customers. And are they sent to the stone jug? Not a bit of it. They pay their money for their right to rob, because they pick pockets—not in the streets—but, like respectable householders, behind a counter.

"One baker in Old-street, St. Luke's, has a 'piece of lead' under his scales, which chisels the customer out of 'an ounce and a half.' The baker is 'severely censured, fined 40s.,' and sent about his business—his business being to chisel again.

"A pork-butcher of Clerkenwell (near my own House of Correction) has an 'illegal balance' and five light weights. He is 'fined 20s., and cautioned.' Now I wasn't cautioned, but locked up.

"A chandler 'has a halfpenny concealed in some fat' under a scale, that chouses his customer of lawful weight, and he pays 20s. for it. I only concealed a handkerchief, and I got two months. But see what it is to rob with a comfortable roof over your head, and not to be obliged to pick pockets whether it rains or shines.

"Well, sir, feeling how wicked I've been, and how I should like to reform my ways, would you open a little subscription for me at your office, to put a penitent up in a small way of business?—say the chandlery or green-grocery line, in which I might follow the bent of my mind, with no fear of the stone jug and oakum.

"I am your's to command,

"JOHN FOGLEMAN."

A Royal Wish.

(Echoed by all her subjects.)

HER MAJESTY was attempting lately, previous to one of her journeys, to master the difficulties of a Railway Guide. She turned over page after page, but seemed to sink deeper and deeper into the iron network of figures. At last she threw the Guide down in despair, and exclaimed bitterly: "Oh! ALBERT, I wish there were a royal road to learning Bradshaw."

IRISH BITTER BEERS.

WE are glad to see a gradual improvement in the well-known Irish Bitter Beers. Originally, these Beers were single X, Ex-ecrated.

Since the Dolly's Brae affair they have been known as double X, Ex-ecrated and Ex-posed. The last quotations describe them as triple X, Ex-ecrated, Ex-posed, and Ex-justices of the Peace.

Novel and Interesting Match.

A STOUT old gentleman with the gout has, for a trifling wager, backed himself to walk from Notting Hill to the Bank against one of the omnibuses on that road. Although the old gentleman is by no means a fast walker, yet such are the dawdling propensities of the driver and conductor of the vehicle, that bets are 20 to 1 in favour of the elderly pedestrian.

SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS; OR, GEMS FROM ADVERTISEMENTS.
SCHOLASTIC!



Mother. "AND PRAY, DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS FOR HEDUCATING LITTLE BOYS?"

The Principal. "WHY, MY DEAR MADAM, MY USUAL TERMS ARE SEVENTY GUINEAS PER ANNUM (TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS), BUT TO EFFECT MY OBJECT (!) QUICKLY, I WOULD TAKE A FEW FOR WHAT I COULD GET, PROVIDED THEY BE GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY THERE; BUT (AGAIN TO USE THE LATIN TONGUE) IT IS A *SINE QUA NON* THAT THEY SHOULD BE GENTLEMEN!!!"

YOU CAN'T MAKE A PURSE, ETC.

WE have for some time observed, repeated at short intervals in the *Times*, the following advertisement:—

TO THE ARISTOCRACY AND GENTRY.—The Principal of a First-Class School, wishes to increase his connection. His average terms are 70 guineas. To secure his object quickly, he offers to receive a few pupils at 40 guineas, provided they be gentlemen. The latter condition is a *sine qua non*. Terms inclusive. References of the highest order could be given.

We are glad to see that, however much pure snobism there may be in the world, there is not yet enough to enable the advertiser to "secure his object quickly," for, since his announcement first fell under our eye and caused us to turn up our nose, some months have expired. There is something exquisitely mean in the proposition to smuggle in a few 40-pounders among the 70-pounders, and we are delighted to find that the offer has not been clutched at by persons ready to avail themselves of such a shabby arrangement.

The condition that the low-priced pupils should be gentlemen is most absurd, for it is quite impossible that they could be gentlemen's sons, since no gentleman would send his son to a concern, whose Principal takes £40 from the parents of some of his pupils to enable him to get £70 from others, who are not in the secret of the little arrangement by which the head of the concern is "securing his object." We are sorry to see the educators of youth adopting the disgraceful haberdashery trick of asking one price and taking another, the demand being regulated not by the worth of the article, but by the gullibility of the purchaser.

THE WINTER BLOCKADES OF LONDON.

THE usual blockading of London for the winter season has commenced at several points, and the Strand is already in the hands of a hostile pavioury. We think that the name of this great leading thoroughfare ought to be immediately changed, and that the title of the *Via Pavia* ought to be given to it. By the blockade now established, a vehicle may have to go half a mile round to a spot, though literally within a stone's throw of it. The invading force of pavioours would appear to be overrunning the whole tract of land eastward of Charing Cross, for, even when apparently retiring from one position, it is only to take up another immediately adjoining it. If the City had a heart of stone, it would be like tearing its heart out continually, to treat it in the manner that it is constantly undergoing at the hands of the pavioours.

We had written thus far, when news reached us of Piccadilly having fallen into the hands of the barbarians: the whole tide of the western traffic has been thrown in copious streams upon the narrow creeks in the vicinity. Albemarle Street has been flooded with omnibuses for several days, and Dover Street, like the Straits of Dover, has had an uninterrupted stream running through it, with frightful impetuosity. We have heard the Parks described as the lungs of the Metropolis, but when the circulation is stopped so near the lungs, the vitality of commerce appears to be jeopardised. We wish some modern Hannibal would make his appearance, to perform the feat of cutting through the really Alpine mass of stone that blocks up a portion of the Strand and Piccadilly, once at least in every winter. As vinegar has, on a previous occasion, achieved the grand object, it is possible that a little of our essence of acidity, which we are very happy to supply in a good cause, may effect the desired object.

GOOD MEN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Dedicated to MR. H. L. TAYLOR, on the strength of his calling Smithfield an Oak.

Good men, spare that tree,
Lop not a single bough;
Its fruit has long fed me,
And I'll protect it now.

That tree's an ancient Oak,
To which I owe my prog;
Oh, do not idly joke,
And tell me I'm a hog!

Smithfield, the sweet, the clean,
Is that Oak, dear to me;
Ask me not what I mean
By calling it a tree!

The breezes through its twigs
Amid its branches play,
And of balm-breathing pigs
The perfume waft away.

Sweet flowers around it blow,
Whence odours rich ascend;
There wild musk-roses grow;
With cowslips violets blend.

And there the patient ox
Enjoys serene repose,
Unhurt by drovers' knocks
O'er head, horns, eyes, and nose.

Its wholesome precincts nigh
You'll never find disease;
Typhus is all my eye,
Around this tree of trees.

No fever-case you meet,
And very little loss
Of life in Turnmill Street,
Or in, or near, Cow Cross.

Oh! come, ye sufferers pale,
Come, lodge in Greenhill's Rents,
Wherein you may inhale
Our Oak's reviving scents.

Then do not let it fall,
That Oak, so dear to me,
And oh! by no means call
My Oak a Upas Tree.

Carpet Bag-ishness.

MR. WALKER, speaking of the St. Giles' churchyard in London, says, "in less than 10 acres, it contains 48,000 bodies." A London churchyard is very like a London omnibus. It can be made to carry any number. If there is no room inside—no matter, there is always plenty of accommodation outside. The same with a London churchyard—number is the last consideration.

There are three things, in fact, which are never by any accident full. These are: The Pit of a Theatre, an Omnibus, and a London Churchyard. The latter combines the expansiveness of the two former, with the voluminousness of the Carpet Bag.

A MOVEMENT IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—Of all popular movements we do not know of one from which the public is likely to derive so much benefit and immediate improvement as the movement of all churchyards out of town.

THE RICHEST LAY-MAN IN ENGLAND.



often he has made this liberal offer, this tremendous sacrifice of self with regard to the unfortunate Land Scheme. It is lucky he has never been taken at his word, or else where would you be, FEARGUS, at the present moment?

FEARGUS O'CONNOR has been offering "to lay down his life" ever since we recollect him. At the late Norwich Meeting he repeated the same offer. We never knew a man so liberal with his life. He lays it down on every public occasion. The great object of his life, in fact, seems to be to lay it down. His only competitor in this line is JOHN O'CONNELL, and he falls far short of him. JOHN's offer was simply to die on the floor of the House of Commons, but FEARGUS makes no limit; he takes in all. He offers to die anywhere, no matter whether it is Land's End, Gravesend, or Snigg's End. The most extraordinary thing is, how small a trifle will provoke this liberality. It is only sufficient to contradict FEARGUS, to elicit from him the magnanimous promise to lay down his life. If any of his statements are doubted, he at once puts their truth beyond all possible doubt by publicly offering to lay down his life. It is wonderful how he has lived so long for a man who has been laying down his life every week for such a number of years! We forget how

THE IRISH ORANGE FLOWER.

THE Irish Orange Flower needs a new nomenclature. We offer one with diffidence.

AURANTIA HIBERNICA (Irish Orange). Leaves, prickly and lanciform. Flowers (of speech), of a blood-red; Pistils, loaded.

HABITAT.—Abounds in Ulster, and north of Ireland generally, and found scattered over the whole of that island.

QUALITY.—Pulp of fruit, bitter, with juices acrid and profuse. Rind, hard. Leaves, sour.

USES.—Produces in abundance the acute and powerful poison called *Oidium Theologicum*, which is distilled by aid of fire and faggot. Other uses, none.

The plant is not so abundant or fructiferous as it was, as the authorities have ordered it to be rooted up wherever found, but it is still highly mischievous in its operation, and fatal accidents frequently occur from the rash use of it in Ireland.

The symptoms of poisoning, by means of this plant, are great giddiness, with a disposition to talk wildly, and foaming at the mouth, followed by raving of the same rabid kind that is caused by hydrophobia. The patient shows a disposition to violence, and all deadly weapons should be kept out of his way, or he may injure himself or others. No curative treatment has been discovered, except excision from the body to which they belong, of members affected by the dreadful consequences of this vegetable poison.

Modern Smithfield Martyrs.

PUNCH hereby gives notice to MR. HICKS, MR. SHARP, and others, Common Councilmen of the City of London, that he intends to renew Martyrdom in Smithfield—the punishment to be inflicted on anti-sanitarian heretics. Certain gentlemen made it so clear at the Common Council of Wednesday, last week, that they have a stake in Smithfield, as to leave Mr. Punch no alternative but to roast them.

EAU DE MORT.

WE understand that the London Water Companies have been applied to by several farmers near the Metropolis for a supply of liquid manure, of which the water furnished by the Companies alluded to is said to contain all the ingredients.

A Party in Ruins.

It is a curious fact—if not coincidence—that the late grand Protectionist meeting at Hedingham was held in the old hall of the ruined castle. The newspapers attribute this singular circumstance to the great demand for tickets of admission to the enjoyment of MR. DISRAELI's eloquence, but *Punch* ascribes it to a predilection for ruinous places, in which feeling Protectionists sympathise with bats and owls.

RESOLUTIONS AGAINST ROWLAND HILL.

"I've asked that question of the HILLS."—*Zon.*

A MOST judicious, dispassionate, impartial, and reflecting public—represented by London's bishop, bankers, merchants, shop-keepers, and keepers of nothing—have resolved at divers meetings to disbelieve the authorities of the Post Office, the oral avowals of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and written and printed English. "I will be drowned, and nobody shall save me," cried the Irishman, floundering in the Liffey. "Sunday shall be desecrated, and nobody shall deny it," exclaim the Sabbatarians. All this shows zeal, however it may lack common charity. Not to believe the grave avowal of the Prime Minister, a gentleman of most scrupulous honour, and withal, a firm religionist,—is somewhat eccentric, but still a very lively illustration of a belief in Christianity; it is, indeed, religion at high pressure. No doubt the scepticism will rage for another fortnight before it enters a transition state. No doubt a dozen meetings or more will be held, whereat energetic gentlemen will denounce what is never to exist, and roll their terrible thunders at nothing. We therefore offer a few resolutions to be used at the discretion of the various speakers, who, like their predecessors, would arm themselves to the teeth for an annihilating fight when there is nobody to fight with. DON QUIXOTE at least had wind-mills to battle with. The Postal QUIXOTES first imagine the wind-mills, and then lay swashing blows about their victims. However, we give a few model resolutions:—

I. Resolved, That MR. ROWLAND HILL contemplates the total desecration of an English Sunday.

II. Resolved, Not to admit of any denial to the contrary, set forth by the said ROWLAND HILL, however distinctly asserted, however lucidly developed.

III. Resolved, That the employment of 25 clerks in London for a couple of hours of Sunday will not set free a thousand clerks on the same day in the country. And if it does—what of it?

IV. Resolved, That every London householder—the unhalloed determination of ROWLAND HILL carried into effect, which it never shall be—will receive not less than ten letters every Sunday.

V. Resolved, That every man, receiving ten letters on the Sabbath, will cause at least ten stationers' shops to be open in the neighbourhood, that pens and paper may be obtained to answer the same.

VI. Resolved, That, ten letters being received, and to be answered, no man will go to Church.

VII. Resolved, That, no man going to Church, no man will pay Church rates.

VIII. Resolved, That, no Church Rates being paid, the Church will cease to exist.

IX. Resolved, That the Church, as by law established, ceasing to exist, Englishmen will lapse into the original state of their infidel ancestors.

X. Resolved, That Englishmen, so lapsing, will fall into the habits of ancient Britons,—whereby the tailors, hatters, boot-makers, cotton-spinners, and other trades, will be utterly and for ever annihilated.

XI. Resolved, That LORD JOHN RUSSELL committed a gross and unwarranted outrage upon the vested ignorance of a most obtuse deputation when he said he "really thought that the public would not understand the nature of the measure until they had experienced it."

XII. Resolved, That understanding has nothing to do with experience.

XIII. Resolved, That experience has still less to do with understanding.

RELIGIOUS WEAPONS!

THE most doubtful legend ever heard of in connection with Rome has, it is said, been published by PRO NONO. According to the *Times*,—

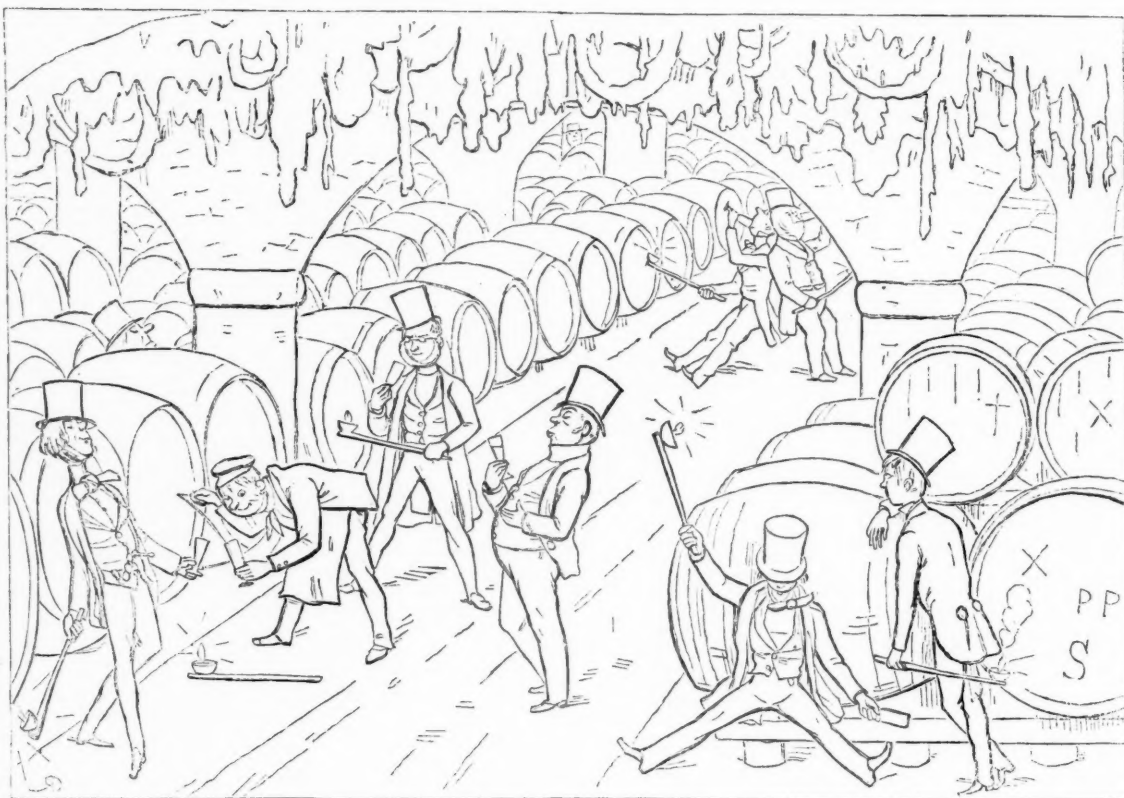
"The POPE has directed a certain number of decorations to be distributed to the troops that had contributed to the restoration of the Holy See. The decoration consists of a medal with the following inscription:—'Pius IX., P. M., collatis armis Catholicis in suam sedem restitutus, Anno 1849.'"

The POPE restored to his See by the conjoint Catholic arms! PIUS has been restored by bombs and cannon, and bayonets. Mr. Punch was not aware that such weapons are Catholic arms; but on this point, of course, his Holiness is a better authority than Mr. Punch.

SOYER ON THE DIET OF HUNGARY.

SOYER, who, when he is not cooking, is joking—only we would sooner have his dishes any day than his jokes—makes this apt distinction between KOSSUTH and GÖRGEY. "KOSSUTH," he says, "was the *Restaurateur* of Hungary, and GÖRGEY its *Traiteur*."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISHE IN 1849. No. 32.



THE WINE VAULTS AT THE DOCKS SHOWING A PARTY TASTING.

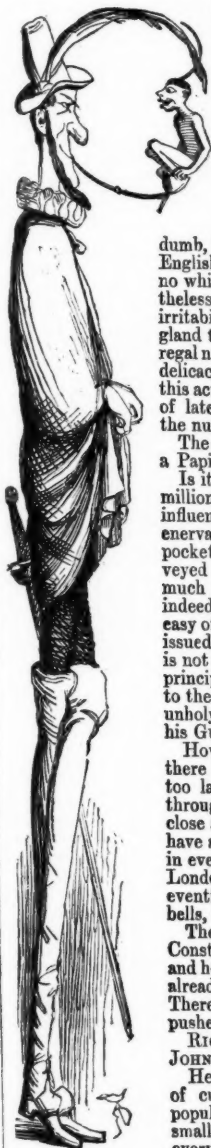
Mr. Pips his Diary.

Thursday, October 11, 1849.—To the Docks, to meet MR. SOKER, and go over the Wine Vaults with a Tasting-Order, and taste the Wine there before it hath undergone any Roguery for the Market. Found there SOKER, and MR. WAGSTAFFE, and SWILBY, and SWYPE, and 5 or 6 more, and with them MR. GOODFELLOWE, who had gotten SOKER the Order. First to the Quay, heaped with Barrels of Wine, close as Pebbles on a Beach, and one huge Barrel, they did tell me, holding 625 Gallons, and I wondering how it could have been hoisted ashore, MR. WAGSTAFFE did say, by an Adjutant, or Gigantic Crane. Then, through all Manner of Casks and Tubs, and Bales of Merchandise, to St. Katherine's Dock, and down to the Vault, where a Cooper forthwith did wait on us with a Couple of Glasses, and gave each Man a flat Stick with a Lamp at the farther End, to see our Way, and we looked like Goblins with Torches in a Pantomime. The Vault almost quite dark, only lighted by Sconces from the Roof, and the farthest Sconce looking Half-a-Mile off, and all this Space full of Barrels of Wine! The Roof supported by Rows of Columns; and the Vault altogether like the Crypt of a Cathedral, but 20 times as big, and more than 20 sweeter; the Air smelling of Wine very strong, which alone did make me feel giddy. Strange to see the Mildew hanging in all Sorts of Forms from the Roof, which many do mistake for Cobwebs, but some call Fungus, and DR. LIMBECK, the Chymist, do tell me is mostly Nitrate of Lime. The Cooper did lead us to the Wine we were to taste, and pretty to see him tap the Barrel by boring a Hole in it with a Gimlet. We did drink, all round,

a good Ale-glass each of excellent Sherry, all except MR. GOODFELLOWE; and I did wonder to see him taste the Wine, and call it rare good Stuff, and yet spit it out, but found by and by that he was wise. Next, to the London Dock; and MR. GOODFELLOWE did give us Biscuit, and recommend us to eat, and I did take his Advice, and glad I did. Here, more Curiosities in Mildew, hanging from the Roof; and one a Festoon as big as the great Sausage in the Pork-Shop at the Corner of Bow Street. A good Story from the Cooper, of a Visitor that would needs take a Specimen of the Mildew away, and put it in his Hat, and with the Moisture of his Head, it melted and blackened his Face, and served him right, that—like more than enough Sight-Seeers—could not keep his Hands from Picking. To several Vaults, and tasted Wine in each; all very vast, but the East Vault the biggest, and do contain more thousand Pipes, and cover more Acres than I doubt, by Reason of the Wine I drunk, I can remember. After tasting so much, our Party very jolly and noisy, and did begin to dance and sing, and flourish their Lamps like Playhouse Devils; and methought I did see the Meaning of the Notice outside, that Ladies could not be admitted after 1 o'Clock. Coming into the open Air, our Company could scarcely stand; and MR. GOODFELLOWE did see them into two Cabs, and I home on Foot—I fear not very straight—and my Wife wondering at the Redness of my Nose. Good Luck, to see the Quantity of Goods and Wine in the Docks; and to think what a great and mighty Nation we are, and what Oceans of Liquor we do swill and guzzle!

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

A GUY FAWKES WANTED.



POSSIBLY it has—no, it cannot have escaped the melancholy conviction of the real friends of the British Constitution that, for years past, there has been an alarming decrease of the number of GUY FAWKES on the solemn Fifth of November. This downward tendency is, of course, the result of ascendant Popery. We are a commercial people, of the most wonderful organisation—touched to the “finest issues.” The pocket is marvellously developed in Englishmen. The pockets of other people are, for the most part, mere holes; lateral bags; dumb, insensible pouches. Now, the pocket of an Englishman has wondrous sensibility. It may seem no whit better than cotton or brown holland; nevertheless, every thread of it is a nerve of most exquisite irritability; harmonising or jangling with the pineal gland that is the crown and sovereign top of man’s regal nature. This development, we say, has a special delicacy in the case of an Englishman. And it is to this acute organisation of the pocket membrane that, of late years, we have had an alarming decrease of the number of GUY FAWKES.

The prime cause is tragically obvious. We have a Papist Master of the Mint!

Is it too much to believe that every unit of the millions of pieces of coin, struck under the baleful influence of the Papist Master, carries with it an enervating influence, immediately felt in the pocket of the receiver, and almost electrically conveyed to the seat of his understanding? Is this too much to believe? By no means: it is very little indeed, to accept; and with a docile will, remarkably easy of credence. Not a single threepenny piece, issued under the Mastership of RICHARD SHELL, that is not a blow struck at Protestant ascendancy. The principles of the pocket tampered with, and farewell to the judgment. And thus, gradually, man, in his unholy greed of half-crowns, has wickedly neglected his GUY FAWKES.

However, even through the present darkness, there breaks one star-like point of light. It is not too late to appeal to the remorse of Englishmen through the blessed influence of a Fifth of November close at the threshold. Let us be stirring. Let us have a GUY FAWKES in every street, in every lane, in every court, in every alley. Let the walls of London resound with a carol, specially made for the eventful purpose: a carol, ringing like a chime of bells, through every homestead.

There is a choice of GUY FAWKES. The British Constitution is again to be destroyed—supposing and hoping at the time we write that it has not already ceased to be—by three known conspirators. There may be thirty, or three hundred; but—we are pushed for room—we must be content with three.

RICHARD LALOR SHELL—ROWLAND HILL—LORD JOHN RUSSELL!

Here is a pleasing, and withal perplexing choice of culprits. Nevertheless, with our amount of population, and with the bonfire of zeal that this small sheet of paper will light up in the heart of every true Englishman, we may fairly promise ourselves the pleasure of seeing all the three a thousand times multiplied on the Glorious Fifth—may meet them at every step, and hear their attributes roared and bellowed at every corner.

RICHARD LALOR SHELL has powerful claims on the indignation and hatred of every monied Briton. Not an Englishman with a single tester in his nervous pocket that has not sixpenn’orth of wrong against the Master of the Mint. For that Englishman’s principles of religion and loyalty have been tampered with in their extreme weakness. They have been subtly played with by the coined agents of the sorcerer, and—to crown the iniquity—they have, within a few weeks, been made unconscious traitors to the QUEEN: become accessories to the horrible fact of depriving her of her dearest privileges. For further particulars, see the new florin. The *Herald* of the morn—the cock that, emulating meaner poultry, always saves the British Capital—denounces the defrauded florin, and calls for vengeance upon the wretch, who attributes to Majesty itself the omission of *Dei Gratia* as it “would give the coin a more emphatic character.”

Hear the cock crow at this. “One’s rage rises at the intense wickedness!” Again. “If the author of these two lines were put upon his trial before an impartial judge and jury, he would be happy to escape with nothing worse than transportation for life!” Happy! he would dance his gratitude in a hornpipe of fetters. But, no; impartiality could not so part with him. He would be hung, decapitated, quartered. And, of course, his four quarters—with the royal compliments, in hampers under the royal seal to four loyal journalists—would adorn the outer walls of either office. Such a display would make the fortune of any journal; to the utter discomfiture of the small peddling folks who only deal in art-murder, and with dullest flavour, render homicide on wood. “It was Satan,” cries the aforesaid cock, “who aimed at ‘a more emphatic position,’ when he struck the *Dei Gratia* out of the florin.” Truly, a hard blow at the divine right of silver. But, it is evident, the evil principle resides in the Master of the Mint; and if, as Englishmen, we venerate our Queen, and love our homes, and worship our sixpences, it behoves us to exhibit and burn the effigies of RICHARD LALOR SHELL as the arch-conspirator, the GUY FAWKES of 1849.

We call upon every loyal householder to contribute something towards the exhibition and the closing conflagration. Old hats, old coats, old rush-bottomed chairs. The masquerade shops in their purity will, doubtless, furnish masks at cost price. Everybody—the humblest—can give something. Even beggary may manifest the brightness of its zeal in a brimstone match.

And here, a cheering opportunity presents itself to those members of the monied interest, who see in the florin an instrument of Popery. Bankers, stockbrokers, merchants, and others, most intimate with the coin of the realm, may volunteer as chairmen to carry about the effigies of the Mint GUY, and gather money, to be afterwards in blankets, coats, and candles, duly distributed. We have an earnest hope to see GUY SHELL in Lombard Street—to meet him upon ‘Change! The closing bonfire must be lighted on Tower Hill; and we call upon the authorities of the Bank of England to supply a sufficient quantity of fuel in condemned Bank notes.

ROWLAND HILL, as another, and doubtless greater conspirator against the peace and happiness of the kingdom, will be very notorious on the Fifth. Englishmen will shamefully fail if they do not club together to send a ROWLAND HILL into every street. And when we read the speeches, and letters, and advertisements of certain men and bodies of men, magnanimously bound together *not* to believe—to make a heroism of distrust in plain meaning, put in plain words—when we reflect upon these champions of the False and the Obscure, we feel confident that even among the “most respectable” will be found volunteers to carry GUY ROWLAND HILL from door to door, and chant the desecration he never proposed—the wickedness he will not perpetrate. And further to illustrate the no-meaning of the apocryphal wrong, let GUY FAWKES HILL carry a lighted lamp, filleted by charitable zeal with this inscription—“Good Christian people; this is not a flaming lamp, but a black dark lantern.” And further, the “Minute submitted to the Post-Master-General” by GUY HILL, shall be hung topsy-turvy about the effigy’s neck,—as read upside-down by pious wilfulness at public meetings. And, at the close of the Glorious Fifth, hundreds of effigies of GUY ROWLAND HILL shall be consumed in St. Martin’s-le-Grand, the BISHOP OF LONDON kindly lighting the first fire, and with his apron fanning the early blaze.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as the third abetting culprit, merits special ignominy. Because a knot of righteous men will *not* take his word; because they ring every syllable of his lordship suspiciously, as though every syllable were a bad shilling, when the Premier has never yet been known to utter counterfeits; because they insist upon twisting his truth to their false interpretation;—because of this, and more than this, LORD JOHN’S effigy must be chaired in highways and bye-ways, on the coming Fifth, as LORD GUY FAWKES JOHN, and his entrails of straw consumed by fire in Palace Yard to slow music.

We earnestly beseech all men of great speech and little thought—men of much zeal and small charity—men of large faith in themselves and of no belief in others,—to be up and doing against the Glorious Fifth.

Let committees be formed in every parish to receive old clothes, old chairs, and every wherewithal to manufacture GUY FAWKES SHELL, GUY FAWKES HILL, and GUY FAWKES RUSSELL.

And let influential men—of the classes above recited—who are desirous of carrying and attending the GUY from door to door,—give in their names without delay. Let the Fifth of November, 1849, burn, like an enduring blue-light, down through all posterity.

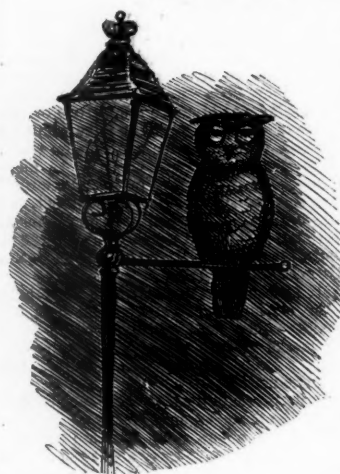
Let not the women of England be behind in their subscriptions for the national bonfire. All can give something. The smallest lucifer gratefully received.

A LITTLE BIRD.

How Government is Supported.

THERE is a talk of building a new Stamp Office. As the Stamp Office is supported in a great measure by the sale of quack medicines, the Government, we are informed, in gracious return for the three-halfpence it levies upon every box of pills which is sold, will allow portraits of HOLLOWAY, MORRISON, and PARR to be introduced amongst the principal pillars of that establishment.

"LIGHTS! LIGHTS! I SAY."



Two of the elements are woefully deficient in the neighbourhood of Eaton Square, and the traveller, on entering its precincts, has good reason to apprehend that "Chaos has come again." The road is usually little better than a *rudis indigestaque moles* of common mould, with a brickbat here, and a panicle there, to give it variety. The gas seems to have been all cut off in its prime, and the watering of the roads appears to be left to the voluntary contributions of our old friend AQUARIUS. Whoever ventures into this locality after nightfall, will run the risk of another fall, unless he provides himself with the means of illumination in this region of obscurity.

We should recommend a few of the celebrated dogs of St. Bernard's to be engaged during the winter season, to perambulate Eaton Square and its neighbourhood, with lanthorns in their mouths, to serve as guides to the benighted wayfarers. A few domestic puppies, or unhappy dogs of footmen, have already been engaged on this philanthropic service, and may be seen after sunset acting the part of glow-worms, or walking gas-lights, in attendance upon the ambulatory inhabitants of the vicinity. We feel it our duty to ridicule the present darkness of Eaton Square, as the readiest way of making light of it.



Conscience, Avaunt!

SOME curiosity is naturally excited as to who the parties can be that from time to time forward sums of conscience money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. We understand that a considerable portion of the sums thus sent, proceeds from West End tailors and other tradesmen who thus make a kind of partial atonement for their overcharges to their customers. It has been rumoured that MR. DUNUP intends contributing one shilling as conscience money, being exactly one-eighth per cent. on the sum he has for a long time unconscionably owed his landlord.

A STOCK OF ADMIRALS, CAPTAINS, & GENERALS,

SUFFICIENT TO LAST FOR THE NEXT 100 YEARS.

ENGLAND has a capital Naval and Military stock. She has 150 Admirals, and only 15 of them are employed. What a notion it must give a foreigner of the unbounded wealth of our country, when he considers that we can afford to keep 135 Admirals merely to help 10 others to do their work! This monster drove of Hyde Park DRAKES—these 135 NELSONS on horseback—must be quite happy to take a turn occasionally at the wheel of some Chelsea steamer, it simply to keep their hand in. We should not much wonder if one bought the berth of Captain on board the halfpenny *Moonshine*; if another had his flag flying from the stays of the *Lass of Richmond*; whilst every *Waterman* that steams to Greenwich or Woolwich will probably have either a Red, or a Blue, or a Yellow Admiral on its paddle-box shouting as lively as possible, "Ease 'er!" "Stop 'er." They must do something to keep up their nautical knowledge, or else when they are ordered to take the command of a squadron, they will know less about a ship even than LORD JOHN RUSSELL, or the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH.

But if we have an ocean of Admirals, with only a Trafalgar Square Basin to put them in, we have likewise a whole parkful of Captains, and nothing but charity boys to give them to lead to victory. The ignorant reader, who has no notion of the immense resources of his country, will scarcely believe that we possess no less than 780 Captains. He probably did not think there were so many in the whole world, but whilst he is rather pleased to learn that England is so richly provided with Captains, he cannot help wondering how she can want such a large number. His astonishment is perfectly natural, and we should know better than to laugh at it, for England does not want 780 Captains any more than she wants 780 Prime Ministers, and so she very wisely employs only as many as she wants, and pays the remainder for ravaging the ball-rooms and laying waste all the young ladies' hearts, or doing anything they please,—which liberal privilege the Captains generally avail themselves of. England therefore only employs 180 Captains, and as she does not want the other 600, they are allowed to keep company with the 135 Admirals, who are in a similar predicament to themselves, and have nothing to do, and are only kept in for fear there should be something for them to do at some time or other. The same generosity is shown by our economical Government to our brave Generals, for, whilst we have 340 Generals, we have only 120 Regiments, so that every Regiment has nearly three Generals a-piece.

The ignorant reader above alluded to will, doubtlessly, maintain that this excessive prodigality of command proves bad generalship somewhere, but we beg to assure him that a General is not a thing that is made in a day, and so it is necessary always to keep a stock on hand. It is true that we have Admirals, without ships; Captains, without soldiers; and Generals, without regiments; but this, far from being a waste, is the strictest economy, and is easily explained by the simple fact, that it is much easier to build a ship than to make an Admiral; and that it is the simplest thing in the world to enlist a soldier and raise a regiment, but the great difficulty is to find Captains and a General for them.

Therefore, if the ignorant reader, whose narrow-minded objections we have done him the honour, not only to listen to, but to refute, still persists in calling this a system of waste, and that, if it is persevered in, we shall soon be having Field-Marsals without an army, Bishops and Archbishops without a single soul to cure, COLONEL ROWANS without a blessed policeman, and an overflow of Beadles without a single pauper; and that the consequences of such reckless extravagance must, very rapidly, be a Government without Funds, and a National Debt without end; it is very clear that he understands nothing at all about it. We always find it the best way with a man like the one in question, who cannot convince you, and will not be convinced, to finish the argument by calling him a nincompoop, which accordingly we do in the present instance. Reader, you are to consider yourself called a "Nincompoop."

Interesting and Daring Challenge.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR has challenged the House of Commons for £100 aside "to lay down his life" 272 times, and to pick it up again, in the course of one year. We understand that he is backed to a very large amount by some of the wealthiest Life Insurance Companies in the City, who place the greatest confidence in the honourable member's powers of longevity. No answer has yet been sent to MR. O'CONNOR's liberal offer. The reason for this curious apathy is founded, we are informed, upon the absurd belief that the indelible M. P. is sure to perform the astonishing feat, no matter whether he is challenged or not. In the meantime he is in capital condition, having been in training now for several years.

SONG OF THE SENSITIVE 'BUS-MAN.

COMRADES, gather closely round me,
Comrades, lend me all your ears;
Take your seats and give your orders,
Call for your respective beers.
Comrades, I'm a man of sorrow,
Plodding o'er life's weary way;
Driving two reluctant horses
Six-and-thirty miles a day.

On a 'bus I spend my hours,
From my box I ne'er descend;
How in such a situation
Can I ever make a friend?
If by chance should sit beside me
One with feelings like my own,
Ere the journey is completed
I am once more left alone.

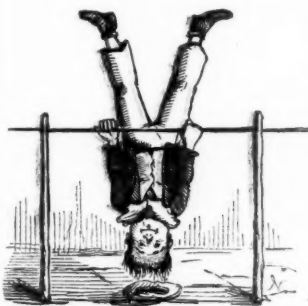
Solitude I'd learn'd to suffer;
Isolation I could bear;
But I felt my spirit humbled
By the lowering of the fare.
Oh! the public, iron-hearted,
Grinding our employers down;
Making us, for paltry coppers,
Drive them in and out of town.

But they share our degradation,
For we take them now, of course,
By a lower range of 'busses,
And a lower class of horse.
Meanness meanness thus engenders,
Poor the triumph! deep the shame!
For the vehicle is seedy,
And the animal is lame.

True it is we sometimes whirl them
Through the streets with frantic speed;
But 'tis madness in the driver,
Desperation in the steed.
Into swiftmess we may lash him,
Till we fear to let him stop,
Knowing, if we give him leisure,
Nature will exhausted drop.

Comrades, 'tis a sorry business,
Comrades, 'tis a grievous tale;
Let me drown my recollections
In a glass of Burton Ale.
Take me where the beers are mildest,
Lull me in oblivion's dream—
Carry me wheré unmolested
I may taste the valley's cream.

THE HISTORIAN IN LEICESTER SQUARE.



VERY lately we took a walk with MACAULAY round some of the London squares—if we may be allowed the vulgar privilege of talking of going *round a square*—and our promenade extended as far as Soho and Bloomsbury. In reference to these once fashionable localities MR. MACAULAY makes the following observations:—
“Foreign princes were carried to see Bloomsbury Square as one of the wonders of England. Soho Square, which had just been built, was to our ancestors a subject of pride with which their posterity will hardly sympathise.”

Should another MACAULAY be in existence a century hence—we can't hope for his earlier appearance, inasmuch as one such man in a century is the utmost we have a right to expect—we can imagine his writing in the following eloquent strain of the Leicester Square of the present day, from the data which our own immortal pages will have furnished him with:—

“The square of Leicester was a kind of back-wood in the very centre of civilisation, for the polite arts had never found admission within its palings. On its borders stood a half-savage race of cabmen, who seemed to have caught all the wildness of the spot, and who appeared to lose what little cultivation they might have possessed, directly they came within its brutalising influence. Within its dreary enclosure, the scream of the cat rose in shrill echo to the bark of the dog, while the howl of distress burst from the unwashed lips of squalid and neglected infancy. In the centre, the stone effigy of royalty stood as a target for the brick-bats of a brutalised mob of youthful outcasts, whose arms were nerved rather by a spirit of mischief than by any dangerous hostility to the institution emblemised by an armless, noseless, and almost footless figure of a monarch, without a friend to shield him from the cold by the thinnest coat of the cheapest white-wash. In the middle of the day, leap-frog was openly played in what was once a well-kept garden, and the peg-top spun, in careless security, under the very eye of the police, while the marble rolled with impunity over the gravel path, which had not for years been trodden by the sober footstep of authority.”

“The Square-keeper, though an officer flourishing in the full plenitude of power in all the adjacent squares, was, in the Square of Leicester, as unknown as he would have been at the mouth of the Sphinx, or at the foot of the Apennines. Such was Leicester Square in the very middle of the nineteenth century—in the middle of a century which had brought Beadledom to its highest altitude, which had planted the staff of power in the Arcadian solitudes of the Arcade of Exeter, and which had made the names of Street-keeper, of Square-keeper, and of Beadle, synonymous with power, with greatness, and with retributive justice in the ears of mischievous youth, as well as of menicant maturity.”

BEAUTIES OF HAYNAU.

It is the opinion of ladies that HAYNAU, like a tiger, may be handsome; but that, however much they may approve of his features generally, they should by no means admire his lashes.

AN OFFER TO EMBRACE ALL ENGLAND.

AMONGST the many plans sent in for the drainage of the metropolis, one of them is not satisfied with stopping at London, but runs all over the Kingdom. It is thus described by the author, W. W. C.

“In proposing any plan for the sewerage of the metropolis, it is my opinion that the scheme should embrace, not only the metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood, but the entire kingdom.”

There's a comprehensive scheme for you! Imagine England being “embraced” by a 1000 sewers! We wonder if the Isle of Wight would be taken in the “embrace,” and whether Ireland also would be included within the wide circumference of its charms?

We do not see how Scotland can expect to be “embraced!” If she wants drains, why (as they say at the tea-table) “she must sweeten herself.” But if this monster scheme (which beats every other one “hollow”) should ever be carried out,—and W. W. C. is kind enough to tell us “it is only a question of expense,”—England must carefully avoid all convulsions. The slightest agitation, and the whole kingdom might be swallowed up in an ocean of sewers. If there was any strong excitement London might suddenly disappear as under a trap. Its hilarity every Christmas Day would have to be regulated by the Police. Families would be ordered to romp to slow music, and festive parties strictly enjoined to dance to nothing quicker than a Dead March, for they would be dancing over a mighty gulph, it may be over a volcano. The latter notion has nearly made us leap off our chair.

It is horrible to think that any thoughtless GILBERT GURNEY—any modern Gent of a GUY FAUX—who was given to practical joking, might, by filling these hollow tubes with a train of gunpowder, send all England in a moment “to smithereens.” The explosion would communicate from one end of the kingdom to the other, and the Constitution of England be undermined and completely broken up, like that of a drunkard, by having swallowed too many drains.

W. W. C. tells us, “his scheme is but a question of expense.” We should think it was. Why! bless the man, it would only drain all England.

STRIKING ERRORS AT THE MINT.

WE wonder who reads the proofs at the Mint? for it seems that the last publication at that office (whose works we invariably take in—as soon as we can get them) was not properly corrected before it was issued to the public. And the coins are to be recalled, and to be sent through the press a second time.

A second edition of a coin, “with additions and corrections,” cannot be done exactly for a penny; and we cannot see how the additional outlay is to be provided for.

We strongly advise the proprietors to engage a careful Reader for their establishment, and to see for the future that every new work they bring out—no matter whether it is a humble half-farthing for the benefit of the Irish landlords, or a valuable half-sovereign for distressed Protectionists—is properly revised before it is put into the hands of the Public. Nowhere do accidents cost so much as at the Mint—for the smallest mistake will chip a shilling off every sovereign,—and a number of such chips would soon make a hole in the entire currency of the realm. To guard against such accidents, therefore, perhaps it will be safer for them to adopt the old mercantile caution, and to have engraved round the edge of every new coin, “Errors Excepted.”

By-the-by, when are we to have an English coin? The Florin is a pretty mongrel affair. A German name, with a Latin inscription, and an English definition of its value. However, it does not look so bad, when you have a number of them together, and besides, we should take it most kindly that the silver is not German as well as the name!



MR. BRIGGS, PERSUADED THAT "A GOOD HORSE CAN'T BE A BAD COLOUR," HAS PURCHASED A SPOTTED AND HIGHLY-TRAINED STEED FROM A CIRCUS; BUT THE WORST OF HIM IS, THAT AMONGST OTHER THINGS HE HAS BEEN TRAINED TO SIT DOWN ON HIS HAUNCHES WHEN HE HEARS A BAND PLAY, AND YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW DISCONCERTED POOR OLD BRIGGS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE DID SO.

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW LOAN, BY MR. DUNUP.

THE extreme facility with which loans are obtained by even the worst of characters for the worst of purposes, has encouraged Mr. DUNUP to draw up some proposals for a loan to himself, by which it is expected a very large class of most deserving persons—his own creditors—will eventually benefit. He has seen with some surprise, that it is only necessary to ask and to have, in the case of certain powers with whom Mr. DUNUP would not condescend to compare himself, and he ventures to hope that if money is so readily forthcoming in a bad cause, there may be no difficulty in raising the necessary supplies for a good purpose.

The following heads of a proposal for the GREAT DUNUP LOAN have been already put into circulation among the leading capitalists, who it is hoped will have sufficient cash to spare from their Austrian, Russian, and other operations, to enable them to contribute to the excellent object MR. DUNUP calculates on accomplishing.

The loan to consist of £10,000, to be secured on MR. DUNN's word, which is considered to be quite as good as his bond, and has the advantage of requiring no stamp to give it validity.

Those who purpose "taking the Loan," which means giving the money, may do so in any sums however small, and though the first applicants will have the "preference," arrangements will be made to "let in" all who are desirous of contributing.

The interest of the Loan will be calculated from time to time and added as a bonus to the whole sum, which will be looked upon as "a rest," and, in order to prevent this "rest" from being disturbed, it will remain permanently in the hands of the lender as long as any of it remains, when the whole of the money expended being found to balance with the sum received, the "rest" will be distributed without any deduction whatever—except the logical deduction that it is all gone—among the contributors.

Any person wishing to transfer his share of the Loan may do so on finding a transferee, but a sum of 5 per cent will be first payable as

"caution money," for the purpose of rendering the parties more cautious in future transactions.

Interest will accrue from the day when the Loan is paid up, but the interest will not be payable until the whole of the principal is repaid; as it is very fair that the principal which forms the first debt should have a preference, inasmuch as being a prior claim it ought to be first satisfied.

Any person having contributed to the Loan, and wishing to withdraw his contribution, may do so—if he can, but not otherwise.

Though the Loan may nominally be raised for distribution among the DUPLICATE creditors, it is still desirable that that respectable body should enjoy the same privileges as the contributors to the Loan, and the amount of the creditors' claims will therefore be converted into consolidated stock, which will be added to the original amount of the Loan, and bear interest at the same rate, payable in the same way as if it had been interest arising from contributions to the Loan itself, to which it will in all respects be equivalent.

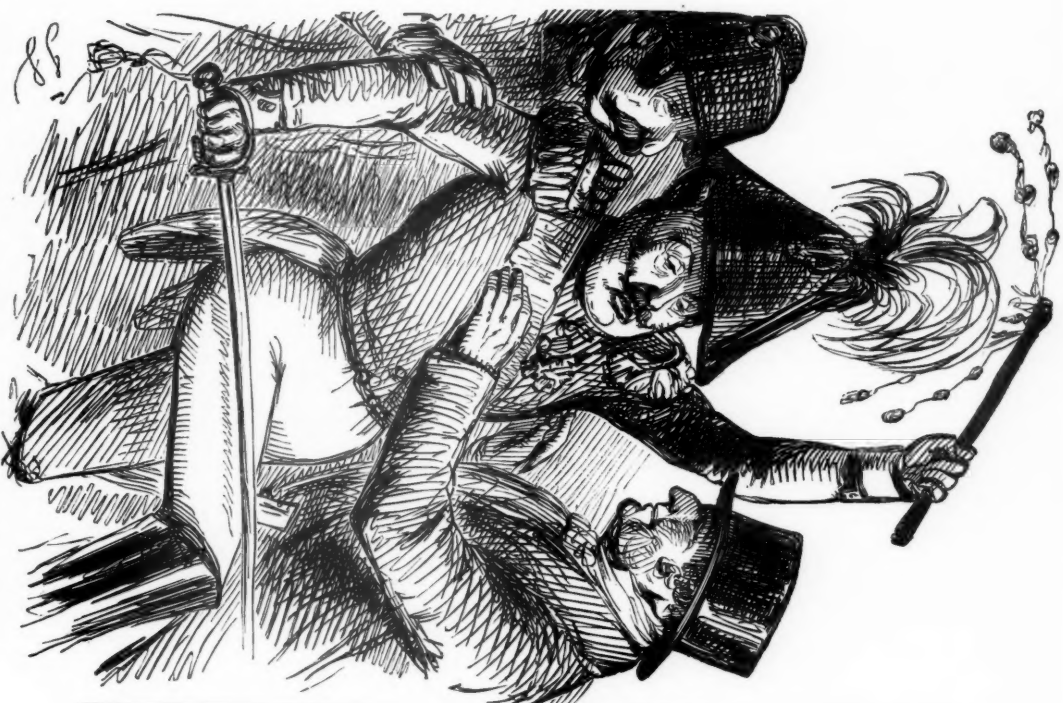
All applications respecting the Loan may be addressed to Mr. DUNN, but he would suggest the expediency of a small remittance to cover preliminary, contingent, and other possible expenses.

"The Butcher Ward."

THERE has been a grand dinner of the Butchers' Institution. We wonner if toasts were given to some of the greatest Butchers of the age—to HAYNAU, and RADETSKI. We observe that part of this institution is called "THE BUTCHER WARD." Can this possibly be in honour of the Governor of the Ionian Islands, who has lately given such strong proofs of his merits in that capacity at Cephalonia?

THE CHOLERA AND ITS QUARTERS.

"A LATE Visitor at Nice" writing in the *Times* denies that cholera has extended its ravages to that town. The fact is, that the cholera always keeps clear of any place at all deserving the epithet of Nice.



RUSSIAN BEAR. I won't go home till morning,
I won't go home till morning.

I won't go home till morning—i—n—o,
I'll Kossutza does appear.



RUSSIAN BEAR. Oh, confound that Sublime Porte! what a headache it's given me!

“May the Evening's Diversion bear the Morning's Reflection!”



THE CAREER OF A RAILWAY PARCEL.

ON the recent investigation, at the Clerkenwell Police Court, of a charge of stealing twenty-two Railway parcels, it became necessary to trace the course of one of them, sent by MR. HASSELL, of Bristol, to MESSRS. LEPARD & Co., in London, and for this purpose to produce no fewer than eleven witnesses. This evidence is "carefully summed up" in the following lines:—



This is the Parcel in paper brown,
That was dispatch'd from Bristol town.



This is the Clerk of lawyer HASSELL,
That "did up" and address'd the "passell."



This is the Boy who scamper'd hard,
To carry it to White Lion Yard.



This is the Gent. who from him took it,
And very properly did book it.



This is the Conductor of the 'bus,
That carried it to the terminus.



This is the Railway Porter who
Received the parcel and way-bill too.



This is the Clerk who, in the nick
Of time, the railway bill did "tick."



This is the Great Western Guard,
That brought up the parcel for MR. LEPARD.



This is the Clerk who, from the guards,
At Paddington takes the parcels "inwards."



This is the Clerk of CHAPLIN AND HORNE,
That counted the parcels at early morn.



This is DAVY, their man, who rides in a van,
To deliver the parcels as quick as he can;
But walk'd with twenty-four on his back,
(Their weight, he says, did make it crack),
Unto the office in Bedford Row,
Of GREGORY, FALKNER, and SKIRROW.



This is MRS. COOMBES, who sweeps the floors,
And opens and shuts their office doors:
She eased the porter of his load,
And in the hall 'twas snugly stow'd.



This is the Thief, as a lion bold,
That to her a wicked story told:
He lifted the bundle from the floor,
And the Lawyer's parcel was seen no more.

OUR "INSULTED" POCKETS.

WHERE is RICHARD LALOR SHEIL? What place of refuge conceals the traitor? Is there to be no impeachment—no trial—no transportation—for, in these milksop times, we can hardly hope for the hurdle, decapitation, and quartering. The traitor SHEIL has filched from his "royal mistress her two fairest titles," roars *John Bull*. Yes; the "Papistical Master of the Mint," says *John*, "under the inspiration of his Jesuit confessor, we presume," has—see the florin—robbed the QUEEN of that—

"Which secures to her the allegiance of her subjects on the highest and firmest of all grounds, that of her reigning 'By the Grace of God.' A public acknowledgment of the error it would, perhaps, be too much to expect; it is in the nature of the Whigs to feel no hesitation to do wrong, but great difficulty in repenting. Stealthily they have outraged the nation's faith, and stealthily is to be the reparation. Be it so. We care not how it is brought about, provided it be done, and our pockets be not insulted by a coin, which on the face of it denies what Englishmen hold dearest."

But the outrage must be publicly atoned for. The Master of the Mint, clothed in a sheet of unprinted Bank note paper, with a dark lanthorn in his hand, and his pockets turned inside out, must be exhibited for a morning at least at the Stock Exchange, or any other public place sacred to Mammon. Our loyalty, our feelings, our principles, our household gods, all are as nothing compared to our pocket. The "insult" offered to that innermost heart of man must be avenged. But the "florin" is doomed. Lawyers refuse it, upon principle, as any part of the 6s. and 8d. Jew clothesmen lift up their hands against it. Pawnbrokers hurl it back into the box from whence 'tis offered. The crossing-sweeper opposite the *Standard* office drops it down the drain when let fall into his hat by some benighted passenger. Thank PLUTUS! the English pocket has feelings. The pocket will "not be insulted."

ANOTHER POSTAL QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Herald* asks—

"Has it occurred to you that this new arrangement at the Post-office may be an attempt to pave the way to let MR. BARON ROTHSCHILD and other rich Jews have their letters delivered on our Sunday, as they ought not to open or read their letters on their Sunday (our Saturday)?"

A burst of sunlight breaks in upon us. There can be no doubt that this movement at the Post-office is only the beginning of the end. We are all, in good time, to be Judaized. It is all very well for LORD JOHN RUSSELL to declare that he is a sincere and fervent Christian: a certain Bishop knows better; and on the strength of his episcopal charity, will not believe him. We hear that ROWLAND HILL, from boyhood upwards, had Judaical tendencies; being frequently found playing marbles in the neighbourhood of a Birmingham synagogue. The EARL OF CARLISLE is a deep Hebrew scholar, pulling up the difficulties of Biblical literature, by the very roots. Then DISRAELI—who has laid a wager of his political reputation with himself that he will be Premier in a twelvemonth—DISRAELI has been heard to prophesy that, in eighteen months, the Chief Rabbi of the Jews will preach in St. Paul's Church. With all our disgust, hatred, loathing, and contempt,—it is impossible not to admire the subtlety of the traitorous powers that be, who, aiming at the subversion of Christianity, for the triumph of Judaism, array a legion of five-and-twenty clerks in the Sunday Post-office. It is calculated that, in a twelvemonth at most, these five-and-twenty clerks, working three hours on a Sunday, will pull down the Altar and upset the Throne—drive into exile the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY with nothing but his carpet-bag,—and put the High Priest of the Jews in the palace of Lambeth!

ROMANCE OF ADVERTISEMENT.



"I WISH, MISTER, YOU'D BE SO GOOD AS TO STOP THE PRESS AND PUT THIS IN A GOOD PLACE (reads): 'Hemily. Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence!!!'"

Floating Post-Offices.

It has been suggested in the *Daily News* that Post-office clerks should be carried on board the foreign steamers, to sort and stamp the letters on the voyage. This would be all very well in smooth weather, but in a storm, the clerk must of necessity be alternately on his heels and on his head, while endeavouring to preserve the equilibrium necessary for his duties. The sorter would frequently be put terribly out of sorts by the discovery that, after all his trouble, a sudden lurch might again shuffle the correspondence together in the most admirable disorder.

A REFLECTION.



WHAT A CURIOUS THING IT IS, THAT ALTHOUGH POLICEMEN ARE PLACED AT PARTICULAR SPOTS FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF MAKING OMNIBUSES "MOVE ON," THEY ARE GENERALLY SEEN CHATTING, OR CRACKING THE FRIENDLY WALNUT WITH THE CONDUCTORS, TO THE MANIFEST INCONVENIENCE AND GREAT INDIGNATION OF THE PASSENGERS. HOW IS THIS? IS IT AMIABLE WEAKNESS ON THE PART OF THE CONSTABLE, OR IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HE EVER RECEIVES PINTS OF BEER TO NEGLECT HIS DUTY! OH! LET US HOPE THE FORMER!!

A RED EMPEROR.

WE have had a Sixteen-string JACK. It is not the fault of the precious young Emperor, FRANCIS JOSEPH, that the Austrians have not a Sixteen-string Emperor. He has a great taste for hanging; but was balked in his delight, by COUNT BATTHYANI, whose self-inflicted wounds rendered such mode of death impossible. Whereupon, he was shot; and HAYNAU licked his tiger lips. Hungarian women, of the highest classes, we are told, endeavoured—but were not permitted—to steep their handkerchiefs in the blood of the murdered man. But the blood did not sink. It helps to dye the Emperor. And, as it is with a certain insect, that "the finest red" dyes the "deepest black," so with Emperors, the purer the blood that is shed, the blacker the stain that is left.

BRANDED BY HONOURS.

HONOURS are beginning to lose their value. The most honoured man will shortly be he who has not a single honour. Look at RADETSKI and HAYNAU! How the honours shine upon their honourable breasts! and no wonder when we recollect the blackness of the ground upon which their diamonds are set.

Our Ministers are beginning to copy this continental system. They have made the Governor of the Ionian Islands a Grand Knight, or something or other, of the Bath. We cannot imagine they meant otherwise than to disgrace MR. WARD by thus "honouring" him. It was only in the HAYNAU sense that the honour was conferred upon him. The Cephalonians cry out that their Governor was bad enough before, but what are they to expect now since he has been re-Warded?

A WOMAN'S PLEA FOR MERCY.

"THE CONDEMNED POISONER CHARLOTTE HARRIS.—Some charitably disposed inhabitants of Taunton recently memorialised the Home Secretary to spare the life of this convict, condemned for poisoning her husband, and now awaiting her accouchement, previous to the sentence of the law being carried into effect. SIR GEORGE GREY has officially announced his regret that the case presents no grounds that warrant his interference with the due course of law. The prisoner is expected to be confined every day, and as soon after as possible the extreme penalty of the law will, it is stated, be carried into effect."—Daily News.

STILL keep the night-lamp burning,
I must have constant light;
Those horrors, else, returning,
Harrow mine inward sight:
The drop—the noose—each feature
Of that bad scene I see,
Where they bear forth yon creature,
From childbed to the tree.

Her pinioned arms deny her
Her infant's last embrace;
Since they may not untie her,
They lift it to her face.
And then—yes, I should banish
Such fancies overwrought,
But they refuse to vanish,
Those spectres of my thought.

'Tis true, if aught could smother
Pity, it were her crime;
But I shall be a mother
Too, in a little time.
To think if I were lying,
Foretasting every pang,
Counting each moment flying,
And, after all, to hang!

To feel each cordial proffered
My sinking frame to prop—
Was succour only offered
To save me for the drop!
Better at once to end me,
Than, like that hapless wretch,
To soothe, sustain, and tend me,
And nurse me for JACK KETCH!

The law, with strange compassion,
Her unborn babe reveres,
Whose mind despair will fashion,
And agonising fears:
Preserved by mercies tender,
An idiot but to be;
Nay, what these thoughts may render
My own, disquiets me.

MOTHER and QUEEN, forget not
Pardon is in thine hand;
For woman's pity, let not
This hanging shame our land;
But cause the mob ferocious
The spectacle to miss,
Inhuman and atrocious,
Of butcher-work like this!

HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

A SUNDAY newspaper, whose seeds of literature are commonly hempseed, advertises a republication of the portraits of the MANNINGS in the week of their trial. With the taste that is stimulated for such fine art, we think a few lockets, with small, delicate Daguerreotype portraits of notorious malefactors would find a ready welcome in the bosoms of families. Murderers are now made such common visitors in the Sunday circle, that they may fairly challenge a more enduring place in the breasts of their patrons.

We also think that small plaster-of-Paris or terra-cotta casts of distinguished criminals for mantel-pieces would be pleasing and instructive ornaments for the hearth. We have DOROTHEA at the fountain,—why not MRS. BROWNING in the Coal Hole? There is APOLLO, a shepherd,—why not GREEN-ACRE, a grocer? We feel certain that the genial labours of many of our contemporaries have quite prepared thousands of their readers for the patronage of an Art Murder Union. If not, it is not our contemporaries' fault. They have evidently intended it.

WANTED A GOVERNESS.

WE had hoped that our occasional observations on this painful theme had shamed some and persuaded others into a more liberal course of treatment; but the following advertisement shows that the class of Governess tormentors is not yet extinct:—

DAILY GOVERNESS.—WANTED, in the neighbourhood of Brixton, a **YOUNG LADY**, to take the care and education of three children, from the hours of 9 till 4. She must be able to teach music and accustomed to tuition. Salary £12 per annum. Apply by letter, post-paid, to R. H., &c.

Three children for seven hours a-day, at £12 per annum, will give something between a halfpenny and a penny per hour, for the tuition of each infant. The neighbourhood from which this advertisement proceeds, is quite appropriate. The governess who commits herself on those terms to Brixton, is committed for hard labour, indeed; and we should imagine that none but a regular "Maid of the Mill," who had been accustomed to the tasks imposed at the House of Correction, would venture upon answering the advertisement.

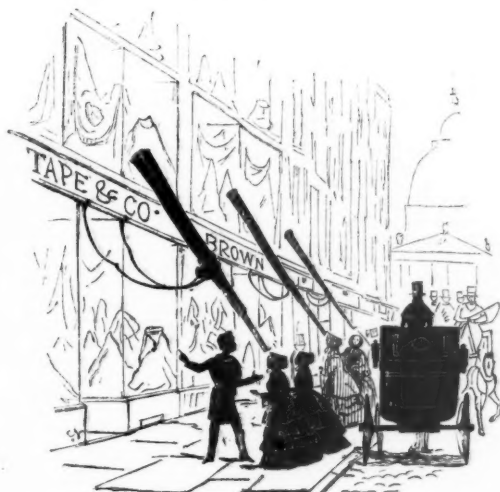
ALARMING HEIGHT OF PUFFERY.



HABERDASHERY and slapdashery are going hand-in-hand, arm-in-arm, and neck-or-nothing, with the most alarming rapidity. The puffing linendrapers are becoming so openly audacious, that they make no secret of their opinion that a bold front is every thing, and each man attempts to put on a bolder (shop) front than his neighbour. If a man in these days wants to open a linendraper's, he and his family must sleep in the cock-loft, for the shop occupies the whole four stories of the house, from the basement floor to the garret ceiling. In St. Paul's Church Yard there are a few specimens of the new school of linendraper architecture, and where we presume the goods are chiefly intended to attract the observation of persons perambulating the outer galleries of the cathedral, for in no other position is it possible

to catch a glimpse of the articles displayed in the window.

It is all very well to write up half a mile high, "Look here! 4s. 9d.," but how is any one to look, or, at all events to see, without a telescope?



It is no longer possible for the fair occupants of carriages to catch even a glance at the display of haberdashery as they ride past, and it will be

absolutely necessary to invent some new kind of vehicle, with a sort of Pisa-like tower, into which it will be possible to ascend in order to



inspect the dresses, shawls, and other contents of the Metropolitan *Magazins des Nouveautés*.

Our attention, by the way, has been called to the last new linendraper trick—a trick worthy of the well-known addition in thin pencil marks of 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to the bold black figure of 1 shilling, when the intention is to charge a customer double the price apparently appended to an article. The last new trick of the trade is to attach to a number, supposed to be shillings, an initial, of such a dubious form, that it may do duty either for an S or an F, and the shopman can thus change the sum into either shillings or florins, according to the probable greenness or gullibility of his customer.

PUNCH'S OWN RAILWAY.

EVERY now and then there appears, amidst the Railway Intelligence of the day, an account of a meeting of proprietors of the West London Railway. The usual clamour is raised against the directors of the North Western and Great Western for refusing to recognise the little affair, and stop their trains at its modest station. The attempt of the proprietors to keep up a constant communication between Wormwood Scrubs and Warwick Square savours of an enthusiasm that would be better employed in a better cause. "Develop our traffic" is the constant cry of the shareholders, who seem to sigh for a return of the days when an empty omnibus ran backwards and forwards to the terminus, and a newsman shouted "*Times, Chronicle, Daily News*," through the hollow and echoing shed of the deserted platform. Well do we remember the fitful attempt at a cab-stand which was got up on the opening of the line, when, first the waterman dropped off, then the horse was detached from the cab to graze at leisure on the grass growing up between the stones before the office door, and at last the cab itself was drawn off as a hopeless affair, amid the jeers of the bystanders and the tears of the station clerk.

No one can wish for a repetition of these melancholy manoeuvres, which must be the result of the re-opening of the line, if it has no better resources for traffic than those it formerly started upon. But while the trains of the Great Western and North Western fly past the West London Station, with proud contempt for the desperate signals of its one policeman, and the frantic contortions of the superintendent of traffic, hoisting his hands, hat, and handkerchief, in an agony of excitement, to hail the engine driver of the larger companies, the proposition to open the line is one which we cannot conscientiously second.

A Nice Look-Out.

MR. DICKENS tells us, in *David Copperfield*, that MR. MICAWBER was always on the look-out for something "to turn up." He lived in that hope. It was the only prospect he had before him.

Now, if MR. MICAWBER had lived over a London churchyard (St. Saviour's for instance) he would have seen in one day, merely by looking out of his window, rather too many subjects "turning up," though how far he would have enjoyed the prospect before him, we cannot say.



A WEDDYNGE BREAKFASTE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, October 22, 1849.—Up, and to Church together with my Wife, to see PALL HARLEY married this Morning to DICK BAKER; on both Sides mighty genteel People, and their Guests, all except Ourselves, such as they do call Carriage-Company. PALL, in a Dress of White Satin, and Orange Flowers in her Hair, very pretty and demure, and DICK, wearing a Sky-Blue Coat, Crimson Velvet Waistcoat, Yellow Moleskin Trowsers, and Japanned Boots; with Lavender Kid Gloves, and a Carbuncle in his Shirt-Front, a great Buck. DICK and every Man of us with great White Favours at our Breasts, mighty conspicuous and, methought, absurd, the Things serving neither for Use nor Ornament. But to see how grand were old fat MR. HARLEY and MR. BAKER, and how more grand were their fat Wives, and how fine and serious they looked and how high they carried their Noses! And when the Ring was put on PALL's Finger (DICK first having fumbled for it in the wrong Pocket), her Mother did weep, and, falling for support on MR. HARLEY, nigh overthrew him. But the pretty modest Bridesmaids did most of all take me; which my Wife observing, I saw, did trouble her. The Ceremony over, and the Fees paid, and the Bride kissed by some of the old Gentlemen, we to old HARLEY's to Breakfast, where what WIGGINS do call a Grand Spread, very fine both for Show and Meats, every Dish ornamented with Flowers and Gimm-cracks, the cold Chickens trimmed with Ribbons, and the Bride-Cake, having upon it Wax CUPIDS and Turtle-Doves, was pretty. So down we sat, DICK stiff and sheepish, and PALL also, shamefaced, and trying

to hide her Blushes with a Nosegay. PALL's Mother in Tears, and her Father solemn, and the Bridesmaids mostly bashful, but a little black one that sat by me very merry, and I did by-and-by pull Crackers with her, till my Wife suddenly thrust a Pin into my Arm, to the Quick. The Company first silent, till a Friend of the young Pair, who did say he had known them both from Babies, did propose their Health in a pretty pathetic but confused Speech, and breaking down in the Midst of a Sentence, conclude by wishing them long Life and Happiness, with great Applause. Then the Bride-Groom to return Thanks, but, perplexed with his Pronouns obliged to stop short too, but, he said, overcome by his Feelings. The Champagne flowing, we soon merrier, especially an old Uncle of DICK's who began to make Jokes, which did trouble the Bride and Bride-Groom. But they presently with much Crying and Kissing, and Shaking of Hands, away in a Coach-and-Four, amid the Cheering of the Crowd in the Street and the Boys shouting to behold the fine Equipage; and Servants and old Women looking on from the opposite Windows. We eating and drinking with great Delight till late in the Afternoon, but at last broke up, the Multitude saluting us each as we stepped into the Street, and the Policeman and Beadle that were guarding the Door in great State, touching their Hats. A grand Marriage Breakfast do give a brave Treat to the Mob, in Show, and to the Company in Eating and Drinking, and is great Fun to all but those most concerned. But to think what a Fuss is made about most Marriages, and how little Reason for it is shown by most People's married Life!



Conductor (very loud). "GO ON, BILL; HERE'S THAT UGLY OLD COVE, WOT ALWAYS KICKS UP SUCH A ROW, AND MAKES HISSELF SO DISAGREABLE, JUST GOT IN!"

Driver. "OH, HAS HE? I'VE A DEUCED GOOD MIND TO PITCH HIM OVER, AND BREAK HIS STUPID OLD ED!"

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

KING COAL AND HIS NEW PALACE.



HE most precious jewel in the crown of England is from the treasury of KING COAL—dug from his mines in Newcastle. Therefore, it was a significant and seemly intention of QUEEN VICTORIA, in her own person, to do graceful fealty to the tremendous Potentate—blackier than SHEBA and stronger than SOLOMON—on the house-warming of his Exchange Palace, in Thames Street. For the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, with all her might and glory, is only the feeoffee of another power. Without KING COAL, what a dwarfed thing were English royalty—without KING COAL, what a pauper place were England. Whilst with him, the British diadem shines, a starry ring to the

nations;—and his broad black pennant, from a thousand funnels, floats in every sea.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, in her state-barge, on solemn days and holidays, was truly a fine sight. RALEIGH wept courtier's tears to look at her. But QUEEN ELIZABETH, in her golden boat, is but as dis-crowned *Queen Mab* in a cockle-shell when thought of with the idea of QUEEN VICTORIA afloat upon the Thames, and bound for Custom-House wharf. QUEEN ELIZABETH was pulled by mere brawny bargemen—QUEEN VICTORIA would have been borne onward by the greatest king of the world—KING COAL. He is on board the *Elfin* steamer, and though himself unseen, has let fly his black pennant. With a hauser of twisted gold-thread, KING COAL takes in tow the royal barge, and—and—

Eat as this sheet must be in print long before the water pageant takes place, we cannot report the solemnity of the time from the evidence of our own eyes. We must ask of KING COAL to favour us with a private view—as the fossil TOM HILL saw a private eclipse of the sun the day before the public exhibition—and to this end, with that domestic wand, a steel poker—a wand worth all the wands of fairy for the happiness it casts about a circle—we shall compel his Majesty of Coal to show to us, in a series of dissolving views, his history from the

earliest down to the time of his latest triumph—to Tuesday last, at his Palace Warming in Thames Street.

With the hearth-wand, to housewives known as a poker, we have begun our coal-compelling spell. There!—right in the yielding heart of the fire. And small white jets of flame blow and blow—and the fire talks—talks audibly.

—Another ten minutes, and the spell works—the show begins. KING COAL, now so mighty in England and upon the seas, shows us, as in a burning mirror, his earliest history; the beginning of his vegetable life, ere mineralised into the black wealth he now vouchsafes to man. Yes, in KING COAL's own fire, we see, in dissolving views of sapphire, topaz, and ruby, here and there emerald-tinted, the story of KING COAL's growing majesty.

The fire burns hollow. A red sky rests above a burning earth, where many colours live, and creep, and change into one another. And now grow up ferns and trees—thick and tall, KING COAL in his vegetable days, when not a beast or bird stirred his leaves, or rested on his boughs—when all was silent save the solemn heavings of the early sea. And there in the fire grows the Forest of KING COAL, and strange flowers of all tints run up his trunk and hang upon his branches. And now the forest falls; KING COAL is thrown upon his back and buried—deeper and deeper buried. And there he lies—hidden out of sight; crushed and crushed, and changing and changing.

Another wave of the poker! A few thousand years have passed, and negro KING COAL is awakened from his transforming sleep to do all sorts of service. We see him at work in the embers. There he is, smelting iron, hammering, melting it. There is a village—a town—a city; and KING COAL is warming every hearth, for we can see him respiring from a thousand chimneys.

The fire falls. And there, a burning ocean; and in it a burning ship—a naked ship—with a fiery pennant. That is KING COAL gone to sea in his new steam-ship.

Another dissolving view. A thick-built town: with tall chimneys shot into the molten sky. That is Cottonville, and there KING COAL, with his new working companion, Steam, is tearing cotton—teasing—spinning—weaving it.

Again,—a glowing sea. And thousands of ships with dusky sails, like black swans, swimming onwards. All the ships of rich KING COAL.

Another change, and now the Thames. The wharves rise on either side, and flowing through them is the burning river; and there is the *Elfin*, KING COAL's special steamer, towing along a golden barge, barges following,—the whole fire alive and dotted with craft, and pierced with masts, and—the embers fall, and no doubt QUEEN VICTORIA's Husband and Children, have landed at the Custom-House, and are on their way to the Palace of KING COAL to pay him homage. Father Thames himself,—(by the way, we noticed him in the embers a minute since)—has, with much pains and difficulty, washed himself clean for the occasion; whilst every collier below bridge dons a new suit of white satin sails, worked by the maidens of Sunderland and Newcastle, with legends in honour of KING COAL.

We pass the ceremony at the Hall; for that will be duly registered by our fellow chroniclers. Neither shall we dilate upon the magnificent throne of polished coal, cunningly contrived for the state of HER MAJESTY; we shall also leave to others to describe the coronet, with specimens of the Coal Flora for strawberry-leaves, and polished "nut-coal" for pearls, of the attending MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY. Of this we feel assured; that KING COAL will be mighty in his kitchen, doing his best at boiled and roast for the Princes who honour him. Indeed, KING COAL will, in London City, be triumphant at a thousand ranges.

We read that MR. LANG has enriched the Exchange with scenes, in encaustic illustration of Coal History. We have not seen them—but we feel certain that we can divine them.

The "Richmond Shilling" is no doubt a prominent subject. The shilling upon every chaldron granted by the paternal care of CHARLES THE SECOND to his bend-sinister son, the DUKE OF RICHMOND; the shilling since commuted at the cost of £490,833—for a perpetual annuity of £19,000 to the house of RICHMOND, in whose coronet coals may be said to burn at a great price. This were a sweet, waggish touch of the Merry Traitor to make his royal virtues fire-side gossip. MR. LANG has, of course, taken this theme, encircling it with the RICHMOND motto—"En le charbon de terre je fleurie."

The "Limitation of the Vend" is, of course, another subject treated by the artist. For by this legalised conspiracy at the pit's-mouth, the necessary of coal comes heightened to the poor as a luxury. The London weaver has, however, the satisfaction to know that if he pays 30s. per ton for coal,—his cosmopolite brother at St. Petersburg may warm himself with Wall's-end at little more than half the price. With this fact before him, MR. LANG has no doubt shown us a Russian family very jolly over roaring sea-coal, and a family in Spitalfields with starved fingers and blue winter noses.

London Bridge and its approaches being built upon London Coal—London's Corporation levying 8d. per ton for such structure and con-

veniences—MR. LANG has no doubt painted the ceremony of commencing the bridge, substituting for the foundation stone, foundation coal.

Be this as it may. KING COAL'S new Palace is opened. Compared with the power and purpose of which it is the representative and free type,—what a Prison-Palace is the Palace of St. Petersburg! What a wigwam, hung with bleeding scalps, the Palace of Vienna!

Great, indeed, is the royalty of England's KING COAL. We marvel how many Kings of Naples, for instance, KING COAL could hide in his bushel!

A LITTLE BIRD.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.



SCENE I.—Blisworth Station. The north train (Peterborough Line) coming in, the north train (Lincoln Line) going out: the Birmingham train waiting to come in, the York train waiting to go out; several cross-country trains coming, going, waiting to come, waiting to go; a few pilot engines running about playfully; a goods' train across the line, several horses being put into horse-boxes, and kicking on the platform—Luggage scattered about—Porters rushing to and fro—Station-Master in several places at once, and bells ringing at intervals.

Unprotected Female (descends hastily from north down train. To ELDERLY GENTLEMAN). Do we change carriages here?
Elderly Gent. (distractedly). Two portmanteaus, black leather bag, hat-case. Hollo! that's mine!

[Darts after Young Gentleman carrying bag.

Unprotected Female (to ELDERLY GENT.). Are you a guard?
Elderly Gent. Go to the dev—(turns and recognises FEMALE). No—my trunk—my trunk!

[Rushes wildly in two directions after two parties. Struggle.
Unprotected Female. Oh! somebody—(Train begins to move. Screams). Stop! I'm going on! (Is about to tumble under wheels, is stopped by PORTER). Oh,—do we change?

Porter (to ELDERLY GENT.). Yon's your train—There, ma'am. (Points to Lincoln train. OLD GENT. rushes towards it.) No—not yours, Sir—this here lady's: that's yours. (To ELDERLY GENT., pointing to Peterborough train. UNPROTECTED FEMALE rushes towards it.) No, no, ma'am. T' other side for you.

Unprotected Female. There's my bag in the carriage. Oh, dear! dear!

Porter. Which carriage?

Stout Clergyman. This—quick!

[PORTER goes towards it.

Unprotected Female. No—no—That's his—Oh, where's mine? Oh, dear!

Station-Master. Now, ma'am, look sharp. South train going on.

Unprotected Female. Here—Peterborough—South train?

Station-Master (pulling her back). No, ma'am. Lincoln. What luggage, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Two boxes—two cases—four parcels—and two little—Oh! That's my carriage, I'm certain.

[Rushes to a carriage, and plunges under seat. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER does the same—their heads come into violent contact.

Commercial Traveller. Confound—

Unprotected Female. No, it isn't—and two little boys—a leather one and a carpet one.

Porter (ringing bell). Now then! London—Lon—Lon—

Unprotected Female. Oh, where, where?

Porter. What is it, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. London, Sir?

Porter. Peterborough Line, or Lincoln Line, or Birmingham Line, ma'am? Euston Square or Shoreditch? Now, look sharp!

Unprotected Female (gradually going distracted). Oh, I don't know!

Elderly Gent. (from train in motion, stretching wildly from carriage). Hollo! That's my bag on the platform. Stop!

Guard (shutting door violently). All right!

Unprotected Female (wildly). My luggage—Oh, dear!—my little boys!—Oh—do—somebody!

Station-Master.—Lost little boys? Here, quick—lots of little lost boys here—

[Rushes into lost luggage department, followed by UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Here you are! [Produces several little Boys.
Unprotected Female.—Oh, no—I'm not. Oh, Johnny! Oh, Billy! and my boxes!

[Bell outside, and voice, "Now then, Peterborough train south."

Unprotected Female (passionately adjuring STATION-MASTER).—Oh, do—Sir—put me in somewhere!

Station-Master.—This way—not a minute to spare—forward the babies—here—(Shoves UNPROTECTED FEMALE into carriage.) York train!

—all right. [Shuts door violently.

Unprotected Female (screaming from window).—But I'm going to London!

Guard.—All right.

[Train moves on—general confusion.

Tableau—Scene closes.

Wilful Waste of Water.

At the present moment, when the metropolis is absolutely panting for pure water, it is positively shocking to hear that the fountains in Trafalgar Square consume no less than 1000 gallons per minute. From the effect produced, we should have estimated the consumption at about half-a-pint every half-hour, and our kettle actually boils over with indignation at the idea that the paltry spouts at Charing Cross are supplied at such a dreadful sacrifice of an element that is so much wanted in London. There must be some fearful neglect of hydraulic science in the arrangements of these shabby jets, for we would undertake, with a pair of water and a hose of six-squirt power, to make a far more effective pair of fountains than those which now sprinkle their miserable tears, or spit their impertinence out, upon the head and face of the disgusted bystander. We almost wish some patriotic turncock would go and cut the water off on his own responsibility, and Punch would be the first to move a resolution to the effect that he had "deserved well of his country." The best thing that England can possibly do with the miserable *eau d'artifice*, whose playing is the merest child's play, at Charing Cross, is to go at once to the Basins in Trafalgar Square, and wash her hands of the thing altogether.

It's Astonishing how Distance Grows.

ALBERT HOUSE is found to be such a distance now by hundreds of fashionables, who once made it their daily haunt, that Lords and Ladies have been known to set out from Belgrave Square as early as 3 o'clock in search of it, and to return at 7 without having been able to reach the end of their journey.

The distance, in fact, is found to be so great from the West End, that when a lady is about to pay a visit to Albert House, she makes preparations as if she were going on a long expedition, and her sense of the distance is best conveyed by her always directing the coachman to "DRIVE TO HUDSON BAY." It is needless to state that the carriage never gets any nearer than the corner of Piccadilly.

Indeed the fashionable traffic has so completely ceased in that quarter, that a sporting Marquis has offered the sum of £500 to any carriage that explores the passage of the Hyde Park through the Albert Gate.

An Unnatural Son.

MR. LEWIS, a son of the old Actor LEE LEWIS, has left a legacy of £10,000 to the Trustees of the National Gallery, on condition of their hanging the portrait of his father. One is tempted to quote HORACE on the subject: "*Delicta majorum immeritus tuis.*" *Anglice*, "Oh, Lewis, your ancestor didn't deserve it."

We have heard of prodigal sons who consigned their family pictures to the garret, but it is new to find a pious child paying £10,000 to have his father's portrait consigned to the coal-hole.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE TRADE CIRCULAR.

We copy the following extraordinary announcement from the *Morning Chronicle* of Oct. 23. It was found under a heap of dusty intelligence from Leipzig, and, as we thought it too precious a jewel to be lost, we have taken the trouble of re-setting it to adorn the casket of our pages:

"Civet cats were in great demand; Wolf very dull; as also Virginian foxes, of which only one parcel of 2000 were sold. Bears were in great demand, and were bought up eagerly by the Poles. Badgers were neglected. White Fox without sale. Blue Fox deficient. Grey Fox abundant, but high. Country Foxes were bought up rapidly at any prices. A great deficiency of Cats, both black and blue. Weasels were of very inferior quality."

We could make neither head nor tail of the above mysterious mixture of all sorts of animals taken from the well-known miscellaneous collection of the *Happy Family*. First of all, we were deeply pained to hear that the "Badgers were neglected," for we have always looked upon the Badger as a favourite animal that was greatly run after. Next, we were rather rejoiced to be told that there was a "deficiency of cats, both black and blue." This is lucky for the Leipzig larders, though cooks must feel the scarcity dreadfully. By-the-by, we never heard of a "blue cat." This must be the voracious cat that is sure to devour a leg of mutton when the policeman calls.

We were a little surprised at the announcement that the "Bears were bought up eagerly by the Poles." We should have thought that the Poles had had enough of the great Russian Bear to last them all their lives. It may be, that some of our stock-brokers went over to "bear the market," though again the highness of the article may be accounted for by the simple fact, that all Bears have a tendency to rise when brought in sight of a Pole.

But the whole article mystified us. Could it be Mr. TYLER, we asked, who has gone over to Leipzig to make fresh purchases for his Zoological Gardens? Who is it that can want such a number of animals? They cannot be for our House of Commons, for that Bear Garden is quite large enough. They may probably be for our sporting squires, for we notice, amongst the choice items disposed of, that "country foxes were bought up rapidly." Our country gentlemen have been long complaining of the growing scarcity and dearth of foxes, and this new investment, we said, has undoubtedly been made to remedy the deficiency. England will be overrun with Reynards of all colours, and our intrepid sportsmen will race with one another to be "in at the death," in order to present their wives with the brush of a "blue fox." We must confess we do not envy much the NIMROD who had to carry home the nice little "parcel," above mentioned, of "2000 Virginian Foxes."

Our fears, however, have run away with us, and it appears that they have not the slightest ground for doing so. British homesteads are not to be desolated once more with ravenous wolves, and English ducks and hens will be allowed to "sit" in peace and quietness, without any impertinent fox (who from his breeding should know better), "dropping in" upon them. If any of the animals above specified are imported, it will not be in a live state, but their hides will be so well tanned, that any lady will be able to wear a "blue cat" round her neck, and any gentleman have the pleasure of pressing a badger to his bosom, with the greatest impunity. The alarming sacrifice of bears, civet cats, badgers, and weasels, turns out to be only a quiet sale of furs! We have been nearly frightened out of our skins,—but nothing more. The Trade Circular has deceived us this once, but we will take good care that it does not "catch a weasel asleep" a second time.

Protectionist Pumps.

MR. EVELYN, the Protectionist Member for West Surrey, at the late Agricultural Dinner at Guildford is reported to have told his audience that—

"In times of difficulty they should all set their hands to the work, and if the ship were leaking that was a reason why all hands should go to the pumps."

All hands should go to the pumps! What does that mean? That the agricultural interest should have recourse to the Protectionists?

ANOTHER TALE OF A TUB.

A YOUNG gentleman (of Trinity College, Dublin), whose notions of Ancient History are infinitely too Rollin, for they apparently have gathered nothing, will insist upon it that our old friend DIOGENES was no more a cynic than LYNN, or QUIN, or PYM, but that his great object in carrying about a tub every where was only to *sell oysters*.

He maintains that the fact of DIOGENES being an oysterman sufficiently accounts for his being the first man on record who "astonished the natives."

MOTTO FOR SEWER COMMISSIONERS.—Slow, but not sewer.

THE GREATEST PILL-AR OF THE STATE.—The EARL OF ALDBOROUGH.

THE NELSON COLUMN.

A PROPHECIC ODE.

THE Nelson Column

Riseth solemn,

But isn't finish'd, though we've raised the capital;

The old boy and the old man

Complain that now they can-

Not as of old snugly enjoy their nap at all.

The folks make such a pother

About something or other,

But which the very masons when they saw,

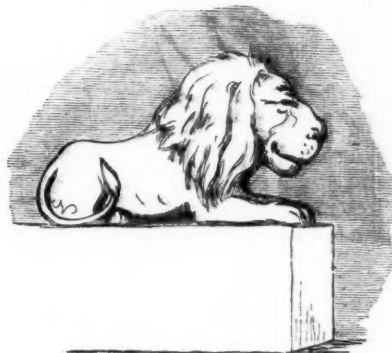
Letting their chisels fall,

From sight of bas-reliefs found a relief in "bah."

Nor can we place reliance

Upon the four stone lions,

Which we're assured are to grace the corners:



AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

But which we think are certain
(If we may lift the curtain
That veils the future from the scoff of scorners,
To end, if they *do* end in aught at all,
Thus—in a baked apple and 'tater stall!



AS IT WILL BE.

An Island that understands Self-Government.

THE *Daily News* says, "Malta at this moment has no Governor, or Chief Secretary, or Commander-in-Chief of the troops present—they are all away on leave, and yet the machine works on as well as usual." In fact, we should say much better than usual, considering the Governor is no less a personage than MR. MORE O'FERRALL. By-the-by, since that honourable gentleman receives his salary all the same, he must be paid by Government to keep away from the Island. Viewed in that light, he is well worth his salary.

We advise the Colonial Secretary to take a lesson from Malta, for it is rumoured that his temper is so uncertain that he would be all the better at times for a little Self-Government.



MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING CAP COMES HOME, BUT THAT IS REALLY A THING MRS. BRIGGS CAN NOT, AND WILL NOT PUT UP WITH!

HOW TO INCREASE RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

ALL sorts of speculations—some of them very bad speculations—have been afloat as to the cause of the diminution of Railway Traffic throughout the country, but the most ingenious mode of increasing it is one that our own little Railway has hit upon. At the recent meeting of this promising little concern, it was stated that the directors had sent three parcels down their own line by way of experiment, or more probably *pour encourager les autres*, though the result was not very encouraging, for it was stated at the same meeting that only one of the parcels reached its destination. This mode of increasing traffic may be applied to the passenger as well as the parcel department, for any railway may send its clerks and porters to take tickets and run up and down the line, by way of giving life to the concern when it seems to be languishing.

The idea is not altogether a novel one, for it is only a modification of the principle of the unknown author who used to order a copy of his own work, and pay for it in order to promote a sale at the publisher's. The result was, that he, in time, had paid for and got upon his own shelves the entire impression of the work with which he had hoped to make a favourable impression on the public. There is something truly Tootsian in the notion adopted by the directors of our little line in despatching parcels directed to themselves by their own line, at their own expense, for their own satisfaction.

The Kilkenny Cats in Paris.

It seems that there are two parties in the French Chambers. The debates are always interrupted by "A Voice on the Right," and "A Voice on the Left," and considering how seldom the debates are argued on the former, it is no wonder that the divisions should always prove for Freedom to be over the latter. But this division of parties may somewhat account for the pugnaciousness of its members; for judging them by their disputes, their boxes on the ear, their challenges, blows, and duels, never were representatives so fond of hitting "right and left."

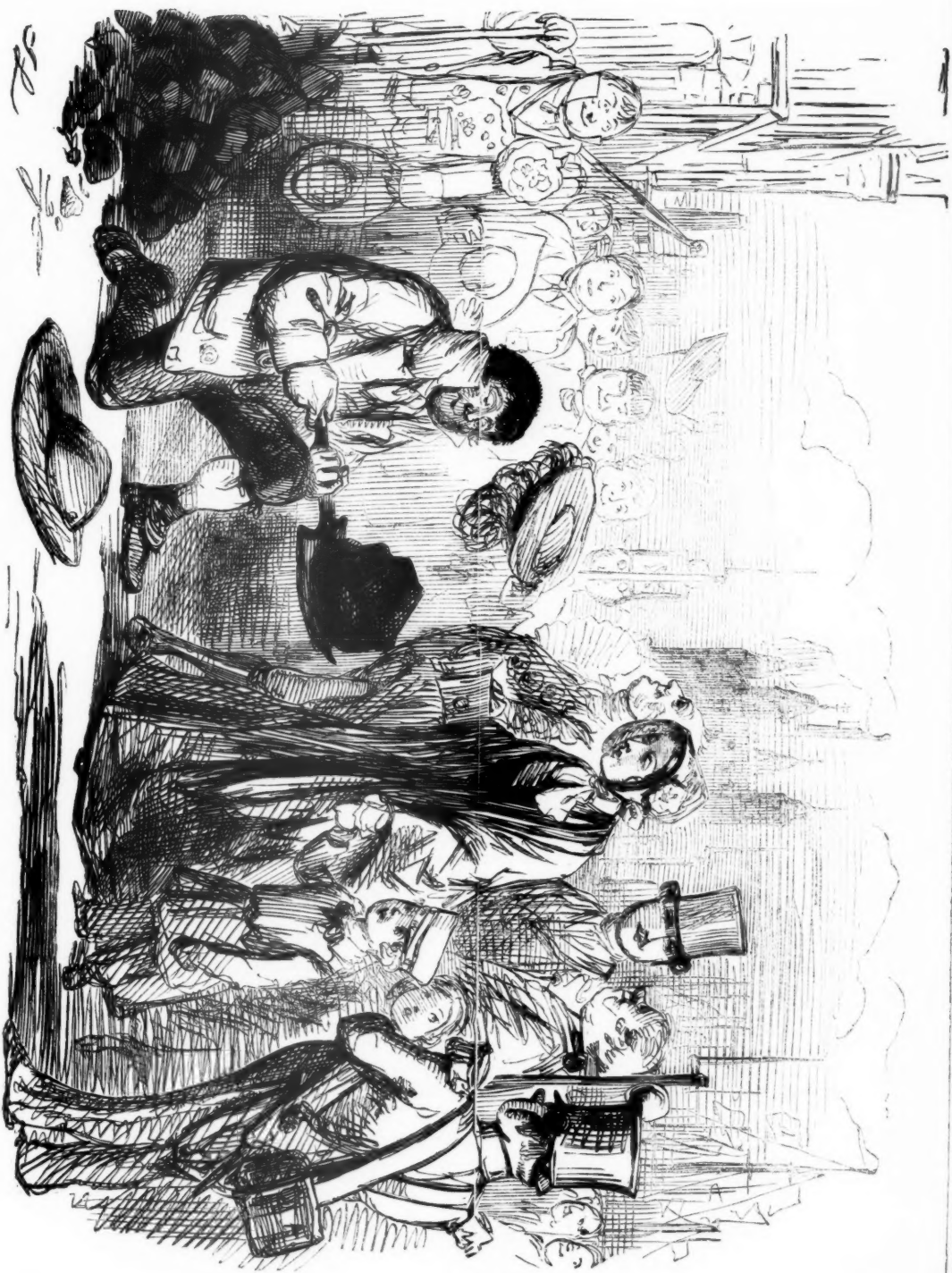
THE TIES AND NECK TIES OF HOME.

The literature of the cravat must now be added to our products of the march of intellect, for a book has just been published on the subject of the neck-handkerchief, and the work is illustrated by a vast number of engravings, showing the different modes of arranging that important article of male attire. When we consider how necessary it is to know how to hold one's head up in society, and when we reflect how much the tie of the cravat may tend to the formation of other ties of more tender character—for the arrow of love has often reached the female heart from the bow round the neck of a gay cavalier—when, we repeat, we remember these things, we cannot be surprised that the adjustment of a noose, by which a dearer noose is frequently effected, should have become the subject of a literary composition.

We wonder MR. BURKE, the heraldic author, who is so great on the topic of old family Stocks, does not take the new stocks of the existing generation under his cognizance. As far as stiff-necked pride is concerned, we do not see that it can have anything more appropriate than a well-starched stock to rest upon, and we hope therefore MR. BURKE will not consider the subject to be beneath the dignity of his ordinary labours.

The Great Tailor for Bucks.

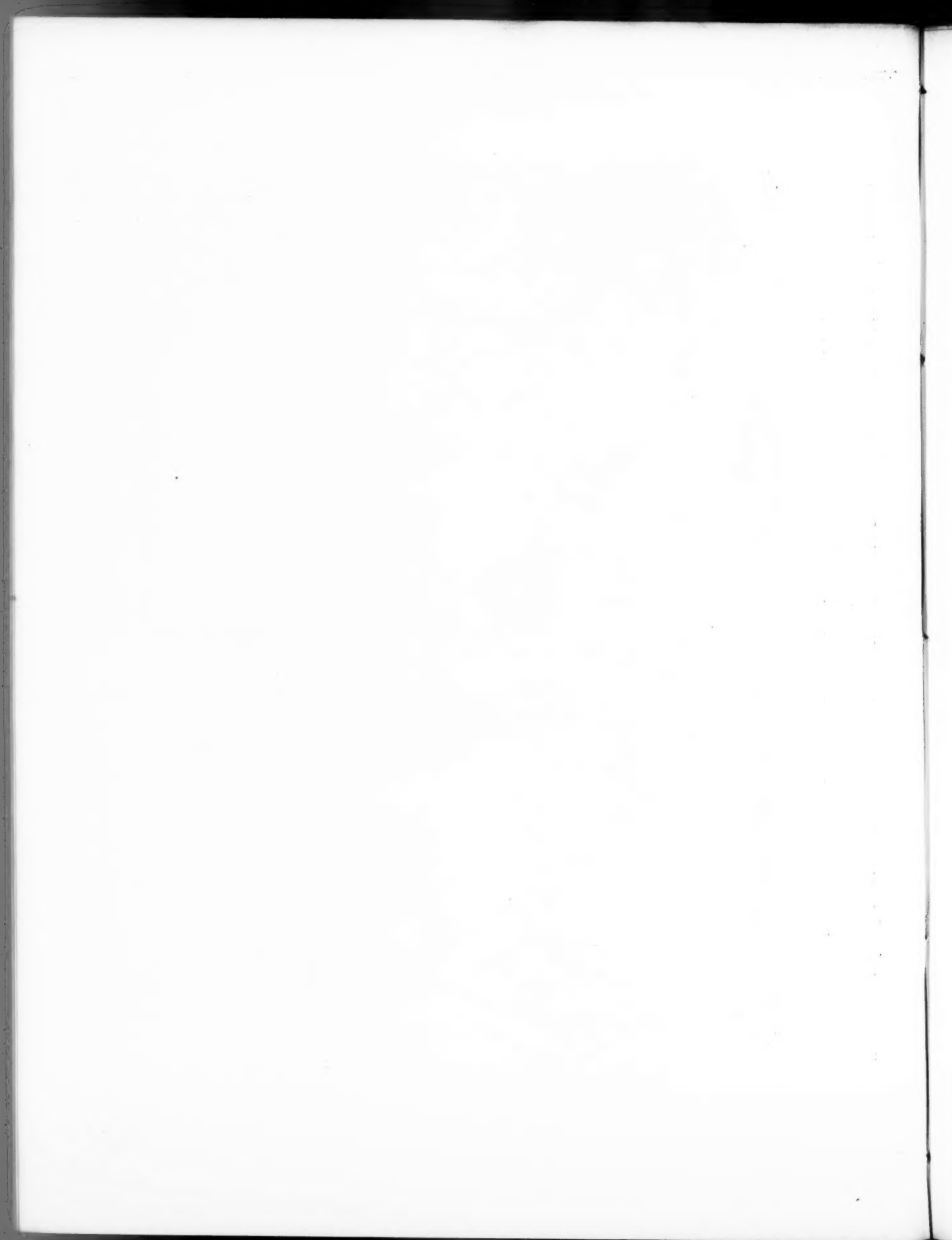
THE *Edinburgh Review* says that "Cabbage is found to be richer in muscular matter than any other crop." On the strength of this, the *Morning Chronicle* recommends MR. DISRAELI to raise the cry of "Cheap Cabbage." Till his Utopian schemes for relieving the agricultural distress were perfected, the cabbage would certainly be something to stop the farmers' mouths, and prevent their crying. It would have, also, this further advantage; in all measures where there is cabbage, there is generally something else. Now, MR. DISRAELI might identify himself so thoroughly with this new measure, that he could find the agriculturists not only in their Cabbage, but in a magnificent Goose also. We have no doubt either, if the great M. P. for Bucks were strongly pressed, that he would not mind cooking it for them into the bargain.



OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE,

(As Mr. Punch hoped it would have been).

Ceremony of Presenting a Magnificent Black Diamond to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.



A BONE FOR BONNYCASTLE.



A GREAT arithmetical puzzle—which would defy the astuteness of the calculating boy himself—is now pervading the streets of London, and the western suburbs. This modern Sphinx, to which we have for some time been vainly endeavouring to play the part of *ŒDIPUS*, is the fare of a Kensington Omnibus. It purports to be threepence from Sloane Street to Charing Cross, and sixpence from Charing Cross to Sloane Street—a result which has no parallel except in the extraordinary case of the wonderful Rhinoceros that, according to the Showman's description, measured 44 inches from the snout to the tail, and 88 inches from the tail to the snout.

We defy BONNYCASTLE himself, or the old original Tutor's Assistant, with the aid of his own Key, to discover, with anything like certainty, the fare by a Kensington Omnibus. We have tried it every way, and endeavoured to work it out in every possible manner, but when we have seen 3d. distinctly painted on the window of the Omnibus, we have somehow or other found that the money we pay cannot be got to agree with the sum indicated on the vehicle. As the Arithmeticians say, "Given, 6d. To Find, the Change out of it." Let any one try it, and he will find it almost impossible.

We sometimes fancy there must be a system of pantomime scrolls applied to the windows of the Kensington Omnibuses, for though you see 3d. as large as life on all parts of the vehicle, get in where you may, and get out where you may, you will find, by the close inspection of some almost invisible type, that yours is not a case for change out of sixpence. Sometimes even this coin will not suffice, and, by a most unintelligible effect of the atmosphere on the fare, a wet night will raise it to a shilling, and you will have the door slammed in your face without another word, if you decline being taken in on the terms of the conductor.

We are no advocates for unreasonably low fares, and we have no desire to enjoy the privilege of being drawn for twopence by cattle so debilitated as to be scarcely able to draw anything more than their last breath, but we must say we like a little uniformity, and we should be glad to know what the fare really is on the Kensington Road, for the price is at present as variable as the Share List, and seems to be regulated by the arbitrary will of the conductor for the time being. As a glut of buyers in the market sends shares up, a number of riders will in five minutes double the fares on the road to Kensington.

We highly appreciate the value of permanency in all our institutions, and we shall not be satisfied till we see the principle applied to the fares of the Omnibuses we have been speaking of. It is true that the Company, having a monopoly of the road, may do what they like with the road, which is exclusively their own, but a little wholesome opposition may yet be found to bring the Company and their fares to a level. A fitful attempt was recently made with a retired Chelsea Omnibus, and a pair or so of brutes so exquisitely attenuated, that—

"Nothing lived 'twixt them and dog's meat."

But though this "unreal mockery" of an opposition dismally failed, and the Chelsea cavalry retired before the ridicule of the enemy—the unhappy horses looking as if they were fed upon nothing but chaff from the drivers and conductors of the rival Omnibuses—it is not improbable that a more earnest, and consequently a successful, attempt will be made to break up a monopoly that threatens to place the weary feet of the western traveller in the hands of a little band of determined 'bus-men, with a delusive 3d. painted on the panels, and 6d. or 1s. engraved on their hearts.

NOBILITY OF THE MIND AND POCKET.

We have great pleasure in giving publication to the following interesting instance of

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

"THE DUKE OF — presents his compliments to the Directors of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway, and begs to return them the sum of £5000, which he considers is the lawful property of their Company, as it was the amount of profit upon certain shares that were presented to the DUKE by M^r. HUDSON."

We have no doubt that this liberal example will be largely followed by other members of our proud English Nobility, who were not too proud at the time to participate in M^r. HUDSON's gains, but who, we are sure, will be far too proud to keep those gains now that they know by what dishonest means they were obtained. We hope in a few days to be able to publish a long list of the most aristocratic conscience monies. We shall not be surprised to find one or two Duchesses' names amongst them.

BLUEBOTTLES IN THE VATICAN.

THE French soldiers are called at Rome "THE POPE'S POLICEMEN." Of course they belong to the "See" Division?

A BARGEES' BALLAD.

It was off Bankside soer,
Our gallant barge she lay—
A noble craft as you don't see
Her ekal every day.
And as we lay at the Bankside,
A bawful groan I eared,
And under our stem an old gent I 'spied,
With pea-green 'air and beard.
Like an elderly mud-lark he did rise
His body from the sludge;
Says I, "You're a come here, priggish coals,"
Wich he did answer, "Fudge."
"I'm FATHER THAMES," he says, says he;
Out of my bed I've rose,
To seek for a drop of decent stuff,
To wash my face and clothes.
"For I've heard tell of our noble QUEEN,
To the City how she sails,
With the royal ALBERT, her Consort,
And also the PRINCE OF WHALES.
"It's long since poor old Thames 'as 'ad
The honour a Queen to carry,
Thof often I carried good QUEEN BESS,
KING JAMES, and bloody MARY.
"And as for Whales, 'tain't many o' them
That I sees come my way;
Except that one at Erith stairs,
As they cort t' other day.
"But in them old and ancient times,
I was fit for to be seen;
My bed it were both smooth and sweet,
My waters bright and clean.
"My 'air it warn't as now you see"—
And he squeezed it with his 'and,
And all sorts of nasty slimy things
Dropped out of every strand.
Says he, "There never was river ran,
That, at my time o' day,
'As been treated as bad as they treat me,
Nor served in such a way.
"They pisons me with soocerage,
With rubbidge, shoes, and 'ats,
With chimicals, coal tar, and gas,
And with dead dogs and cats.
"And though a water Power I be,
You'll think it werry funny,
I can't raise a drop of the real stuff,
Either for love or money.
"Now, as I wants to do my best,
And be fit for to be seen,
(As any river in England would,
If axed to bear the QUEEN),
"I wish you'd speak to the vater works,
Or vatever's the proper quarter,
And ax if they can't spare FATHER THAMES
A drop of clean soft water."

THE STANDARD OF SHERRY—WHAT IS IT?

THEE meets our eye, at many a turn, a placard headed with the unintelligible phrase, THE STANDARD OF NATURAL SHERRY. We cannot comprehend the existence of any wine in a state of Nature, and we cannot imagine the sort of Standard which Natural Sherry has adopted. Can it be the flag that has braved a thousand years the bottle and the breeze? or, is it the Standard at Cornhill, in the neighbourhood of which a good deal of Sherry—rather more artificial than natural—is to be met with? Does the song of the Standard Bearer refer to the Standard of Natural Sherry, and what is the meaning of the "Nutty Flavour," spoken of in the advertisement we are alluding to? Perhaps the whole mystery lies in a nutshell, but even if it does, we are at a loss what to make of it. Are we expected to believe that Natural Sherry is a production of nature, and not of art?—a sort of wine in the wood, just as the oak and sapling are to be met with in the forest? We pause for a reply—but whoever attempts a reply must be good enough to pay the postage.

YOUR MONEY, OR—"COMPENSATION."

It seems that no less than 8000 writs were issued last year by the Palace Court. These were properly 8000 cases of extortion or persecution, purposely taken into the Palace Court to swell the costs. The Court, we are told, is to be abolished at the end of this year, but compensation is to be given to every one who had an interest in it. Compensation for what? For the maintenance of a vile sinecure, for a public wrong, for a wholesale robbery. If any one should be compensated, it ought to be the 8000 persons against whom the writs above mentioned were taken out. *They* are the real sufferers—but there is no talk of compensation for them. The persons who shared the plunder are to receive a further plunder in the shape of compensation money, but those who were plundered are not even to have the money of which they were shamelessly plundered returned to them. Surely, there is something faulty, something almost wicked, in this system of compensation: We pay people because they have been thriving all their lives upon abuses. The greater the abuse, generally, the greater the compensation. We would not give these Palace Court gentlemen a farthing. If the Palace Court be paid, we shall not be astonished to see Mr. HUDSON come forward and demand compensation!

THE
FUN AT FARMERS' DINNERS.

MR. PUNCH will really be obliged to invite himself personally to an agricultural dinner; a kind of banquet whereat the good cheer, (notwithstanding agricultural starvation) and the equally good fun, seem, united, to form a treat which Mr. P. cannot longer deny himself. He would have given away several numbers of his popular periodical, *gratis*, to have been present, the other day, at the Guildford banquet, could he have foreseen the sport which befel there. The newspaper reports of the festivity are, however, more than droll enough, and from these records Mr. Punch, in convulsions of mirth, with difficulty transcribes the following extracts:—

"At the conclusion of a substantial repast, the usual loyal toasts were given, and drunk in rapid succession."

(So it would seem.)

"The Chairman then observed, that the present was an agricultural and not a political meeting, and that any gentleman who trespassed on the forbidden ground of politics would be at once called to order."

This announcement, it is stated, was received with "cheers." The reporter, doubtless, meant "laughter," and if he had not attended more to his dining than his reporting, would have informed us that the worthy chairman uttered the above words with a marked ironical emphasis, and followed them up by making a face and taking a sight at the company, who responded by cries of "Over the left," and appropriate gestures. For he, immediately afterwards, having given "The Army and Navy," coupled with the name of LORD EGOMT:—

"His Lordship, in acknowledging the toast, said he regretted to observe that there was rising

up in this country a base Republican faction, which was endeavouring to squeeze a too squeezable Government into accordance with their views, and to destroy that glorious free Protestant constitutional monarchy of which this country had so long justly boasted."

&c. &c.!! &c.!!! &c.!!!! &c.!!!!!!

In this style (after the usual loyal toasts, &c.) proceeded the noble Lord to the end of his oration, without any other interruption than "cheers."

For the enjoyment of all the humours of a political debating club, (to follow a substantial repast and the usual loyal toasts), commend Mr. Punch to an agricultural dinner where politics are tabooed, and where anybody who refers to them will be at once called to order.

PRECIOUS LIBERTY!



"PARDON, MADAME, VOTRE PASSE-POR, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT."

Panic in the Fish Market.

WE regret to say that the fish market has not emerged from the panic into which it was thrown by the epidemic which has now happily disappeared, though the public has not yet recovered its fishy appetite. Last week's prices show very little improvement, for oysters, which were dull at the opening, have continued in the same state, and mussels gave way so rapidly, that anything approaching muscular strength in the market seemed utterly out of the question. A speculator in eels let several slip through his fingers, and though oysters in the bed appeared at one time to be getting up, they evidently required a great deal of bolstering. The discovery of a new bed of oysters at Shoreham, marked out by four posts and forming a sort of four-post-bed, may, perhaps, give the trade an impetus.

Orange Donkeyism.

MR. BEERS, the Irish Orangeman and ex-magistrate, seems determined not to allow the unfortunate notoriety which he has acquired in connexion with "Dolly's Brae" to subside. He seems to glory in the honours of the Brae, and, in his epistolary effusions on that subject, to have written himself down a kind of animal truly entitled to them.

THE DUSTMAN.

I KNEW the dustman years ago;
I see his open visage now:
His fan-tail'd hat, his footsteps slow,
His velvetens, his honest brow,
A chord is touch'd which but requires
A breath to blow away the rust
Which time deposits on the wires
That vibrate to the cry of "Dust."

I view within his mournful eye
Reflection's melancholy trace;
Thousands may pass him coldly by,
Volumes are written in his face.
It bears an impress full of thought,
A lesson that we all may trust;
The proudest may by one be taught,
Who knows so much of common dust.

I've seen him turning o'er and o'er
The recently collected heap;
And oft with disappointment sore
I've watched him turn aside and weep:
When all his scrutinising pains
Found nothing but a mouldy crust,
Not e'en a tea-spoon, whose remains
Might give some value to the dust.

I've heard him in the saddest tones,
In language that the sense confounds,
Vent curses on the price of bones—
Eight paltry pence for twenty pounds.
And then I've seen his visage fall,
And heard him say, "What must be
must;
Vexation is the fate of all,
And all alike must end in dust."

I think he's now a wiser man;
I fear he sometimes care beguiles
In beer's too captivating can:
I'm sure he very seldom smiles.
But this I know—that he has learn'd
With what is sad to blend what's just;
I've had a silver fork return'd
Which chance had thrown among the
dust.

Then visit not with harsh decree
The dustman who'll at fate repine;
How would it go with you or me,
Were his condition yours or mine?
It is a question opening wide
A thousand points to be discuss'd;
But neither of us could abide
Too close a sifting of our dust.

A VOICE FROM THE STOMACH.

SOMEBODY recommends what he calls a "voice lozenge," which, it is asserted, gives "tone to the stomach." This must be very convenient to singers; for anything which gives "tone to the stomach" must add to the usual advantage of a *voce di petto*, a regular *voce di ventre*, which would be hailed anywhere as a decided novelty.

A stomach with a tone to it must be equal to a barrel organ, and would furnish to a vocalist the means of accompanying himself without being dependent on any external instrument.

We can understand the stomach of a cat having a tone, for it is the source whence we derive all our fiddle-strings; but the human stomach with a tone to it, is a phenomenon which ought to make the lozenge that produces it universally popular.

THE CRY OF THE PROTECTIONISTS.
"Good luck protect us from DISRAELI!"

OLD BAILEY LADIES.

From MISS LOUISA ———, to MISS CHARLOTTE ———.

"MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—

"I HAVE just come home from the Old Bailey Dock in that horrid Newgate, and you *can't* think what a flutter I'm in. Dear me! If it isn't more exciting than the Opera; and then, you know, love, what makes it more delightful, it's all true. But let me tell you all about it.

"OUR CHARLES knowing dear MR. — (he is one of the — of the City of London) got tickets for myself and ARABELLA to hear the *whole* of the trials of those horrid, dreadful creatures, the MANNINGS. Coming late (for you know what a girl ARABELLA is; never ready when everybody else is) there was no room for us upon the Bench, where I saw those girls the PIERPOINTS (who always push themselves everywhere); and so we were obliged to take a seat with the dreadful blood-thirsty creatures in the dock. I didn't much like it at first; but after half-an-hour or so, got quite reconciled to the situation, as it enabled us to see all the movements of each of the criminals' countenance—the monsters.

"There were many ladies in Court; as our *Post* says, 'notabilities.' I think I saw MADAME TUSSAUD: but then her visit was, of course, purely one of business.

"When the creatures came into the dock, I was all in a twitter, and upon my word and honour, do you know, I felt for a moment as if murder was catching. The villain MANNING was dressed in plain black; and looked such a wretch, the Sunday papers not making him half monster enough. (By the way, I'll send you his likeness in a locket, with, if possible, a bit of his hair, and then you can judge for yourself.) MRS. MANNING was very nicely dressed, indeed. When I looked at her, I thought the jury must find such a black satin gown not guilty—but they didn't. Besides the black satin, she had a plaid shawl of the Stuart pattern. Wore a very beautiful cap, that I have no doubt will be fashionable, with such beautiful lace lappets and lace ruffles that—no, I never! It did seem to me impossible that such hands, with such lappets, could commit a murder; but, then, such doubts made the sweetness of the interest.

"Well, the trial went on, and I felt myself so much at home with the horrid prisoners that, once or twice, I caught myself about to offer my eau-de-cologne to the wretched culprit at the bar—but I didn't. As the witnesses were examined, if it wasn't much better than a play, I'm not here, that's all. MR. SERJEANT WILKINS was a little hard upon our sex; but then you know, he was paid for it—and that explains everything.

"Well, my dear, to beshort, the judge summed up, and the jury retired, and the interest was delightful. They came in at last, and the judge began to pronounce sentence, when MRS. MANNING—well! didn't she show her spirit!—called every body a pack of wretches, and threw all the sweet and bitter herbs before her, upon the wigs of the lawyers. It was altogether a great deal finer than GRISI's *Norma*, and much more real than MRS. WARNER's *Lady Macbeth*. However, the judge went on, and sentenced the horrible criminal to be hanged; and MRS. MANNING flounced out of the dock, telling 'em all to go and be ashamed of themselves.

"Having broken the ice, if they are executed I think I shall go and see the sight. For if ladies make the Old Bailey fashionable, I don't see why they shouldn't patronise the new drop. It is so exciting: and as I said before,—so real.

"Good bye, for I'm going to dress for dinner—but I wouldn't miss the post. Should there ever be another trial, you must come up to London, and go to Newgate, with (my dear girl)

"Your affectionate
"LOUISA."

"Oct. 28th.

"P.S. Bonnets are coming out with bunches of artificial rue, *à la dock*: if you want one, give an order for a Newgate chip."

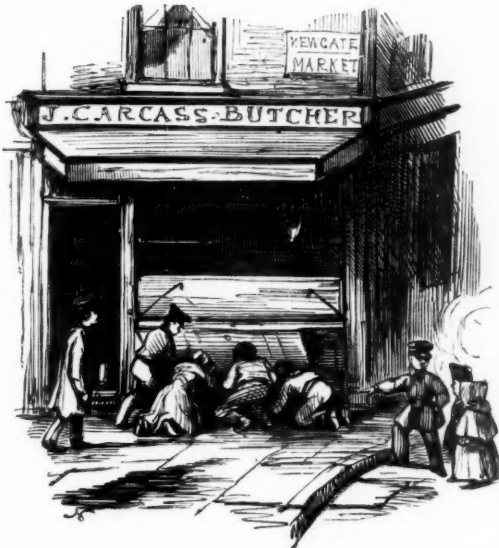
MONOMANIACS OF THE EXCHEQUER.

THE daily acknowledgments of the receipt of conscience-money made by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in the *Times* must have induced a suspicion in the reflecting mind that, somehow, there must be a vast number of lunatics at large. The announcement, last week, that he had received £50 "*pro bono publico*" is a clear proof of the insanity of somebody, evidently unfit to be trusted with his own cash. It is the opinion of Mr. Punch that both the penitents and benefactors of the Exchequer, the P. G.'s, F. W.'s, X. Y.'s, and A. S. S.'s, are simply one eccentric old gentleman, with more money than brains, and slightly disordered in respect of the latter.

As the mania of this cracked unknown develops itself, he will, very likely, be sending the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER his watch,

rings, and snuff-box, and overwhelming the Treasury with baskets of game, or swamping it with hampers of wine. Nothing is more painful to think upon than misdirected benevolence, and there is an office (85, Fleet Street) to which the stream of bounty we have been just contemplating might just as well be diverted from that of the Exchequer. That is the place for those to send presents to, who are disposed to be generous for fun.

THE CORPORATION RAGGED SCHOOLS.



THE Corporation neglect Education, and attention to the morals of the rising generation! On the contrary, we've no hesitation in stating in this publication, that for the edification of the youthful population, they've opened places of education; to wit, for teaching the humanities, the slaughtermen's and carcase-butchers' shambles, and for instructing in the urbanities, there's Smithfield Market for Young England's rambles; where they may learn from songsters great as greasy, the art of slang-song *à la* Free and Easy; from drovers, courtesy and kindly bearing; from knackers, catch the knack of profane swearing; courage, from seeing sheep and lambskins slaughtered; and cyphering, from watching oxen quartered.

In short, that they may learn all life's best rules—doth Smithfield Market hold its Ragged Schools.

A NATION COMMITTED TO NEWGATE.

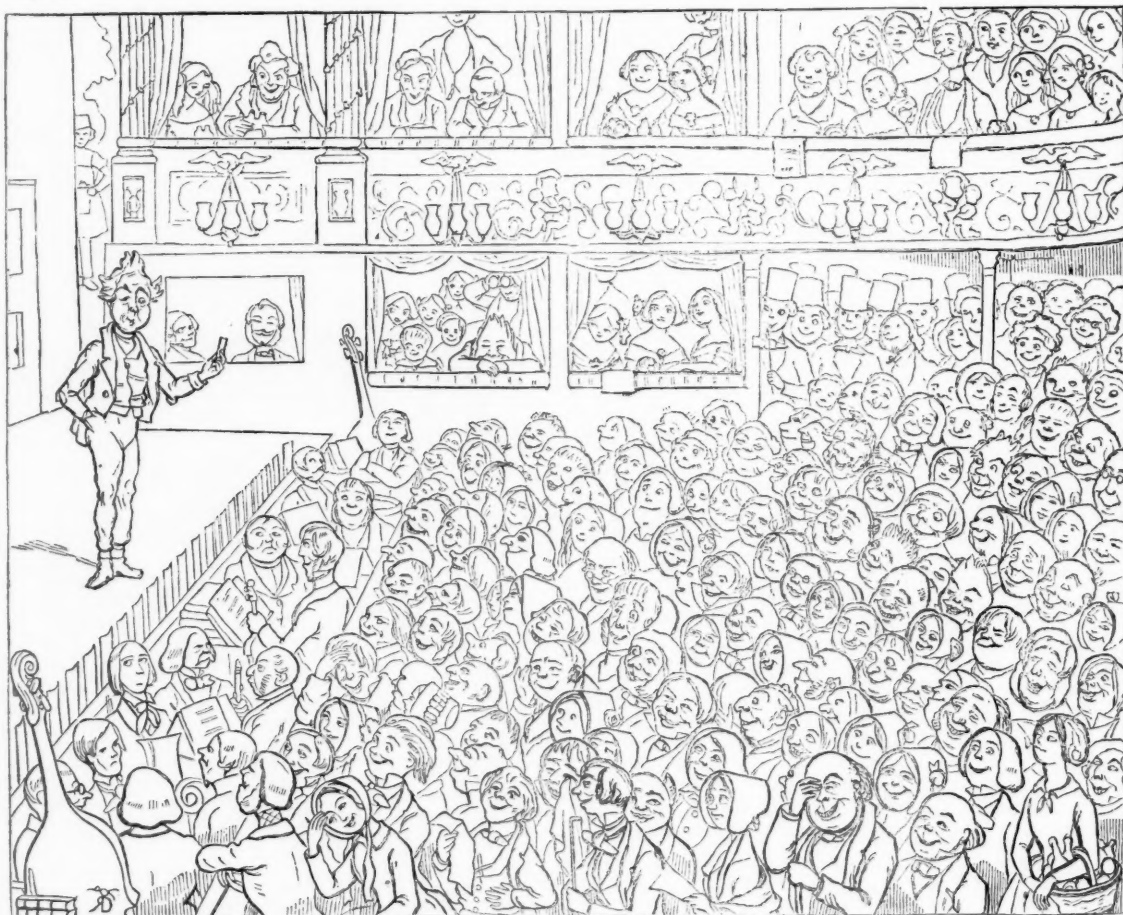
THERE are no less than 40,000 persons imprisoned for political offences in the Kingdom of Naples. If it goes on at this rate, FERDINAND will not have a single free subject left. Every man in the kingdom will be a prisoner; every house will be a jail. There will soon be nothing but dogs and babies seen in the streets. His Ministers must have new titles. They will be receiving fresh appointments as follows:—

First Lord of the Stone Jug.	Chief Secretary for Hard Labour.
Lord Privy Turnkey.	First Lord of the Hulks.
Lord High Policeman.	Chancellor of the Duchy of the Penal Settlements.
Chancellor of the Condemned Cell.	Hereditary Lord High Constable and Chief Beadle.
Commander-in-Chief of the Sheriff's Officers.	Hereditary Usher of the Birch Rod.
Home Secretary for Newgate.	Lord High Keeper of the Stocks.
Foreign Secretary for Botany Bay.	Paymaster-General of Policemen in plain clothes.
Master of the Handcuffs.	
Lord President of the Treadmill.	

KING FERDINAND may boast of ruling over the largest prison in Europe. His kingdom should be walled in like an immense Newgate. Should the odd tancy ever seize him to wash his royal hands, we are afraid that not all the Naples Soap in his kingdom will get them clean again!

A NEW PROVERB.—Reading in the late reports of Railway Investigation Committees of the cost of what they call "rolling stock," we should propose "stocks" for "stones" in an old proverb, and write "Rolling stocks gather no moss."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ENGLISH IN 1849. No 34.



A THEATRE SHOWING THE HOUSE AMUSED BY A COMIC ACTOR.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Friday, October 25, 1849.—To the old House in the Market, where I would fain have seen *Macbeth*, for the Acting as well as the Divertisement; but this not the Night, so went Half-Price, and did see the *Unpolished Gem* instead. Touchstone did play *Brother Dick*, a Country Clown, and his Figure, in a Coat short in the Waist, a huge striped Waistcoat, Trousers too big for him tucked up at the Ankles, Hob-Nail Boots, and a great ill-shaped Hat, mighty droll, and did move the People to clap their Hands and laugh the Moment he come on the Stage. Then did he take off his Hat, and show a red-cropped Head, and smooth down his Hair, and make a Face upon the Audience, whereat they did laugh again, and then turning round show them a Back View of himself, which made them laugh the more. Still greater Laughter the Moment he opened his Mouth, and I did laugh too, as much as any, though I heard not what he said; but only for the Oddness of his Voice, which is such that methinks I could not keep my Countenance to hear him, even if he were speaking *Hamlet*. Mighty droll to see him in a fine House make himself a Home after the Fashion of a Bumpkin, and hear him in his rustical Drawl and Twang relate all the News and Tattle of his Village. What with his clodhopping Gait, and Awkwardness, and Independence, and Impudence, he did make,

methinks, the veriest Lout I did ever see, even in Hampshire. His Politeness even drollier than his Rudeness, and his Ploughboy Courtesy of kissing his Hand as comical as could be. But I know not well whether I do more prefer his Cocknies or his Clowns; for methinks I have seen him do a Snob as well as a Clodpole, and he is very good in both, whether a rustical Booby or a Whippersnapper Spark; and do use V for W, and misuse or drop his H, and talk the Flash and Cant of the Town mighty natural. But to think how we English People do take Delight in everything that is ridiculous; and how I have seen a Theatre ringing with Merriment at the Sight of TOUCHSTONE in a Paper Cap and Apron, with a Baker's Tray, and a Bell, crying "Muffins!" or eating with his Mouth full; or even putting his Arms a Kimbo, or pulling his Hat over his Eyes, and some of the Audience, and myself too, in Fits almost with Laughter. Methinks that Foreigners are wrong to suppose that we are a melancholy People, and would give up this Notion if they could see us at a broad Farce, and how easily we are pleased, and what Straws will tickle us almost to Death. Home, my Sides aching by Reason of TOUCHSTONE's Drolleries, and truly he do make a mighty excellent roguish Buffoon. So to Bed mimicking TOUCHSTONE his Voice to my Wife, which did divert her mightily.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

BIBLE SLAVERY.



By means peculiar to this paper, we are enabled to outstrip all contemporary rivalry, and to lay before our readers a most faithful report of a recent meeting of African savages of the Mozambique nation; a meeting conducted with the greatest decorum, and resulting in most pious resolutions. The proceedings, carefully watched by a LITTLE BIRD, from the top of a date-tree, have been rendered into the most scrupulous English by a gentleman attached to the Foreign Missionary Society, and who passed the very prime of his life among the Makúana race of Cape Delgado, on the Coast of Mozambique.

The meeting was proclaimed by beat of wooden drum, to be held an hour after sunrise, in the centre of the village. The purpose of the meeting to take into consideration the benighted condition of certain individuals, known as the Committee of the British and Foreign Society. At the first gleam of light the people left their cabins, and were assembled in the square. Shortly after, the Makúana Chief, black as night, attended by the oldest men of the tribe, appeared—silence was cried—the chief took his seat upon a bamboo seat, over-spread with a tiger's skin, and an old man stepped forward, carrying a small packet carefully enfolded in palm-leaves. Ceremoniously untying the leaves, he very reverently drew forth—a London newspaper. Whereupon the savage multitude bowed their heads in sign of veneration of the token of truth and human refinement. Three or four women, with the passionate impulsiveness of the sex, dropt upon their knees, and taking their gold ornaments from their necks, laid them upon the earth, as an offering to the picture of the Lion and the Unicorn, printed—tattooed, as they doubtless believed—upon the brow of the aforesaid newspaper.

The old man—his grizzled hair was white as sea-foam, and his appearance, for a savage, benign and intellectual—addressed the multitude. He had, it was known, in the strong days of his youth, when he could have gripped the life from a young lion, and raced down the ostrich in its earliest speed, he had been sold to the English, who "wear clothes, ride upon elephants, climb into houses, and are gods." The wonderful English! They had taught him their tongue: they had taught him that, when he was put into the earth, he should still travel beyond the sky, and, like the sun, be bright and glorious for ever. They had given him a Book that had put wings to his back—a Book that had softened his heart into honey—a Book that had him cast away his war-club, and hug even the Sowauli as brothers. (*Here the savages shouted, and clapped their hands.*) But the mighty English had fallen into the dust. They had made, even of the Book itself, a thing to hurt and to destroy. This was the truth: for it was written in the paper, the Morning Tongue, that though silent, talked to the English nation. He would, however, make the paper speak, so that all should hear him.

Here the old man, with great facility, translated into his own barbarian language the pure English of the morning paper, reading therefrom a report of the proceedings of the British and Foreign Society. According to such doings, the young women who folded and stitched the Bibles and Testaments for the Society—the Scripture Slaves as the old man called them—could not, one with the other, earn more than 5s. 6d. a week. And here, it was curious to observe with what intelligence the speaker described to his hearers the misery inseparable from such wages. It was of no more worth, he told them, in England, than a hundred cowries in Mozambique; it would only buy a few dates, a calabash of milk. And then, he said, the poor English things must pay for houses to live in, and for clothes to wear. They—poor dears!—they had not the same sky and the same freedom as the tribes of Makúana.

A young man then addressed the meeting. If all that they had heard was a true thing,—he would no longer look into the Book that had been given to him by the English—he would no longer listen to the English sent among them. How could the Silent Tongue of the Book talk truth? And could they believe men who said they love all men as brothers, when they starved their wretched sisters? For what became of them? Did they lie down and die?—He, for one, would never look into that Book again. After what he had heard, it was sewed with heart-strings—tattooed in blood—and covered with human skins.

A second elder rose. He told the last speaker that he was no better than a quagga. The Silent Tongue was no less true, because men were untrue to it. Because the English sealed their ears with wax, and whilst they could earn cowries or get much cattle—plenty more elephant tooth and palm wine—would let the Tongue talk beauty, and heed it not,—making white slaves, and spotting white souls—and all to save the black man—to send white into the pit, and black into the sky. All this was like snake that with bright colour—pretty to look at—had poison in tooth. Still, because snake have poison, no reason that there be no pretty colour.

At least a dozen other speakers descanted upon the doings of the Society, that starves the bodies and endangers the souls of wretched girls and women upon miserable pittance. "The Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society"—it is thus our translator renders the words of a Mozambique savage,—*"offer manna to black man, and ashes to white girl."*

After further discussion, the chief—with his hand commanding silence—rose. He spoke gravely and fluently. His words were to this meaning,—*"The English people had, no doubt, done much good among the black races. They had taught the Mozambiques many things that were wise and good. They had sent them books that gave them souls in the sky. But this was in former times. The English of to-day, it was plain as his hand, were no longer the same as the English before them. They had forgotten the preaching of the Silent Tongue, and thought of nothing but stores of ivory and gold dust. Though still white men without, they were black men all inside. Now, he would put this to the Makúana race. (Here was a sudden hush, and the multitude gathered closer about the chief.) These were his words: let them sink into their hearts like water into sand. In days gone past, the English had taught them good. Now, as the English had forgotten what they had taught, let some from among themselves depart from Africa—let them send Mozambique missionaries to enlighten the British and Foreign Society,—and, taking a copy of the Book, make them learn its true beauty and spirit. And when they had learned them, they would no longer send the news of salvation abroad, at the cost of goodness at home."*

This proposition was loudly applauded; and—in due season—a deputation of Mozambique blacks may be expected on their charitable mission in London. It is to be hoped that the benighted Committee of the British and Foreign Society, who sell cheap Bibles at the likely cost of female purity, will give patient ear to the teachings of the philanthropic savages.

A LITTLE BIRD.

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

ADDING some thousands under head "Revenue;"
Imagining traffic, that no body ever knew;
Changing losses to profits, to creditor debtor;
Making fair returns monstrous, and bad returns better;
Clapping some four per-cent. on to a dividend;
Squaring bad books till they right as a trivet end;
Rigging the market your shares to dispose of;
When a shareholder grumbles straight snapping his nose off;
With others' cash buying to sell to yourself;
Making shares out of nothing, and pouching the pelf;
Hunbugging share-buyers, share-sellers, share-holders;
Thinking no lie too heavy to take on your shoulders;
Blowing of bubbles, sans thought of their bursting;
Flinging sops to directors, for pickings a-thirsting;
Building up rotten hopes, on a sandy foundation;
Making gamblers and tricksters of half of a nation;
Of widow and orphan inveigling the pittance;
So to Commons and Lords winning easy admittance;
Oh! this is the fashion which, though not at present,
KING HUDSON has practised of "making things pleasant."

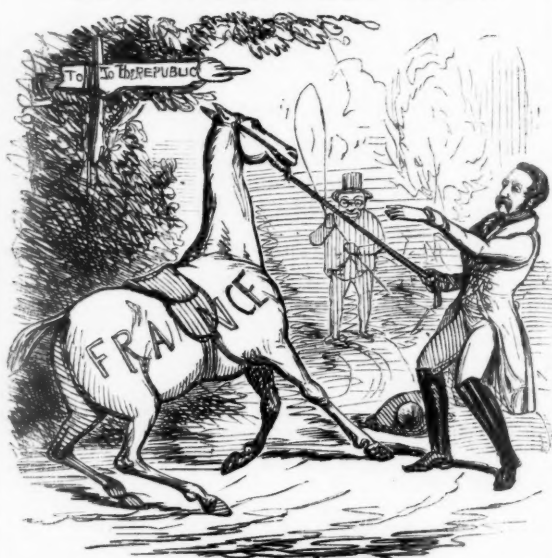
The Lay of the Last Feargus.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR laid down his life again last week. This is really a fact. The awful sacrifice took place at Brighton, at the Financial Reform Meeting. FEARGUS never enters a public meeting now, but what he lays down his life with his hat and gloves on the table, previous to addressing the people. His whole political career lately has been paved with lives he has laid down in all the cities he has travelled through. In the market-place at Nottingham a small stone is shown to the curious, that is almost worn out by the number of times that FEARGUS has laid down his life upon it.

A HOME FOR PULSZKY.

PULSZKY (late aide-de-camp of Kossuth) and MME. PULSZKY are on a visit to the MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE at Bowood. Bravo, Marquess! Bowood to PULSZKY must be Wormwood to Austria.

LOUIS-NAPOLEON'S LAST THROW.



LOUIS-NAPOLEON has for some time been riding the high horse, but he has at last come to a throw, which, although it may be considered as a throw for a very great stake, is of a decidedly desperate character. With such a skittish steed as LOUIS-NAPOLEON had to guide, it was of course very difficult to hold the reins, and he may perhaps be right to a certain extent in refusing to "give her her head." Though his attempt to use the curb may lead to a great deal of inconvenient restiveness, it may nevertheless be said to France:—

"You helped to set your master on your back,
He likes his seat, and makes you show your paces."

Whether these paces will not eventually leave the rider in the lurch, is a question that time will not take very long in answering.

A NEW LOAN FOR NICHOLAS.

SHOULD Russia or Austria require another loan for the purposes of despotism, we hope that either of them may be induced to apply to one of our London Loan Societies. We cannot wish the Czar or any other foreign oppressor any more effectual punishment than to get regularly into the clutches of one of these concerns, and we are quite sure that if NICHOLAS and a London Loan Society were once to come into contact, the awful catastrophe that is to be expected, "when Greek meets Greek," would be fully realised. We are convinced that even the most arbitrary of despots might take a lesson in cruelty and persecution from the practice of a Loan Society, and we can only repeat our hope that when NICHOLAS wants another Loan for a bad purpose, he may put himself in hands similar to those which tore to pieces the unfortunate JONES, whose case has lately excited so much attention.

Father Thames and his Royal Visitors.

POOR OLD FATHER THAMES must have felt rather ashamed of himself on the 30th of October, when he examined his own bosom and found it quite impossible to make a clean breast of it; for in his present dirty state he is really quite unfit to receive the distinguished company that lately honoured him with a visit. We wonder that the City authorities after going to such vast expense to do honour to their guests, were not induced to add a trifle more to filter the water of the river, or, to speak allegorically, to put upon old FATHER THAMES a clean front to conceal his dirty bosom. There had been some talk of including the river among the toasts at the *déjeuner*, but it was soon decided that to drink the Thames was utterly impossible.

CLERICAL LEAFFROG.

(The Ghost of Sidney Smith taking a back over the new Dean of St. Paul's). "Now, MILMAN, tuck in your twopenny!"

LEND ME FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.

"LEND me £500" ought to be the heading of at least twenty advertisements that appear every morning in the *Times* newspaper. Perhaps, however, *Give me £500* would be a still more appropriate "catch line" to those very cool applications to the full-pocketed and empty-headed portion of the community. The following piece of coolness is really quite cucumbrian in its character.

WANTED £500, AMPLY SECURED. Salary £3 per week. Duties requiring attendance from 6 in the evening until 10. A gentlemanly occupation; and for seven years. The lender will have the entire control, and the means of repaying himself. Apply to V.

This announcement presents several points where the imagination may dwell for a few minutes and take a discursive revel in the realms of fancy: "Wanted £500" is all matter of fact enough, but when we come to "Salary £3 per week," there is food for the idealist. What is the salary to be for, and to whom is it to be payable? We get a little insight into the matter from the ensuing sentences, notwithstanding their curt, incoherent, and disjointed character. "Duties requiring attendance from 6 in the evening until 10," is an intimation that opens to us a vague idea of a check-taker's place at a theatre, or a toast-master's situation at public dinners; or the office of bonnet and cloak protector at an early concert room. The next sentence, however, is puzzling, for it alludes to "a gentlemanly occupation; and for seven years;" the period having a perplexing affinity to the customary term of transportation, and being suggestive really of nothing else: for it is impossible to hit upon any occupation either gentlemanly or otherwise which can be called septennial. The grand climax to the advertisement is at the conclusion, which announces in simple language the broad fact that, "the lender will have the means of repaying himself," a most consolatory reflection truly, for the lender, and equivalent to a confession on the part of the advertiser, that the lender will have to look to himself for getting the money back again.

It may be presumed that he who has the means of lending, will have the means of paying, and thus the hypothesis in the advertisement may be supported; but we recommend any person having £500 to part with on the faith of an advertisement, to consider well whether he really has "the means of repaying himself," without looking to any other source for the restoration of his money. To any party in this position, with a superfluous £500 in his pocket, such advertisements as the one we have been noticing may offer several really very "eligible opportunities."

LEGS AGAINST OMNIBUS.

WHILE stopped at Charing Cross our 'Bus quite long enough for any meal,

There pass'd a man whom all of us thought very like SIR ROBERT PEELE.

At last the vehicle went on; then paused again on halting wheel;
Again, when I looked out anon, I saw the man that look'd like PEELE.
We dragg'd up Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, as slowly as the stranded seal;

By passed, when'er the 'Bus stood still, the man so like SIR ROBERT PEELE.

Bound to the Bank, I gained it late: I kick'd and stamp'd with nervous heel,

When in before me at the gate, there stepp'd the gentleman like PEELE.

In future I'll adopt the plan to save my sixpence; for I feel
I'd better trudge it like the man resembling so SIR ROBERT PEELE.

FASHIONS OF DESPOTISM.

A TURIN paper announces that the DUKE OF PARMA has given the galley slaves a new costume, and a hat exactly resembling that adopted by the Liberal party. We dare say the new costume for the galley slaves consists of something in the way of a stripe for their jackets; and as to the hat, we presume from its resemblance to the *chapeau* of the Liberals, that it is intended to bestow a topper for luck on both parties.

A New Word Wanted.

At the last Nenagh Assizes, one JOHN O'BRIEN was sentenced to fifteen years transportation for attacking a miner, named CURRY. He has since, beyond a shadow of doubt, been found innocent of the crime: whereupon, the Lord Lieutenant, as the representative of Justice, took solemn counsel with himself and graciously granted a "free pardon" to the guiltless wretch. Now, if innocence be "pardoned," what—when mercy interferes for crime—what other word shall serve for forgiven wickedness? Is Justice so very stupid, as well as blind,—that she cannot learn the simplest "meanings?"

MISTAKING CAUSE FOR EFFECT.



Boy. "I SAY, TOMMY, I'M BLOW'D IF THERE ISN'T A MAN A TURNING ON THE CHOLERA."

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 2.—*Piccadilly. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is on the foot-pavement, with a basket, two band-boxes, an umbrella, a plant in a pot, a bird-cage, and a child's toy-horse of the largest size. She wishes to go somewhere by an Omnibus, but has not the least idea which is the Omnibus which will take her there. Two Putneys pass at opposition pace. UNPROTECTED FEMALE waves her umbrella vaguely.*

Cad A. } Jumping down together. Now Ma'am.

Cad B. } Unprotected Female. Which is this Omnibus?

Cad A. Yes Ma'am, that's ours. [Seizes UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Cad B. Yes Ma'am, here you are.

[Seizes UNPROTECTED FEMALE's luggage.

Unprotected Female (extricating herself with dignity.) Don't take hold of me, man—How dare you touch those things? How dare you both? I'll call police—

Driver A. (to CAD A.) Now, Bill, where is she for?

Driver B. (to CAD B.) Shows her in Jim. What's up?

Cad A. Where for, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Oh, I want to be put down at—

Cad B. That's us, Ma'am—He don't go there—

[Drags UNPROTECTED FEMALE, towards 'Bus B.

Cad A. Hollo—you pulled us up, you know—Come along.

[Seizes UNPROTECTED FEMALE; terrific struggle, in which the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is a good deal fought over and reduced to a state bordering on imbecility.

Cad A. (whipping her on to his step.) Now, Ma'am, here you are—

Passenger in 'Bus A. We're quite full—

Driver A. Now, BILL, look alive.

Cad A. Lots of room atwix' the stout gent and the old 'ooman. All right!

[Drives UNPROTECTED FEMALE violently into the lap of CRUSTY

BANK CLERK on his way to dinner.

Crusty Bank Clerk. How dare you, woman!

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious goodness! Keep off, do; you wretch!

Incommoded Foreigner. Dere is not any of room, Madame.

Indignant Capitalist. Shameful!

Cad A. All right! Here's your things.

[Hurls into Omnibus the band-boxes, the bird-cage, the toy-horse, the flower-pot with plant; the last falling on the toes of the INDIGNANT CAPITALIST.

Indignant Capitalist. Confound—

[The rest of the sentence is jerked back out of his mouth into his lungs by the sudden moving on of the Omnibus. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE has been shaken all of a heap on to several passengers' legs, toes, laps, and hats, and bounds up and down with the pitch of the Omnibus.

Driver A. (to CAD A., over his shoulder). Tight fit, BILL?

Cad A. (to DRIVER A. with grin, over top of 'Bus). Werry. (Peeps into 'Bus. To DRIVER.) They're a shakin' down wisely.

Crusty Bank Clerk. People shouldn't come into public conveyances when there is no accommodation.

Unprotected Female. Oh! I didn't come in—I was forced to—If you could, please, let me off the bird-cage. Oh! who has been a-top of my canary?

Incommoded Foreigner (with much politeness). Comme ça, Madame. How you feel? Nevaire mind for my leg. C'est ça.

Unprotected Female (with a gush of thankfulness). Oh, thank you, Sir. I'm sure. (Looking indignantly at BANK CLERK and CAPITALIST). I'll thank you not to destroy my plant, Sir—if you please.

[Snatches at the pot, and in so doing drives the plant, which is of a stiff and prickly order into the mouth, nose, and eyes of CAPITALIST.

Capitalist. Will you have done, Ma'am, with your infernal vegetables. Bank Clerk. How such things are allowed to be brought into public conveyances is wonderful.

Indignant Capitalist (to CAD). I tell you, Sir, we've fifteen inside,—and that is 'nt a baby in arms. (Pointing to a stout youth of 6, whom his mother got passed into 'Bus under above title.) I'll have you pulled up, Sir.

Cad A. (darting his head into door and nearly flattening CAPITALIST's face). Sloane Street!

Unprotected Female. Eh! (Screams) Here—(Struggling for her band-box, flower-pot, toy-horse, umbrella, all at once). Oh—I want to go to the Bank—Let me out! Let me out!

Cad A. Sixpence.

Unprotected Female (precipitating herself from step). Oh—why didn't you say you wasn't going to the Bank?

Capitalist. Thank goodness, she's gone.

Bank Clerk. Those confounded females!

Sententious Passenger. The majority of Women seem to think all Omnibuses go to the Bank every journey, either way.

Cad A. Now Ma'am, look sharp!

Unprotected Female. I ought to have a sixpence.

[Wrenches at her glove, which, her hand being damp, refuses to come off.

Driver. Now, BILL—look alive—one would think you was a picking 'em out with a pin, like winkles.

Cad A. Now, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh! my money's in my reticule. [Rushes to basket.

Driver (in uncontrollable impatience). Now, BILL!

Cad A. (to DRIVER). She's a divvin' for her money.

Unprotected Female (having disinterred everything in vain from 'basket). Where can my reticule be? (Darts to 'Bus.) Oh, please, there's a reticule.

[Inserts herself among the passengers' legs.

Capitalist. Have done, Ma'am—By Heaven, it's shameful!

Bank Clerk. You don't think your confounded reticule's in my boots, do you?

Incommoded Foreigner (with good-humoured satisfaction). Ah-ha—voici—Madame.

[Holds up reticule, which he seems to have been sitting on.

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank you, Sir, I'm sure. Here (Dashes her hand into reticule, and extracts coppers from all corners), thruppence.

Cad A. Thruppence, Ma'am, no Ma'am. Thruppence all the way? Sixpence to Sloane Street. (Makes a grab at her handful of coppers.) That's it, Ma'am—all right—JOE (with rapid change), here's JACK SAUNDERS.

Driver. All right! We'll melt him.

[Omnibus vanishes at full gallop as Opposition appears. UNPROTECTED FEMALE places herself so as to be run over.

Driver of Opposition. Now then, stoopid!

Unprotected Female (screams). Oh!

[Rushes under the nose of a cab-horse trotting in opposite direction.

Cabman (ferociously). Yah! (Shouts.) Where are you a-drivin' to?

Unprotected Female (escapes with difficulty to foot pavement, and sinks exhausted in agony, on her pile of luggage. To POLICEMAN imploringly).

Oh! when will there be anything to the Bank?

Policeman. One just passed, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (rushing back into centre of road). Hoy! ho! Oh, stop him some one, please—do. I want to go to the Bank.

[Exit running violently to the danger of her life, and neglect of her luggage—Her cries become fainter and fainter. Ragged little boy approaches luggage carefully. POLICEMAN thoughtfully withdraws on the other side. Slow music. Scene closes.

"Walk up, Walk up, It's only One Penny."

GAVAN DUFFY was asked what could have been JOHN O'CONNELL's motive in re-opening Conciliation Hall. "I cannot guess," replied the great man of the Nation, "unless it's 'malice pro-pence'."

FASHIONS FOR OLD BAILEY LADIES.

(From "La Mode Criminelle," or "Ladies' Criminal Chronicle" for November.)



At the elegant *réunion* on the occasion of the late *Matinée Criminelle* at the Old Bailey, the lovely and accomplished LADY B— carried off "les honneurs," by her lovely *Manteau à la MANNING*, trimmed off *ruche en gibette*, and *têtes de mort bouffonnées*. The neck is surmounted with a running cord, *à la CALCRAFT*, which finishes in a *nœud coulant* in satin, under the left ear. We noticed besides the above charming *nouveauté*, the following most captivating *demi toilette*:—*Chapeau à la*

Praslin with lining and trimmings *couleur de sang*. Hair worn close, *à la Brixton*; *col en guillotine*. *Corsage, à la condamnée*; this *recherché* corsage has a very tight body, which pinions the arms to the sides, giving that interesting air to the wearer which is so much admired on the scaffold. With the *chapeau* is worn a *bonnet de pendue*; this sweet cap can be arranged so as to cover the whole face, and is likely to be thus worn during the approaching season.

OUR GUY.

"REMEMBER, remember, the fifth of November,
Is gunpowder treason and plot,"
And to keep up the season, there still may be reason,
Though GUY FAWKES and his treason be almost forgot.

Rags motley and tattered, a hat vilely battered,
By bone-grubber scattered, from scare-crow down blown,
Of straw a few snatches, a lanthorn and matches,
A mask for a face, and a chair for a throne;

Such, in brief, the receipt is (with which every street is
Enabled to greet us) for making a "GUY"—
And few years but may lend us a GUY as tremendous,
As he who'd have sent King and Commons sky high.

This fifth of November, *our GUY* sits as member,
Of that very house his original had blown up;
'Tis MR. GEORGE HUDSON, whom all fling their muds on,
That for Mammon's GUY god-son, *Punch* here would have shown up.

His dealings in stock sure, so crafty and cock sure,
If not *Faux* prove him *Fox*, sure—as 'cute and as fast:

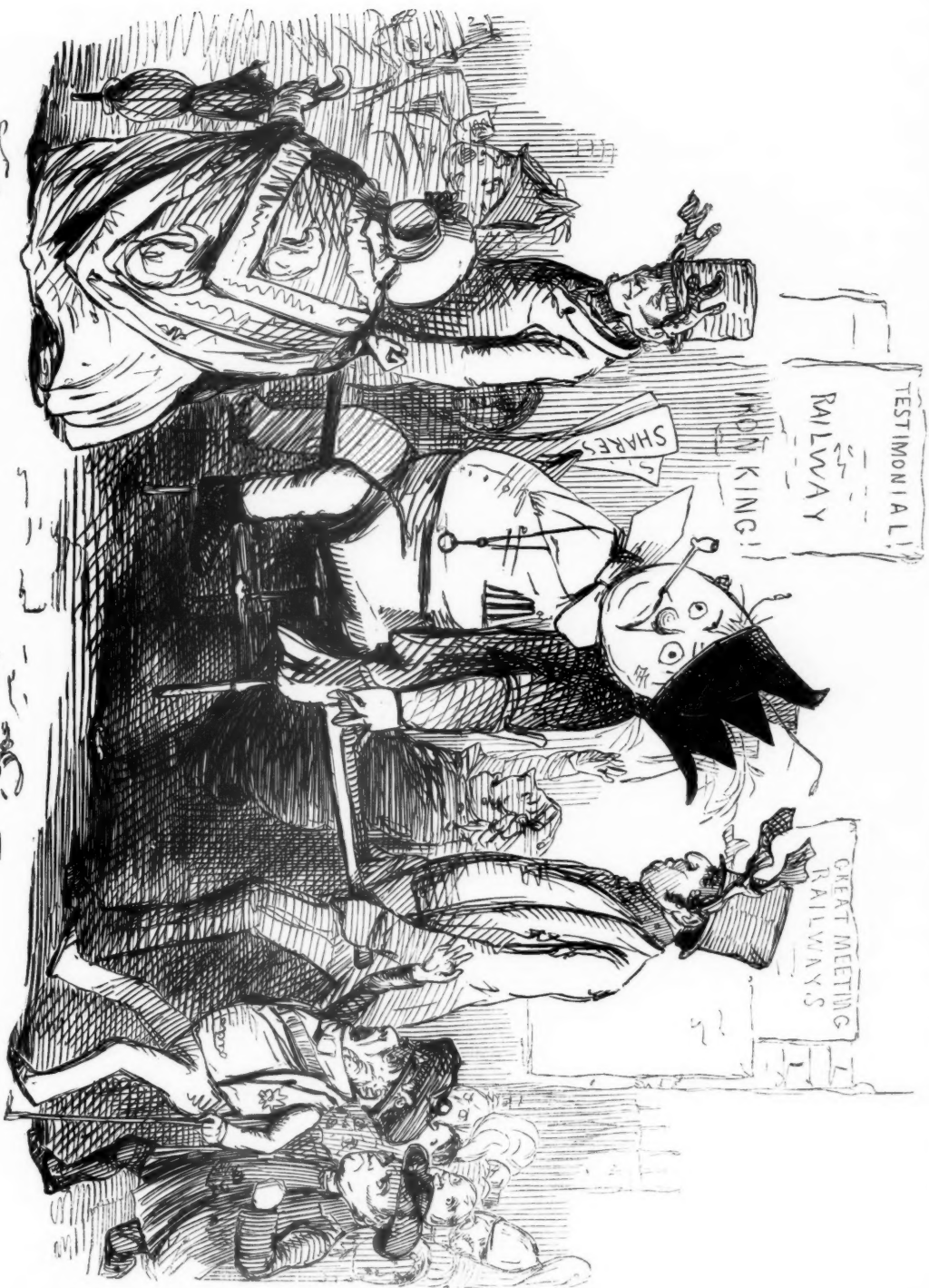
Still, when shares you'd allot him, and so at the bottom
Of a Company got him, it blew up at last.

His face bluff and burly was a mask, late and early,
Wherein honesty surly, physiognomists saw:
When by hook or by crook you could balance his books, you
Found in spite of stout look, you'd a mere man of straw.

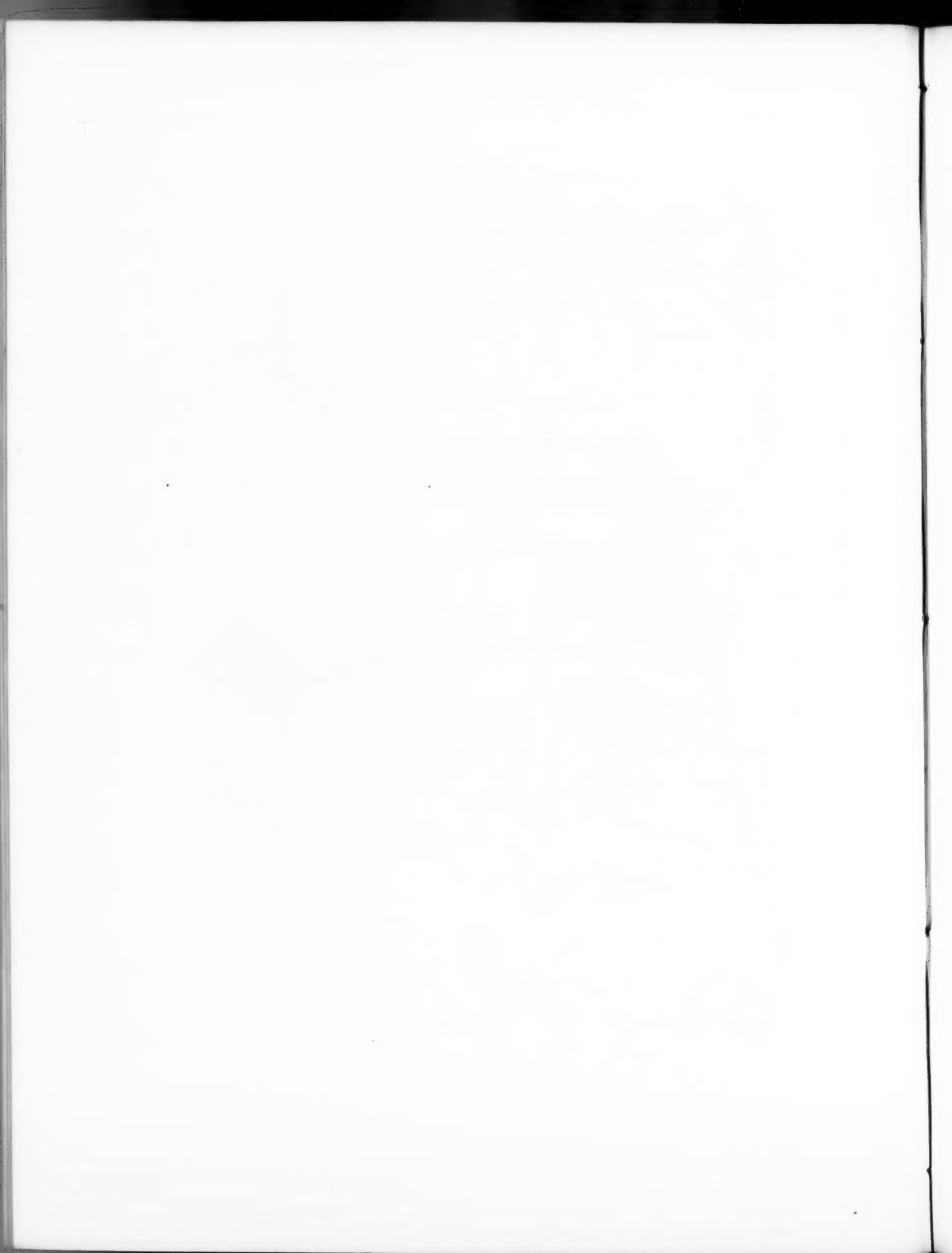
The lanthorn he carries is the light whose vagaries,
Like a will-o'-the-wisp far from honesty's way,
To purls and to pitches, in dirt and in ditches,
In wild-goose chase for riches led millions astray.

As the street GUYs are shown too, a chair was his throne too,
Whence in absolute tone to his slaves he gave law,
And though none then were dreaming of his underground scheming,
Of a blow-up from him even Dukes stood in awe.

Rotten now is his credit, as the fabric that fed it;
Out at elbows in character, credit and cash,
Like a GUY he is fleeced at, and scouted and jeered at,
And all that's he good for's squib-firing and smash.



THE GREAT RAILWAY GUY FOR 1849.



ROYALTY IN EXILE.



SOMEHOW, kings and princes never show so well as in misfortune. Like glow-worms, they shine best upon a "sullen ground." Half-a-dozen times within as many months, have we had letters in the French and other papers descriptive of the surpassing sweetness of temper, and beauty of expression, and height and depth of understanding of the DUKE OF BOURDEAUX. Noble pilgrims have travelled from Paris to kiss his hand, and marvel at his combined gentleness and magnanimity. They have religiously gathered up the spoken pearls dropped from the mouth of the martyr exile, and strung them in the prettiest and most taking pattern for the veneration of all France. "Nothing," says *Polly Peachum*, "nothing so touching as a great man in distress." And the heroic suffering of HENRY THE FIFTH is of the most approved specimen. But then, it is plain, change of air is so beneficial to a legitimate monarch or prince. How wonderfully our own dear CHARLES THE SECOND promised when abroad; and how he failed to pay the promise of his goodness when he came home! Who shall say if there had been no GENERAL MONK to bring back CHARLES STUART,—how prettily he might at this moment have shown in history? His great misfortune was his restoration. As an exile he would have died a martyr, in search of the good of his own dear England. Restored to the throne, it was well when he hunted nothing worse than moths with LADY CASTLEMAINE—the Dutch Fleet in the morning of the same day blazing in the Medway and threatening the Thames).

Now, we do not mean to aver that HENRY THE FIFTH—with his eye on the French throne, and acting to the French people—is not at the present moment everything that his admirers tell of him. "His features," says his last worshipper in print, in this month's *Fraser*, "are delicate, but still retain all the strong characteristics of the Bourbon race." Oh, that Bourbon race! How has it blasphemed the dignity of human nature,—how has it harried generations of men like wild beasts! "A very aquiline nose!" A pattern bill-hook, that has slain its hundreds of thousands. "A clear eye of deep *bleu de roi*!" What is king's-blue for an eye, we know not: though of late the blueness of the looks of certain kings has been none of the most sprightly:—

"A peculiar earnestness of gaze; a classically modelled chin, and small, well-shaped mouth. He has recently adopted the fashion of a tuft on the chin, and a very short beard, which united to the whiskers, conceal the natural fulness of the countenance. It is a face altogether remarkable for its aristocratic contour, its peculiar sweetness, its strong intellectual expression; this is the opinion of all the fairer sex, who may be heard exclaiming as he passes by, 'Mon Dieu, qu'il est beau!'"

What a pity it would be to spoil the freedom of such a picture! How it glows and beams in the beauty of distance! Call the shining light to Paris; and experience tells us, it is just twenty to one, that a crown would act like an extinguisher upon the glory.

No, no: the Bourbons flourish so beautifully in exile, it is a pity to dwarf them by transplanting them to the soil of France. Somehow, they cannot now strike root there.

THROWING COALS ON FIRE AT THE COAL EXCHANGE.

It was remarked that SIR ROBERT PEEL and LORD JOHN RUSSELL were once or twice thrown side by side at the recent ceremony of opening the Coal Exchange. The reporters state that the two distinguished statesmen did not speak to one another, but we have reason to believe that a little good-humoured banter passed between them. The following may (or may not) be relied upon as a small snatch of dialogue supposed to have been uttered by the ex- and the ex-isting Premier.

Sir R. Peel. "So, LORD JOHN, you have come to have a peep at the coal, preliminary, I presume, to having your ash settled."

Lord John. "I am at all events surprised to meet you, SIR ROBERT, among the coals, as I should have supposed you might have been satisfied with the sack which you got long ago."

It was at this point that the gentleman-at-arms was seen to advance, and place himself between the rival statesmen, as reported in the newspapers.

WHO IS HAYNAU?—This is a question that we have often been asked of late. All we can say in answer is, that HAYNAU is one of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S hangers on.

A WYLD GOOSE CHASE OVER THE GLOBE.

MR. WYLD has just published a Map of the North Pole. His industry certainly goes to the utmost limits. We doubt if there is the smallest scrap of the world left him now to make a map of. He has scoured the whole globe, as clean as a new door-plate, and left the name of "Wyld" engraved in large letters upon it. He has even used up the Arctic Regions. Go, search the North Pole, and you will find one of WYLD's Maps dangling at the end of it. The force of mapping can surely no further go.

ALEXANDER wept because he had not another world to conquer. We can imagine WYLD often sheds bitter tears that there is not another globe to lay down at his feet in seven-shilling "rollers!"

There only remain the Moon, the Sun, the Stars, and the centre of the Earth at all open to a Map. The Artesian wells that are about to spring up all over London may help Mr. WYLD to get an insight into the latter, and, for a man who makes it his business to see further than anybody else, an insight would be all that was sufficient. There is no difficulty, but what, Mr. WYLD, when he has a mind to compass anything, can instantly get through. Let him have but one peep, and we should have the next week a "Grand Map of that delightful spot, the Centre of the Earth, published for the use of Emigrants." But then Mr. WYLD would never stop half way. He would be sure to push his discoveries further, and Science would soon be favoured with a "carte du pays" of the interior of the earth, by which means we should be able to travel somewhat like a monkey, by jumping from Pole to Pole. We are positive such a short cut is to be made, and there can be no question that WYLD is the "scientific cutter" (as they say at NUGEE's) to do it. We shall go *through* the world instead of *round* it. You will get into a snug little descending room, like the one at the Coliseum, and be quietly "dropt" at New South Wales, in less than an hour after you have left the Duke of York's Column, in the St. James's Park. It will be done on the principle of buckets in a well,—as one party goes down another will come up. The only difficulty will be to distribute the respective weights, for it stands to reason, six lean travellers dropping down from London, would never be able to pull up six stout, Dutch-built *voyageurs*, coming direct from Sydney. But this is a mere feather in the scale of difficulties, which any one, at all gifted with a pair of scientific lungs, would blow away at once with the smallest "Pooh! pooh!" We are confident this new method of travelling will be the ruin of railways at no very distant day, and we are equally confident that Mr. WYLD will publish Maps of the country as soon as it is discovered, if not before. Talk of an Irishman being in two places at once, why, our parliamentary friend of the Strand must be nearly all over the world at once.

We went into his shop some time back to ask to look at a Map of the Court of Chancery; for, having by some stupid accident got into it, we were extremely anxious to find our way out of it as soon as possible. "Certainly, Sir; by all means," said the ubiquitous map-seller, not at all disconcerted, "be so kind as to take this 'Seat of War,'" and he offered us a chair with the Map of Hungary lying crushed upon it.

"Here it is, Sir," he exclaimed, quite pleased, "be kind enough to cast your eye over this." We did, and found he had brought us the very thing—it was a view of the Queen's Bench. He has maps for every out of the way, or in the way place. We would not mind wagering, if a picture were discovered this afternoon in the Vernon Gallery, that Mr. WYLD had a map of the place published to-morrow morning!

If Mr. WYLD's brain should be ever discovered (we will be bound he has a Map of it inside his hat), we should like to have a peep at it, for we have a suspicion that the two hemispheres must be printed, varnished, and glazed, exactly like a pair of globes.

BARELY CIVIL.

POOR dear MR. URQUHART has been stripped of all his clothes by a pirate, asserted by MR. U. to be a Russian. We should recommend MR. U. to avail himself of this incident to change his motto to—"Bare and For-bear."

UNNATURAL COLLISION.

THE *Worcester Herald* gives an account of a coach accident; a collision between the True Blue and the Sovereign. Such a thing has not happened since the Tories quarrelled with JAMES THE SECOND.

DEFECTIVE SMELLING.—NEW DISCOVERY.—85, Fleet Street.

The Organic Olfactor, an extraordinary, powerful, small, newly invented instrument for loss of smell, entirely original, to surpass anything of the kind that will ever be produced. It is modelled to the nose, so that it can be worn or disused at pleasure, and, being of the same colour as the skin, is, in some instances, even ornamental. The powers of this valuable new invention are so great as to bring very defective smelling to its perfect and natural state, and even to enable Common Councilmen to distinguish putrefactive odours, to discern the perfume of Smithfield, and to be sensible of the emanations from sewers. This contrivance for re-opening a door to "Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out," is respectfully recommended to the notice of the civic authorities by Mr. Punch 85, Fleet Street, within scent of St. Bride's Churchyard.

DISAGREEMENT OF THE DOCTORS.

THE field of inquiry into the cause of Cholera has been all along a sort of dry skittle-ground, every new theory being a sort of nine-pin, which has only been set up, that it might be straightway knocked down again. The latest instance has been the very recent downfall of DR. BRITTAİN's theory, which, after appearing to stand for some time, has just been bowled over by some clever hands at the College of Physicians. The report that has appeared within the last few days completely overturns the hypothesis by which the Cholera was believed to have been at last accounted for.

The following is the order in which the overturning of DR. BRITTAİN's scientific skittles has been effected:—

1st. The alleged irregular cells, which were supposed to be peculiar to the disease, have been found to have no necessary connection with it, and the irregular cells have been disposed of as regular sells to the doctor who thought he had found important facts enclosed in them.

2nd. The kind of vegetable tissue upon which so much stress was laid, as having been full of great facts, has been found to contain no facts of any consequence at all, and the vegetable tissue has been cast aside as a tissue of falsehood.

3rd. The search for these cells and tissue in air and water led to a negative result, and the two negatives were not productive of any affirmative, for they amounted to nothing, and any attempt to derive evidence from the negatives was a positive failure.

4th. On applying powerful glasses to the air supposed to be infected, there was perceptible a sort of disc over the top, but on looking closely at the glass, and inspecting it most minutely, the examiners elicited from the disc-over it no disc-over.

5th. After collecting together all the results of their inquiries, the examiners caused the whole to be held for some time in solution, and there being no result, they attempt to offer no solution of the mystery.

A REGENT STREET MELODRAMA.



TREATMENT OF A LADY WITHOUT HER HUSBAND.

THE papers have lately contained reports of a scene of startling interest, that appears to be occasionally enacted in a shop in Regent Street. The locality is not one peculiarly suited for romance or mystery; but a fearful drama appears to be sometimes performed in some of the shops that skirt that gay and crowded thoroughfare.

A lady recently applied for advice to a magistrate, to know how she should act in consequence of her having gone into a shop in Regent Street, attracted by some tickets in the window, and, having found nothing to suit her within, having been literally imprisoned in the shop and prevented from passing out, except on the condition of her becoming a purchaser. Matters are indeed becoming serious when the ticketing shopkeepers of the Metropolis establish a sort of reign of terror over the female mind, and have in view their timid lady customers instead of their goods, when they write up in ominous red letters, the words—
"ALARMING SACRIFICE."

We are not constitutionally nervous; but we shall really never pass the Regent Street fur-shops, without a shudder at the idea that some unprotected female who has been lured within by deceitful promises

of "Bargains," "Opportunities," or goods "Given away," may perhaps be undergoing the horrors of "unmerited persecution," as the victim of some O'SMITHIAN sort of shopman, who bars her egress until she can be content to purchase a pair of half-crown cuffs for half-a-guinea.

To those who are fond of a piece of chivalry, we recommend an occasional sally into a Regent Street fur-shop, on the chance of finding some fair maiden to be rescued from the grasp of the dragon of humbug and puffery. ST. GEORGE might have a very busy time of it in these days if he would make it his business to go about the West End, dragging injured innocence out of the clutches of commercial roguery. We little thought that the imperative announcements of a necessity and a determination to "have cash," were backed up by the recklessness of the desperado, and the brutality of the ruffian. We shall never look again upon a shop exhibiting these external signs of daring and adventurous trading, without fancying we hear within, the shrieks for aid of some fair captive being forced against her will to become a customer.



TREATMENT OF A LADY WITH HER HUSBAND.

Can nothing be done to save him?

WE see a book advertised under the frightful title of the "LAWYER'S COMPANION FOR 1849." We did not know that, even in these desperate times, any human being could be found so reckless as to be the companion of a lawyer for an entire year. Who can he be? Some poor unfortunate victim that probably is expiating some fearful crime by carrying a lawyer's blue bag for the term—or four terms rather—of a long, heavy, dragging, twelvemonth. Or is it a callous sheriff's officer? For he is too frequently the Lawyer's Companion; statistics having cruelly proved that wherever a lawyer has gone first, the sheriff's officer has always walked in afterwards. Whoever the "Lawyer's Companion for 1849" may be, we wish him good luck, for we are sure that long before the period of his punishment has expired, the poor fellow will need it.

"WE HAVEN'T DINED SINCE YESTERDAY."

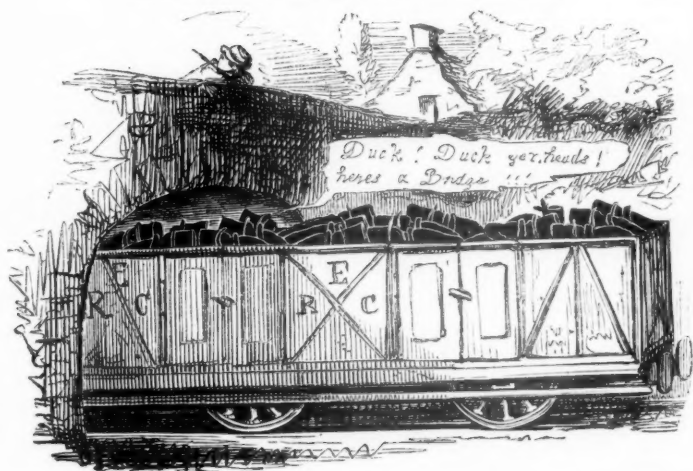
THE Protectionists complain of their poverty, and yet they are feasting all over the land. They eat, drink, and are not merry. Their meetings are graced with "every delicacy of the season" (including DISRAELI), and, notwithstanding, their talk is Starvation. We cannot understand it; for one thing is perfectly clear, that in the midst of all their starvation, they are never in want of a Dinner, or at a loss for a Guinea to get it!

ONLY A SHADE OR TWO DIFFERENT.

It is said that LOUIS-NAPOLÉON, as a *coup d'état* man throw himself into the hands of the folks of the Red Republic. If this be so, it is the progress of colour not of government; a move from the Red to the Purple.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER was asked if he had seen anything of the German Fleet, when he was in Prussia? "Oh! yes," replied the naval schoolmaster abroad, "I saw six funny-boats at Berlin, that were out on the Spree."

BREAKERS A-HEAD, ON A RAILWAY.



A PARAGRAPH in the *Daily News* calls attention to the height, or rather the lowness of the bridges on the Epsom Railway, which renders it dangerous for a third-class passenger to stand up in a carriage while passing under one of the bridges, lest he should unfortunately meet with a sort of breaker a-head, which he would be sure to break his head against. We are all aware that "life's but a span;" though none of us wish the span to be shortened by the span of a railway bridge being too contracted to allow us to go under it, and causing us to undergo a rather alarming process. It is too bad that our chances of safety on a railway, should be abridged by an undue abridgment in the height of the bridges. If the directors cannot be made amenable to an ordinary Court of Law, we recommend an appeal to the Court of Arches, for the purpose of getting the will of the public properly administered to.

HEROISM IN WANT.

LET *Punch* speak a word to the rich and well-to-do for WILLIAM TRAFFORD, late policeman, now nothing. For the history of his present nothingness has about it a glow of real glory, that should not be its only reward; seeing that such reward results in want and final starvation.

On the 14th of May, 1849, WILLIAM TRAFFORD of the S Division of police was present at a fire in College Place, Camden Town. He saved the lives of seven persons from a certain and agonising death. Two persons, screaming for aid from a top storey, were desired by TRAFFORD to fall upon him. They did so, escaping with little injury. But TRAFFORD the hero was terribly shaken; the shock he suffered for some time rendered him utterly helpless; and he has only partially recovered his former strength. He received £20 reward and a medal. He is now with a wife and children without the means of support, in consequence of his long illness and his inability to go to any active work.

The poor man's case was incidentally made known last week at the Mansion House. Before this sheet appears, we doubt not that many blessed with the means of aiding heroic misfortune caused by a virtuous act, will have undrawn their purses in favour of WILLIAM TRAFFORD. His medal must not be his only piece of silver. Though, by the way, who would not rather have the solitary medal of a TRAFFORD than the score of medals of a HAYNAU? The one Order of Virtue tried by Fire,—than the Austrian's twenty Orders of Fire and Murder?

What Lies at the Bottom of Ireland's Misery? The Potato.

SERGEANT MURPHY has not been successful at Cork. His friends wanted to force him down the inhabitants' throats, but they set their teeth against him, and the poor Serjeant has been dropt, *comme une pomme-de-terre toute chaude*, as JENKINS would say. Let us hope that Ireland's next move will be to throw out the potato altogether, since it has already begun by flinging over a MURPHY.

CHANGE FOR TWOPENCE?

THE *Gazette* announces the appointment of the REV. MR. MILMAN to be Dean of St. Paul's, *vice* DOCTOR COPLESTON, deceased. Is this to be interpreted as the announcement of "GRATIS TO THE CATHEDRAL, *vice* TWOPENCE DEFUNCT?"

QUESTIONS FOR CHRISTENDOM.

(At the Service of the Peace Congress.)

SQUARES warfare with the Christian creed?
May nations bear their neighbours' hate,
Forbid in private thought or deed?—
Is vengeance lawful to a State?

Are only individual men?
Bound good for evil to return,
Whilst, doing wrong for wrong again,
Whole peoples may with malice burn?

Is each to bear, forbear, and trust
That what is best will sure befall?
Is what for each is wise and just,
"Utopian," and absurd for all?

Was Christianity but meant
The little passions to control,
The appetites—the senses' bent
Of the mere isolated soul?

Thus small, thus narrow is its scheme?
Has it no larger scope or plan?
Its code of morals do ye deem
But folly for collective man?

If such your thought—and answer you,
Ordained its mysteries to teach—
Do you account your doctrine true?
Do you believe in what you preach?

PRINCE ALBERT has created SIR JAMES DUKE a Baronet. This was done to commemorate His Royal Highness's Visit to the Coal Exchange—as the PRINCE said, "I look upon SIR JAMES DUKE as the finest specimen of the 'BEST LORD MAYOR'S.'" We are sure that not a person in the City will for a moment dispute this royal,—nay, this imperial—measure of the Prince.

ROASTED ORANGE.

If Old Fox were living in these days he might add a chapter to his "*Book of Martyrs*." Know all Englishmen, that in the North of Ireland—Irish though the statement itself may seem—Protestants have just been roasted alive by Kentish fire. The Ulster Protestant Association held a meeting at Belfast on Tuesday last week. Thereat, the DEAN OF ARDAGH made a speech, in the course of which he alluded to the Battle of the Boyne and WILLIAM THE THIRD. "Here," says the *Times*, "the meeting set up the Kentish fire, and continued performing it for some minutes." A little further on we read that (in connection with something about a Popish bishop) "groans" were uttered; no doubt by the sufferers in the flames: for the groans in relation to Popery were almost incessant during the Dean's oration.

On MR. JONES, High Sheriff of Down, rising to address the Meeting, the Kentish fire again burst forth "from all parts of the hall." In the next speech, by the REV. MR. M'ILLWAIN, no less than four outbreaks of Kentish fire occurred, and—in proof that we do not misrepresent facts—the report informs us that "The reverend gentleman concluded amid the Kentish fire by declaring that he did not despair of the Protestant cause."

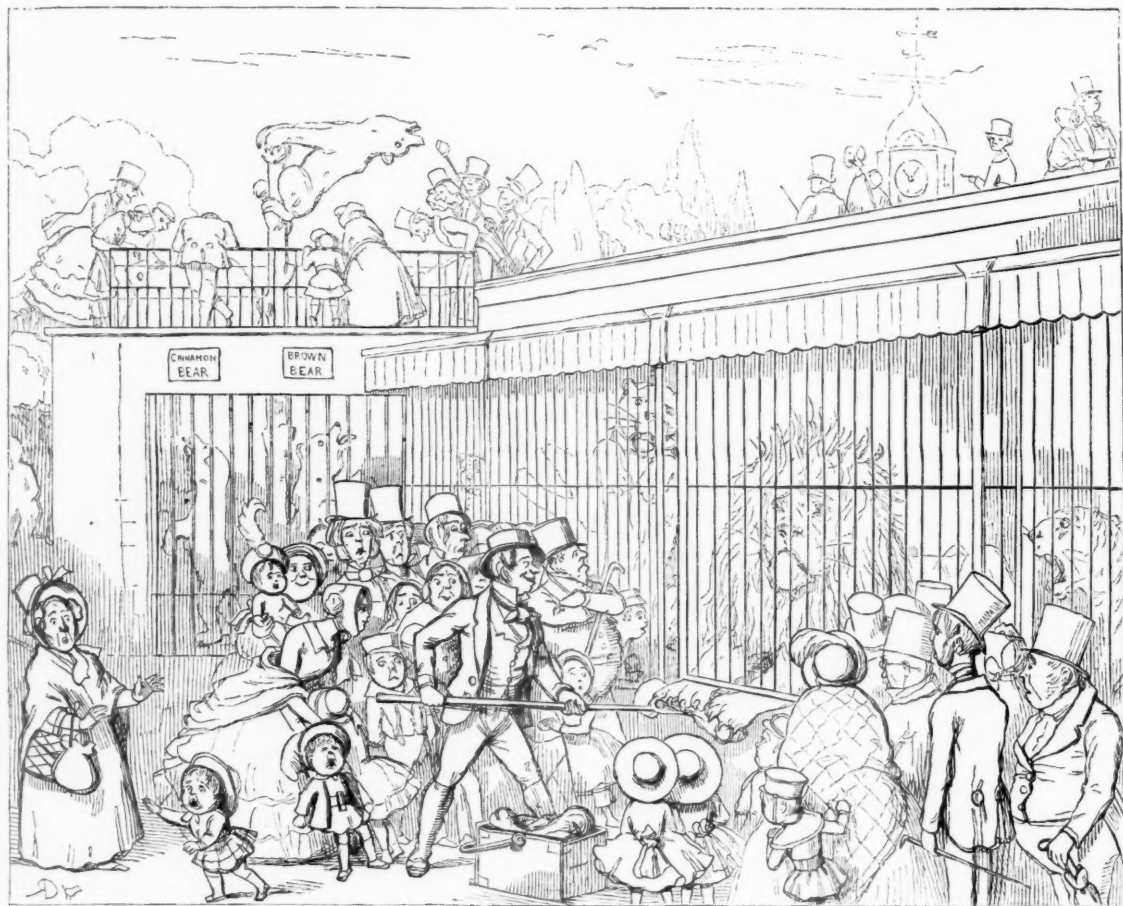
The ARCHDEACON OF DROMORE evidently shared the fate, as he quoted the words, of LATIMER. At the end of his address he "called upon his brethren to be of good cheer, for that day would kindle a flame in England which he trusted . . . would never be extinguished." Thereon immediately followed Kentish fire.

The REV. MR. DREW rose "amid a tremendous demonstration of the Kentish fire, with cries of 'keep it up!'"

It is manifest that the fare at the Belfast Meeting consisted of stakes for several. The victims, however, it must in candour be stated, rushed voluntarily into flames of their own kindling; and those who are fanatical enough to play with Kentish fire must expect to burn their fingers.

A True Astrologer.

WE perceive that ZADKIEL's *Almanack* is advertised as "Just Out." Since MR. ZADKIEL, last year, predicted nothing but woe and calamity to happen to these islands during the present; whereas prosperity—thank Heaven, but in spite of the stars—is daily increasing: his advertisement of "Just Out," at least, tells the truth about his *Almanack*.



A PROSPECT OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

FEEDING OF BEASTS.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, October 27th, 1849.—To the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, at 3 p. m., in time to see the Otter fed with live Fishes, which he do chase round his Basin in the Water, and dive after mighty clever. Then to the Wild Beasts, waiting for their Food in a terrible Rage, as I have seen others than Wild Beasts at the Delay of Dinner. Some of the Dens with Trees lengthwise in them for the Beasts to climb in; and there Lions, old and young, Lionesses, He and She Tigers, a Jaguar, an Ounce, a Cheetah, a Spotted and Black Leopard; and on the other side Hyenas, and Pumas, and more Leopards, and Bears. Their Yelling and Howling for Hunger a most horrid Musique, and terrible to see the Tigers, rear on their hind Legs, and dash at their Bars, and grin and glare at the Children outside. The Ramping and Roaring doubled when the Keeper come with the Meat, and Lack! how they did fly at it with Teeth and Claws, and howl and snort over it, and munch and crunch the Bones! But one Hyena droll, the Keeper passing him by, and he, thinking he was to go without his Meal, throwing himself on his Back, and moaning, and almost blubbering in Despair. Pretty, to see the Bears in their Enclosure climb up their Post for Buns; which the Visitors did hold to them on the End of a long Stick, and those below fighting for the Morsels that fell; and their Clumsiness, and awkward Standing on their hind Legs, exceeding comical. The White Bear, also, swimming in his Tank, pleasant, being on the outside of his Cage. Did note a fine old Wolf and Cubs, but snarling and snapping over their Victuals, they seemed not a Happy Family. Saw the manner of Preying of the Eagles and Vultures, treading on their Meat, and tearing it up with their Beaks; the Eagles brave, but the

Vultures base and ignoble. Yet fine the Sight of the Great Condor Vulture, when the Wind blew, stretching forth his huge Wings upon it; and glad, no doubt, would have been to sail away. The Parrots gay; but do so shriek and squall, that their Abode do seem the Mad-house of the Place. Much taken with the Seal swimming in the Water, and waddling on his Stomach, with his Tail and Flappers, like a Fellow with his Legs tied for a Wager. Diverted by the Gambols and Antics of the Monkeys and Apes; yet almost sick to see such vile Likenesses of ourselves; and the Apes especially loathsome and ugly; and to see the Crowd of Women and Ladies gazing at them! With great Pleasure, yet Horror, did view the Snakes and Lizards in the Reptile House, and glad they could not get at me; but hoped to see the Boa Constrictor swallow a live Rabbit: but did not. Bought Gingerbread Nuts to feed the Elephant, cost me 2d., and he did please me, but I wished he had been bigger; but the Rhinoceros did give me great Delight, and with Mirth heard a Countryman standing by, call him the Hog in Armour. Well contented also with the Bison, that with his huge shaggy Head and Mane, Horns, and fiery Eyes, do look the most like a Demon I ever did see. To the Camel-Leopards, graceful Creatures; after the Bison and Rhinoceros. Then about the Gardens to watch the People and the Children stare at, and feed and poke the Animals. Did mark some pretty Damsels, but gazing so intent at the Beasts that I could hardly well gaze at them. So Home, and described to my Wife what I had seen, except the Damsels, and did discourse with her of Natural History; which the Zoological Gardens do breed a pretty Taste for among the People.

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH MR. ROPER.

We believe MR. ROPER, secretary to the Needlewomen's Society, to be a proper sort of man. We would fain hope that he has not even a pin's head spot of the plague of cant upon him—spots with which sundry persons of laborious piety come out very thick indeed. No. We would rather think him clean and sweet as a "chrysom child." Still, wherefore should he go out of his way to deal a buffet? Why, when he returns thanks, in very untutored English, for the charity bestowed upon MRS. FITZGERALD and her daughters, should he plant a thwack upon the cheek of ROWLAND HILL?

"The voice of a Christian public [says Mr. ROPER] is very properly raised on behalf of the young men at the Post Office; but how many of the opposite sex are working day and night (Sundays not excepted)? and through the late affliction left in such a weak state, that if assistance is not given ere the approaching day of humiliation, it will only be a mockery upon their feelings, he must entreat all district visitors to go forward."

The Christian public—at least the greater portion of it, whose Christianity best showed itself in believing good intentions until evil were proved—the Christian publicis, at the present moment, very comfortable with respect to the score of young men at the London Post Office; seeing that the twenty, employed a few hours in the Metropolis, set free hundreds, for almost the whole day, in the country. The Christian public is now perfectly reassured in the belief that the sun will rise on the Monday morning—the sea ebb and flow,—and the earth have its seed-time and harvest,—the whole course of nature not being struck into confusion by the impiety of Downing Street. We know there are superfine people, who consider the oven of the Sunday baker as only a small type of the fiery furnace; and baked potatoes—brown and melting—as Dead Sea apples under another arrangement. Nevertheless, Sunday shoulders continue to be baked, and potatoes are flowery in the mouth of a Sabbath-dining generation. For which iniquity, MR. ROWLAND HILL is no doubt answerable, he having instigated the perpetration of the evil an age or so before his birth, though very properly sent on afterwards to answer for the misdoing.

When MR. ROPER speaks of the "squalid poverty" of the outraged workwoman—of her "bed of straw"—of a dying girl "in the last stage of consumption, covered merely with a piece of calico,"—most sadly do we go with the unvarnished and unvarnishing advocate of the wretched. But, somehow, we apprehend a peril for ROPER when he drags "the young men at the Post Office" into his picture—not, of course, designedly to give it effect—wilfully to throw it up as a "little bit of colour,"—but then, it *will* look so. If it be art, it is not fine art—for it is not hidden. We are tender of the reputation of MR. ROPER. His function is almost a sacred one; for he has to be the almsman to the hapless wretched. Therefore, we would have him pure from all suspicion—cleansed in the daily waters of truth, that none—if possible, none—of the taint and earth of mortal prejudice and modish bigotry should hang about him. Thus, in tenderness of his reputation, we earnestly advise him to take no heed of "the young men at the Post Office,"—but to give all his heart and all his soul to the alleviation of starving misery on beds of straw. The young men at the Post Office, in their healthy slumbers, need not—we would hope—the solicitude of MR. ROPER. We do not say, that MR. ROPER has in him one spot of cant,—but then, we conjure him, by the sacredness of his function, to give no cause for doubt. When the Plague is raging, it is not sufficient for comfortable neighbourhood, to be free from the pest,—we must be also unsuspected. Overgood intentions do sometimes sanction strangest means. MR. ROPER may remember that a rigid Sabbatarian placed a ladder across the road in the way of the first Sunday letter omnibuses. This, no doubt, was his notion of Christian zeal. Nevertheless, we cannot commend him for his religion so developed. We are rather apt to believe that such a religionist would—if he could—lay flat even the ladder of JACOB, if communicating from earth upon a Sunday.

The Same Thing.

UNDER the title of the Dramatic and Harmonic Union, a new society is advertised, among the objects of which, are "Facilities for dramatic and musical authors in the production and publication of new works." Conceive a society of forty playwrights, each with a deskful of plays, and fifty composers, each with a portfolio full of operas; and all asking at once for the "Facilities" aforesaid! It is an odd coincidence, that such an advertisement should come immediately after M. JULLIEN's announcement of "The Row Polka."

IF THE BLACK CAP FITS, WEAR IT.

HAYNAU has been called "The Jack Ketch of Hungary." By-the-by, whenever a King, or an Emperor, or any fine despot has a pet executioner, it would not be amiss to address him by significant title of "HIS ROYAL HAYNAUS."

MILK FOR THE MILLION.

A SUGGESTION has recently been made for the supply of the Metropolis with pure country milk, in lieu of that wishy-washy triumph of art over nature, which flows morning and afternoon into our jugs and mugs, from a thousand milk-cans.

The announcement has shaken, as if with a panic, all the metropolitan pans; and those purveyors who have dealt in new milk from the pump and chalk-pit, without ever having been possessed of a cow, have been cowed all of a sudden by the very thought of the introduction of the genuine article into London. So unaccustomed are we to anything else but the well known chalk mixture, that the probability is the pure article will—like the genuine squeak of the pig in the fable, be pronounced far inferior to the imitation with which use or abuse has rendered us familiar.

London, in fact, knows nothing of real milk, which differs as thoroughly as chalk is unlike cheese, from the spurious stuff we are at present contented with. Commercial milk is a compound which any conscientious cow would indignantly repudiate. The Londoner, as we have already hinted, knows literally nothing of milk; for of the stuff he has been taught to accept as milk, he knows it would be idle to attempt to skim the surface. We understand that the Chalk Market has already begun to show symptoms of weakness at the bare rumour of real milk being introduced into the Metropolis.



THE POOR CHILD'S NURSE.

A LEARNED JUDGE ON MUSIC AND DANCING.

A FEW days ago, MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, whose heart—we are sure of it—is a huge lump of the best fresh butter, made a very sensible speech on the music and dancing of the people. If SIR PETER LAURIE be in delicate health—and we hope, on the contrary, he is as sound as his congenial Grampians—it would have much endangered him had he heard the learned Serjeant debate upon the present system of licensing that restricted the number of places where good music and dancing were made cheap for the masses. "Let there be more music and dancing," said the astute Serjeant; "for the more decent houses were licensed, the better they would be watched, the better they would be under the care of the public." Bad characters would not dance in darkness, in holes, and corners, like illicit mice. No: they would dance in the broad gas-light, with the wakeful eye of the law upon them. There is excellent sense in this. We cry with SERJEANT ADAMS—"Let there be more music and dancing." We rejoice to have a musical—a saltatory judge.

Indeed, if ever we have the opportunity, we shall call upon SERJEANT ADAMS for a song: and fondly hope, ere Christmas goes out, to meet him in *Sir Roger de Coverley*.

"HART'S MISGIVINGS."—That his beautiful picture is not much improved since it has been in the Vernon Gallery.

NOVEMBER FOGS SEEN THROUGH AT LAST.



and, if the experiment succeeds, we shall be glad to give it a good word, by expressing an opinion in the usual "evening paper" phraseology, that "The Fog-Glass ought to be on the bridge of every gentleman's nose, on the eye of every omnibus horse, and on the figure-head of all the Thames tars, among whom it is a very poor look-out in foggy weather."

We have not heard whether the newly-invented Fog-Glass is adapted to the political as well as the natural atmosphere; but if such is the case, we should strongly advise the exportation of a few specimens of the article to France, where even the most far-seeing are at a loss to discern anything that may be only a few steps in advance in the mist of obscurity that darkens the way which the country is going.

Omnibus men are not the only persons who do not appear to see their way, but even those who hold the reins of power are often sadly in want of some means or other for giving clearness to their views, and enabling them to perceive what they are really driving at.



He's always Rising to Sink.

MR. DISRAELI goes on delivering speech after speech in favour of his doctrine for raising England by the novel means of raising new taxes. These interminable speeches prove the speaker's disinterestedness, if nothing else; for in laying the foundation of his "Sinking Fund," MR. DISRAELI has upon every occasion been the first to sink himself.

THE OLD BARRISTER'S REMONSTRANCE.

Oh, weary fall the papers that won't leave us at our ease;
And weary fall the Government that's cutting down our fees;
And weary fall the Treasury Clerk that round last circuit went,
To tax our costs unto the tune of fifty pounds per cent.

'Tis well to talk of Law's delay, how when a case is o'er
At *Nisi Prius*, litigants must stand one trial more.
'Tis our wise wish to show Law's dear to assailants and attacked,
And we believe "one trial" ain't "enough to prove the fact."

Ere you grumble at an argument in Banc, you ought to know
Ours is the Bank in the duet whereon the time doth grow.
A Bank but of deposit is the Bank of Westminster,
And that's why Issue out of it is none for many a year.

You're angry that a Counsel's not in the Common Pleas
When he's in the Exchequer at that moment earning fees;
Which surely is unreason'ble, till a rule of Court declare
That a Counsel like a bird shall be at once both here and there.

You say that misdirection is of verdicts an upsetter,
That it makes *Nisi Prius* Law look like a mere dead letter:
When a letter's misdirected it comes back to you as fit,
When a jury's misdirected, you but go back to it.

You say, we barristers adopt an angry wrangling tone;
Remember, pray, when *who* fall out true men come by their own.
You say *we* are too many; think of SOLOMON and *his* doom,
When he says that "in the multitude of councillors is wisdom."

It isn't true the County Courts bring law to all men's doors,
For if to yours they bring it, they take it, mind, from ours;
To bring Law home "to business and bosoms" you will find,
Is to take in a lodger that's anything but kind.

You say we plead all causes, for good or bad we fight;
But *we* find all our clients declare they're in the right.
That a pleading, like a pudding, has two sides the Counsel see,
But which is right, which wrong side, we don't find folks agree.

You say that Law's not necessary, you say that Law is dear;
But your declaration's double, as must at once appear:
What's not necessary is luxury, and it needs no science deep
To prove things can't be luxuries, and at the same time cheap.

CURIOUS FACT IN LETTER WRITING.

It is a curious fact, that, fond as women are of corresponding, they rarely write to the newspapers; thus, we are sure to have a letter every day, in some paper or other, from the "Father of a Family," but we never recollect seeing in the *Times* or any other newspaper, a communication from "THE MOTHER OF A FAMILY."

This says a great deal for the sense of the sex, and proves that women do not fritter away their time so absurdly as men do, and we hope MRS. ELLIS in her next edition of "*The Mothers of England*" will make eloquent mention of this flattering fact. But perhaps, after all, this curious absence of all female correspondence in our newspapers is to be accounted for by the simple reason that a Lady has always so many private letters to write, that she has no time to scribble public ones; or, more probably, because ladies' letters are invariably so long, that no newspaper of the present small size could possibly find room for one! Why, the Postscripts alone would fill a Supplement!

ORDNANCE CONCHOLOGY; OR, THE ECONOMY OF SHELLS.

"WHEN VULCAN forged the bolts of JOVE" thunder was cheap. What a pity our Ordnance Department has no VULCAN. The amount that thunder costs us per peal—that is, broadside—is awful. The *Times* quotes from a Blue Book the value of a single shell at 11s. 3½d. That sum does not include the charge—either of gun-powder or carriage—for delivery. In such a shell there is an egg that an agricultural labourer and his family could live upon for a week. At the siege of Gibraltar, it is said, the besieged could distinguish between the missiles pitched upon them; and would cry, "Here's a shot," or "Here comes a shell." When JOHN BULL sees a shell fired now, he will be disposed to cry "There goes 11s. 3½d!" It must take an immense amount of damages to the enemy in an action to answer the expense of such projectiles, many of which must, necessarily, missing their mark, make a hole in nothing but a guinea.

POST-OFFICE "MOTHS."



HE author of "Eothen," says, "I wanted light;" having pitched his tent in the Desert. "They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before, perhaps, had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle."

Is it not the same with the human moths, social darkness, and what a cloud of monster moths dash at it? Marvellous is it to think of the strange, odd, spectre moths, death's-head moths, and moths of every monstrous make—of every fantastic pattern—that, as though resenting the intrusion of light, blindly beat it with their wings! We have only to look at the *Morning Herald* to find moths of this frantic sort—moths dashing through and through the Sunday Post-office candle. We could not believe in the existence of such curious creatures were they not attracted from their holes and corners by the suddenness of light. Who, for instance, could have dreamt of such a Moth, as the "Constant Reader" Moth that, in the *Herald*, flutters after this fashion? The Moth has "heard" that "strangers" are to be brought into the Post-office "on the ensuing Sabbath," to do the Sabbath-work. Whereupon, the Moth asks of English bankers and merchants—

"Will they tamely submit to such an alternative? Can they have any guarantee that the men who for money will break the fourth commandment will not also for money break the eighth? And that letters containing property will not be abstracted by strangers, during the Lord's day work?"

Upon this reasoning of the Monster Moth, the Postmaster-General is hardly to be trusted with a Sunday money-letter, seeing that he gives his countenance to Sunday sorting.

This is only one specimen of the "Monster Moths" that, for the past three weeks, have dashed wildly through the columns of the *Herald*,—brought from the strangest places by the Post-Office candle. Experience had prepared us to allow much for human folly and human perversity in the way of indignant correspondents, but—we confess it—the Moths that have fallen foul of the early Sunday taper of ROWLAND HILL, beat all our former experience in ugliness and wilful stupidity.

The *Herald* himself—in a solemn leader upon the Thanksgiving Day—steps out of his path; and—to show his piety—throws Post-Office mud at the Ministry. He asks, with lacquered cheek—

"Are Ministers going to appear before God, professing to offer him thanks for his goodness in removing the pestilence, and yet resolving to insult him by dragging their poor clerks to the Post-office work on the day which He has set apart for his worship? If there be such a sin as HYPOCRISY, where can we find it more legibly written than here?"

Where? Let the writer open his waistcoat, and take a good look "nearest his heart." If—knowing, as he must know, that Sunday labour has been greatly diminished by the last Sunday postal regulations—if he does not see about the region of his left breast

HYPOCRISY

written "more legibly" than in the doings of Ministers,—why, then, the vice does not show through. Bad blood, unlike lemon-juice, cannot be warmed into characters readable.

GUY FAWKES AND HIS FRIENDS.

(To the Editor of the "Standard.")

SIR,

It is beginning. They are at it already. The judgment-seat is under the control of the Vatican. The Papists have actually commenced a persecution of Protestants under the form of law. Only last week, a number of worthy people were brought up at the Thames Police Office. For what? Theft, swindling, or being drunk and disorderly? No, Sir. Merely for the expression of their feelings as Protestant Englishmen, by letting off fireworks on the Fifth of November. Their sole crime was the proper observance of the day. But this is a trifle to what I am about to call your attention to. According to the Police report—

"The first offender, in excuse for his conduct, said he let off fireworks in accordance with the Act of Parliament, and on being asked what Act, he replied the GUY FAWKES Act, which ought never to be forgotten, and he considered he was doing a very meritorious act."

Such has been the supposition of many a martyr to Popish bigotry and intolerance. Now, Sir, what think you was the reply given to this loyal and conscientious individual, whose conduct was dictated by

Protestant zeal and regulated by Act of Parliament? Read; but be calm—if you can.

"MR. YARDLEY good-humouredly observed, that the sooner the GUY FAWKES Act was disobeyed, and forgotten, the better, and discharged the defendant with a reprimand."

What! is it come to this? A magistrate on the Bench actually recommending disobedience to an Act of Parliament. And why? I shall be told, because the Act in question is mischievous and obsolete. Obsolete, indeed! No, Sir! In the words of the mighty, though anonymous Bard, Gunpowder Treason "SHALL NEVER BE FORGOT." But I am persuaded, that was not the motive. I ask you, Sir, solemnly, seriously, whether MR. YARDLEY's language can be explained on any other supposition than that of his having received from Rome a dispensation to set at naught the laws which he is bound to administer?

Assuming this to be the case, should you not say that he is decidedly guilty of High Treason? Now, then, what ought to be done to him? This is a grave question. I should say—should not you?—that the man—not to say magistrate—who could make such a speech, would be much too lucky to escape with transportation for life.

Sir, we ought to be up and stirring. Depend upon it the extinction of the Fifth of November squibs will be preliminary to lighting of the fagots of Smithfield, where I only hope that ere long you will not be accompanied at the stake by

Your respectful Contemporary,

PUNCH.

SIMON SUMMED UP.

ALDERMEN, Councilmen, City Commissioners,
Ye who say "Pooh" to the plain's of petitioners,
Who turn dull of hearing from doctors' explanatory
And deem scarcely sane all who're earnestly sanatory—
Oh listen to SIMON, you're own health inspector,
And think that 'tis he and not PUNCH reads a lecture
On the various nastiness,
Hid in the vastness
Of your "healthiest, wealthiest,
Best sewered, best watered,
Best governed city of Europe!"

A mortality twice what its numbers should be,
Acres of cess-pool—a fetid Dead Sea;
Bone, gut, and tripe-works 'neath aldermen's noses,
And other such trades whose mere mention a dose is.
Under the shades of each tall city steeple
Grave-yards "establish'd to furnish the people
With poisonous gas and a vault," from whose foison
Of fat putrefaction, the poisoned may poison!

Such is some of the nastiness,
Found in the vastness
Of your "healthiest, wealthiest,
Best sewered, best watered,
Best governed city of Europe!"

Hundreds of slaughter shops Smithfield around,
Whereof fifty-eight ply their trade under ground;
Ev'ry year butchered, and cut up, a heap
Of some five hundred thousand of cattle and sheep;
For Water, a compound too filthy to drink,
With soot to give flavour and sewers to give stink.
Thro' all this—of all minor cess-pools the main pool—
Mixed mud and malaria, the Thames, a huge drainpool;

Oh such is the nastiness,
Found in the vastness
Of your "healthiest, wealthiest,
Best sewered, best watered,
Best governed city of Europe!"

SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA.

WE learn from a Liverpool paper that a shipment has been made to America—

"In the shape of 500 casts of the head of SHAKESPEARE, taken from the monumental bust of the Poet in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, by WILL WARNER, the artist of that town. They are consigned to an eminent firm in New York."

PUNCH has since discovered that the casts have been ordered by MR. FORREST, who, in a praiseworthy fit of penitence, has resolved to distribute the *vera effigies* of the world's humanising poet amongst the benighted men hired by the actor to pelt and put down MACREADY. We further understand that, as an especial mark of his remorse for injuries committed upon the Bard by MR. FORREST himself, he has ordered that beneath every bust shall be inscribed these words—

Good folks, when this you see,
Oh, don't remember me!



MR. BRIGGS ON HIS WAY TO THE "METROPOLITAN STEEPLE CHASE," TRIES WHETHER HIS HORSE IS A GOOD ONE ACROSS COUNTRY. HE IS REPRESENTED RIDING AT A BROOK (!)

THE NEW RECRUITING SERGEANT!



Now is the time for the Peaceable and Ingenious Youth to gird on his Wallet, and take up his Staff, and march forth against the Common Enemy. The Regiment will first be employed in England. In fact, it is expected to storm every Hall throughout the Country,—and to levy Sandwiches, Tea, and Bread and Butter, upon the Fair and Defenceless Inhabitants; many of whom may possibly be

PUT TO THE WEDDING RING!

The PEPPER-AND-SALTS will next be employed upon Foreign Service, in which there is no doubt they will cover themselves with

IMMORTAL OLIVES.

The Gentle Corps will first embark for France, forcing a way by means of Railway Tickets into the very Heart of Paris. Having sur-

anted,—A few meek-spirited young men! That fine Young Regiment, the EXETER-HALL PEPPER-AND-SALTS, wants a few sweet-minded Recruits. Bound for true Glory.

Magnificent Self-Reward,
AND NO
BALL-CARTRIDGES
TO CARRY!

The Regiment—it already numbers in its ranks many Old Soldiers,—is destined for Foreign Service!

prised all the Marshals of France in their beds, and sworn them on the *Code Napoleon* to keep the Peace, the corps will then—headed by EMILE DE GIRARDIN, VICTOR HUGO, DE LAMARTINE and others—promenade the *enceinte* of Paris,

SPIKING EVERY GUN WITH AN INTERNATIONAL CORKSCREW, manufactured at Birmingham expressly for the occasion! France being conquered and embraced, the invincible PEPPER-AND-SALTS will move forward,

DROPPING IN UPON PRUSSIA.

The Prussian army—overcome by the inextinguishable eloquence of the gallant corps—and having piled its arms and condemned its artillery for old iron, will voluntarily disband itself. The uniforms of the soldiery—according to one of the articles exacted by the conqueror—will be distributed among the Prussian peasantry to

Hang out in their Corn-fields and stick among their Cherry-trees.

Still undaunted, the all-enduring PEPPER-AND-SALTS will press on to Austria. Here—by the irresistible force of Argument, and the Might of Perseverance—

THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE WILL BE MADE TO FOREGO ITS MEALS OF HUMAN FLESH,

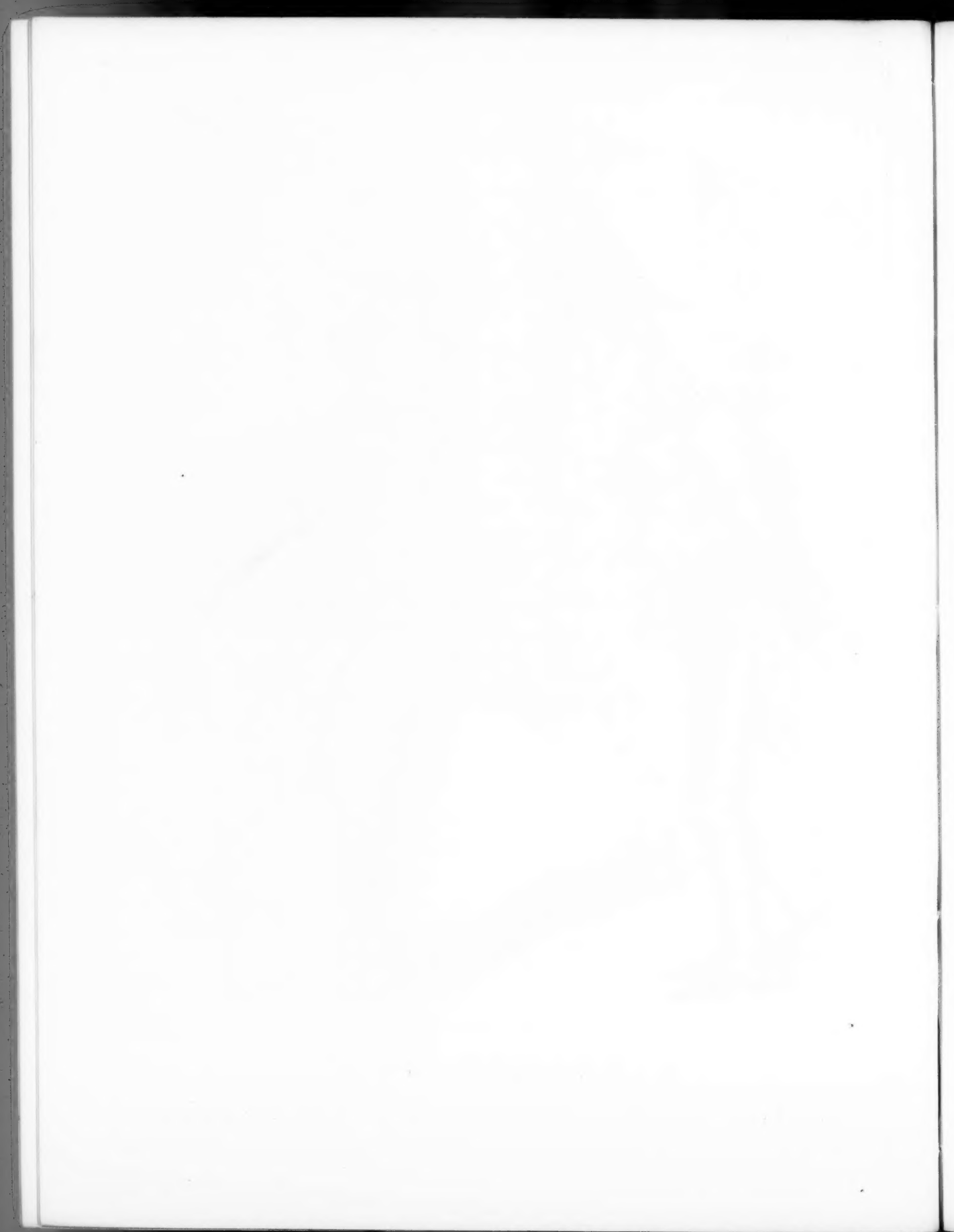
and—like decent, pacific fowl—live cleanly upon oats and barley. According to the terms of capitulation, the young Emperor—by the gentlest of all possible violence—will be made to go to school for three years, to learn the Humanities. HAYNAU—in Full Uniform, and with all his Orders—shall, for the term of his Natural life, be made to scare birds in a Hemp-field.

Modestly flushed with triumph, the PEPPER-AND-SALTS will then carry their Victorious Arguments (weather permitting) into Russia, where, though an obstinate defence may—from the brutal ignorance of the People—be expected, there can be no doubt that a triumph equal to all former victories will be achieved. Yes, there may be difficulties in



A BRIGHT IDEA!

The Peace Recruiting Sergeant Trying to Enlist the Duke.



Russia. Still, let it be remembered that though Gunpowder once Blew Up the Kremlin—in the end, Peace is stronger than any PETER—

PETER THE GREAT, AND SALT-PETRE INCLUDED.

And now, all Gentle, Meek-Hearted, Well-Disposed, Fraternal Young Fellows, rally round the PEPPER-AND-SALTS.

A Flag will be presented to the Corps, when raised; a Flag, worked with *£ s. d.*, in threads of significant Gold, Silver, and Copper, by the Wives of the Officers. ENSIGN COBDEN will receive the Flag

IN FRONT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

To Bachelors, the Corps of the PEPPER-AND-SALTS is peculiarly eligible. It would be unworthy of the Cause to attempt to stimulate their personal interests, but it would be also to omit a duty, not casually to remark that the

RICHEST HEIRESSES IN THE WORLD

are in France,—if, perhaps, there are not richer in Austria,—and richer still in St. Petersburg.

NONE BUT THE MEEK DESERVE THE RICH!

Apply to Drab-Colour SERJEANT BRIGHT, who may be heard of at the Cotton Tree, Manchester.

A PAGE FROM THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS' MINUTE BOOK.

THE Learned Judge (MR. SERJEANT ADAMS) in addressing the Grand Jury, said, that he wished the country should be informed, and therefore he mentioned it to them, not that they had anything to do with it, for he begged them to dismiss such a notion from their minds, that justice could be supplied at a much cheaper rate at the Middlesex Sessions than at the Central Criminal Court. Of course it didn't become him to dilate on the quality of the article, but he believed it would be found that a good, useful, prosecution could be had there for twenty-three shillings, while the same article at the Old Bailey was charged four guineas-and-a-half. Besides this, prosecutions could be turned out in a much shorter time at Hick's Hall than in the Old Court or the New either. Still people went to the Old Bailey, and he couldn't understand the reason. Besides cheapness and expedition, the public at the Middlesex Sessions would get his (SERJEANT ADAMS's) lectures on things in general. He would now dismiss them to their duties, assuring them that he couldn't conceive what earthly use they were of.

EDWARD TODGERS, a boy of fourteen, was found guilty of stealing half-a-crown, the property of his father. The Learned Judge observed that, here was a case where the parent was able to support his son, yet he prosecuted him, and so got rid of the expense of keeping him.

THOMAS TODGERS, the parent, said the boy was always stealing. He had given him a good flogging, but it was of no use.

The Learned Judge said, here was a case in which a boy had been driven to crime, no doubt, by the brutal treatment of his father. Now what was he to do with this boy? He didn't know, and he would like anybody to tell him.

One of the Magistrates on the Bench said, that Parliament might do something.

The Learned Judge didn't think that Parliament had sense enough to do anything. They never did do anything he recommended. Had the boy any mother?

THOMAS TODGERS said his mother was dead.

The Learned Judge said, that no doubt here was a boy driven to steal because he hadn't a mother. His father ought to be ashamed of himself. Why hadn't the boy a mother?

THOMAS TODGERS said, that after the death of the boy's mother, he had married again.

The Learned Judge said, that no doubt here was a boy driven to steal because he had a stepmother. No doubt she behaved brutally to the boy. Step-mothers always did. He had been reading "*David Copperfield*" that morning; and he found it laid down that DAVID COPPERFIELD's step-father MURDSTONE treated him brutally, and therefore he was bound to conclude that this boy's step-mother treated him brutally. Now what was he to do with this boy?

No one being able to answer the question of the Learned Judge, the boy was sentenced in the usual way to three month's confinement in the Westminster House of Correction, and the next case was proceeded with.

A New Voice in Parliament.

MR. BARRY has sent in a demand for something like £30,000 over and above the large sum that was voted to him for the Houses of Parliament. We do not know what echo this note, which is certainly pitched a little high, will produce in the New House, but if it is responded to, the House of Commons will unquestionably be the finest building of its kind for any singer that has a tremendous Barry-tone.

GRAND METROPOLITAN STEEPLE CHASE FROM PUTNEY TO ST. PAUL'S.



THIS splendid sport comes off every ten minutes throughout the day from Putney and Brompton to St. Paul's Cathedral. The competitors are the omnibus drivers and cads, who are distinguished by the various appellations of Putney Pets, Fulham Fowls, and Charing Cross Chickens. The Steeple Chase consists of a single heat, or, in other words, one continued state of perspiration into which the horses are thrown from the moment of starting to the moment of arrival.

We witnessed one of these little affairs a few mornings ago from a seat in one of the competing busses, into which we were pitched from the step on to, which we were allowed just time to place one foot, when the cad, familiarly known as the Sloane Street Slasher, gave us a jerk forward, which sent us flying on to the floor of the vehicle, and a slam of the door, which sent the horses flying on their accustomed career of MAZEPPA-like impetuosity. When we had time to recover our senses and our seat—an operation very difficult on account of the undulation of the omnibus, which rocked like a steamer on the chops of the channel—we perceived that we were engaged in a Steeple Chase, with the Pimlico Game Cock on the box, and the Cheyne-walk Chicken acting as backer in his conductorial capacity. We were side by side for some time, when we got away cleverly by clearing an apple-stall of the whole of its contents with our near wheel, and we eventually won by a neck, which was no other than the broken neck of a passenger, vainly attempting to alight during a temporary stoppage.

We think that if these great Metropolitan Steeple Chases are to be continued, it would be desirable that some specific rules should be laid down for their guidance, and that the farce of professing to take passengers should be altogether abolished, as ingress or egress into or out of the vehicles can only be effected by dodges, hops, skips, and jumps of a most perplexing and dangerous character. We should suggest also that the apple stalls, and other articles, cleared in the course of the chase, should be arranged at proper intervals, so that the proprietors might, at all events, know which are to be sacrificed, and might take necessary precautions for their own personal safety, which, from the unexpected course of the competing vehicles, is now very frequently jeopardised.

Perhaps, also, stuffed figures—or a few of the worn-out murderers from MADAME TUSSAUD's collection, who have lost their interest in the late rapid succession of startling novelties, would be found quite as effective as living objects, to be run over, knocked down, or otherwise dispersed by the Brompton and Putney Steeple Chasers. We don't know whether the affair is worth the attention of the sporting world, but as the matter, in its present state, is sport to some that may end in death to many, we feel that our suggestions are, at all events, entitled to be considered.

Selling a Parent.

AMONG other odd things announced for sale in the newspapers, we see one of CANTELO's "Artificial Mothers." As the reverse of artificial is natural, we thought at first that this must be one of the unnatural parents one reads of in novels, and sees on the stage in melodramas. We were familiar with the English practice of selling wives, but this of selling mothers seemed a step beyond Smithfield. But the name of CANTELO recalled us to Leicester Square, where, we are informed, "chickens daily burst the shell in the presence of visitors," and we jumped to the conclusion, that an artificial mother is a hot-water tray, which, if properly regulated, produces chickens, but if over-heated, omelettes. As we cannot suppose the chicken feels much affection for such a parent, we are reconciled to this new traffic in "artificial mothers," which otherwise would have given us a bad impression of the filial piety of the feathered race.

SORROW FOR SALE.

WE saw the other day advertised in a newspaper "A Genuine Concern to be Disposed of." We should advise speculators to look suspiciously at such an advertisement, for, depend upon it, the man who has a "genuine concern" must have lost money.



MONEY.—WANTED FROM £300 TO £400 to bring forward an Article that must in a few years realise a handsome fortune to the proprietors. To any Young Man who is not of business habits, with the above sum at command, this is an opportunity for investment seldom met with. References exchanged.—No professed Moneylender need apply.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 3.—Custom-house Wharf, with Boulogne boat alongside. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is gradually recovering from the discomposure of the voyage. Her luggage is, as usual, voluminous, and her money all French.

Captain (on paddle-box). Ease her! Turn astarn!

Boy. Tu a—st—ar—n. (*Captain signals.*) Tu a—h—ade. (*Captain signals.*) Stp—e—rr. (*Steam blows off.*)

Unprotected Female (alarmed at the noise, to POLITE PASSENGER). Oh, is anything going to blow up?

Polite Passenger. Oh, no, ma'am; that's the cylinder, ma'am, always makes that noise—or the piston—that's the safety valve, you know. Perfectly safe, ma'am.

[*A flight of Porters descend upon the boat, and appropriate the luggage.*]

Unprotected Female (attempting in vain to sit upon all of hers at once). Oh, do stop him (*to POLITE PASSENGER*). That's my bonnet-box. Those are all my trunks. [*POLITE PASSENGER rushes after his own luggage.*]

Porter. Cust'm-'ouse.

Unprotected Female (resigning herself). Oh, do be particular.

[*Her luggage is taken from her.*]

Mate. Now—Gangway.

[*The gangway begins to perform evolutions in the air. UNPROTECTED FEMALE places herself conveniently to receive it on her head.*]

Mate. Look out, ma'am.

Unprotected Female. Oh! [*Screams, and all but rushes into the river.*]

Mate. Now, then—shore.

[*A rush up the gangway carries the UNPROTECTED FEMALE along with it.*]

Mate. Ticket!

[*To UNPROTECTED FEMALE.*]

Unprotected Female (searching herself). Here—no, that's my hotel bill. Here—no, that's my excursion ticket. Oh, where can I have put it?

Impatient Passenger. Move on in front, there!

Unprotected Female (under severe pressure from behind, succeeds at last in finding her ticket in some remote recess of her garments). Here!

[*She gains the wharf.*]

[*SCENE changes to waiting-room and SEARCHER'S room in Custom-house, with a door communicating between the apartments.*]

Clerk (at door of SEARCHER'S room). Now then, passengers with—one article! [*UNPROTECTED FEMALE makes a rush for the door.*]

Clerk. One article, ma'am?

Unprotected Female (rapidly). Yes, one bonnet-box—one carpet-bag—one leather trunk—

Clerk (repulsing her contemptuously). This way with one article—

Three Passengers (at once). Here!

Clerk. All right.

[*The three pass in. The door is shut to violently on the noses of half-a-dozen who press on after them.*]

Outside.

Impatient Passenger. Now then, look sharp!

[*Kicks violently at door.*]

Desponding Passenger (to crowd generally). I was once kept here from ten in the morning till six at night.

Impatient Passenger. By Jove I'll write to the Times. (*Kicks violently at door.*) Hollo!

Reasonable Passenger. Don't be in a hurry, Sir. The men inside must have time to do their work.

Cheerful Passenger (to UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Amusing scene, this, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. It's very distressing for an Unprotected Female, Sir.

Impatient Passenger (looking at his watch). Half-an-hour, already, and I have to be at the House of Commons in an hour from this!

Clerk (at door). Two articles!

[*An immediate rush is made by everybody—only two are let in.*]

Unprotected Female. I wonder how long it will be before they come to fifteen articles—I think I've fifteen, if they count the little ones. Do they count the little ones, Sir? (*To IMPATIENT PASSENGER*).

Impatient Passenger. Cussed if I don't think they count the brass-headed nails. (*Kicking violently.*) Hollo! Do you think we're a-going to wait here all day. I'll write to the Times.

Clerk (at door.) Three and four articles.

[*The usual rush takes place.*]

Clerk (to IMPATIENT PASSENGER). How many articles?

Impatient Passenger. Seven. You said three and four articles. Three and four's seven.

[*Passes in before CLERK can collect himself to refute him.*]

Several others follow him.

Unprotected Female (soliloquising).

How dreadfully chill and damp this place is. It's enough to give one one's death of cold. I wonder when I shall get home? They'll be expecting me. I'm afraid I shall be late for dinner. I wonder whether there'll be a deal of duty to pay. Oh! gracious goodness! there's that lace inside my dress. They'll never find that surely. Oh! here's that man again!

Clerk at door. OTHER PARTIES.

A rush takes place, with the UNPROTECTED FEMALE at the head of it.

1st Searcher. Now, mu'm—which is yours?

Inside.

First Searcher (to SECOND DO.) I'll thank you for the Times when you've done with it.

Fourth Searcher (examining SECOND PASSENGER'S trunk). Hollo!—you've got some funny caricatures here!

[*A general examination of the caricatures by all the Searchers with elaborate humorous comments.*]

Third Searcher (to FIRST PASSENGER, holding up Daguerreotype apparatus). Hollo! what's this?

[*FIRST PASSENGER is called upon to explain principles and practice of Daguerreotype, and does so at some length.*]

Sec. Searcher (to FIRST SEARCHER). Here's the Times. (*To PASSENGERS*). Now, Gents, anything to declare? *Passengers.* Nothing.

Second Searcher. That'll do—Half-a-crown, please.

[*Escort the three Passengers with their three articles, the united number of which amounts to ten.*]

First Searcher. Call in the two articles.

[*Enter two Passengers.*]

Second Searcher (Searching FIRST PASSENGER'S trunk). Bless me! now what may these be?

[*Handling a parcel carelessly.*]

First Passenger (eagerly). Take care, pray. They're curious botanical specimens.

Second Searcher. Look here! JONES. Here's queer things for a man to carry about.

[*The Herbarium is passed from SEARCHER to SEARCHER.*]

First Passenger (in agony). Oh, pray, mind. They're very delicate. Dear, dear! you're breaking the pistils.

First Searcher (authoritatively looking up from SECOND PASSENGER'S trunk). You ought to know better than to carry fire-arms about in your luggage, Sir.

Second Searcher (together). Ha! ha! ha! Why they're flowers. I say, here's TOMKINS has made such a rum mistake.

[*All the Searchers gather round to hear the story, and poke fun at TOMKINS.*]

Enter IMPATIENT PASSENGER.

Impatient Passenger (thumping on the counter). Now then, somebody, or I'll write to the Times, by Jove. There are my keys, I've seven packages. I've nothing to declare—you'd better not break anything—or I'll write to the Times. Now, some of you—look sharp—or I'll write—

[*A rush of Searchers takes place, and the IMPATIENT PASSENGER is disposed of with singular rapidity.*]

Unprotected Female (running about all over the room). Oh, there's this, and this, and this, and that in the corner, and you under there, and these.

[*Her luggage is gradually collected into a single pile.*]

Searcher. Anything to declare?

Unprotected Female (evasively). There's my keys. Eh? no—those are the keys at home—here's my luggage keys.

Searcher (struggling with several Gordian knots). I wish to goodness, Ma'am, you ladies would learn to make knots that'll untie.

Unprotected Female. Ah! There's a band-box burst, and all the *pâtes* smashed into my muff! Do mind how you handle that bonnet, Sir. Please let me fold those things up again. Don't squeeze them in that way. Oh, gracious! Mind where you're going.

[*SEARCHER rumples, tumbles, tosses, discomposes, and generally upsets the trunks of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.*]

Searcher (in loud voice). Twenty-four pairs fine French stockings unworn, six dresses partly made up, being manufactured silk fabrics, twelve pairs French kid gloves, eight pairs French leather boots, sixteen caps unworn.

Unprotected Female. But they're all for my own wearing!

Searcher. Quantity's unreasonable; but you can complain, and then you'll be examined into.

Unprotected Female (aside). Oh, that lace!

Searcher (having made out his list of articles liable to duty). Now, Ma'am, if you'll walk into that room.

Unprotected Female (in agony of apprehension). Oh, what for? Who with? (Aside.) It's that lace in my—that's all I've got, Sir.

Searcher (sternly). This way, Ma'am. [Pointing to side room.]

Unprotected Female (aside). Oh, I'll never—that's all, I assure you, Sir.

Searcher. Come, Ma'am; I can't be wasting time here all day with you.

Unprotected Female. But you're surely not going to do it yourself, Sir?

Searcher. No; there's a clerk there who'll take your money.

Unprotected Female. Take my money, too!

Searcher. Yes; the dooty on these articles.

Unprotected Female. Oh, thank goodness—if that's all. How much will it be, Sir, please?

Searcher. Four fourteen, Ma'am—

Unprotected Female. Why, I could have bought 'em half as cheap again in Oxford Street.

Searcher. In course, Ma'am. That's what all the ladies finds out. Now, Ma'am—

Unprotected Female. Well, if ever I buy any French articles again! (Aside.) But they are not going to look for the lace.

[*Exit much relieved into side room. Scene closes.*]

EVERY ENGLISHMAN'S PEW HIS CASTLE.

THE liberty of the church-going subject has been shamefully violated in the Parish Church of Cheltenham. The scandal cries aloud in the newspapers. A Christian gentleman, with two or three friends, were in a large pew—the pew only half filled. Unpewed sinners stood at the door—there were no seats to be had. The Churchwarden suggested to the pew Christian that he might make room for his fellow-backsliders. Whereupon, the miserable sinner "firmly held" the door inside, resolving to have the luxury of superfluous space, though fellow-sinners were jammed and jaded. The Churchwarden—a man of action—orders the beadle "to break open the door;" the beadle is an obedient servant, and—the door is broken open. We see "Book safes" advertised for security—under any violence soever—of books and documents: we would advise for the protection of such pew-loving Samaritans as our friend of Cheltenham, a "Church safe,"—where he might remain, a choice dish, set apart for a banquet of grace. It is gossiped about gossiping Cheltenham, that the aforesaid Christian has taken counsel's opinion, "whether his pew is not as inviolate as his house, and whether he may not, by arms or otherwise, resist any attempt to enter it." We are not in possession of the opinion given, but the gentleman has been heard to express his intention not to attend Church next Sunday without pistols.

If folks will cultivate the exclusive gentility of pews—carrying caste to Church with them, as they would carry it to the theatre—we think they ought, by the terms of lease, to be permitted to protect them like gardens and orchards, and to exhibit this notice to the unseated—"Man-traps and spring-guns set in this pew."

Freeze Cartoons.

THE papers tell us that the decorations, by Mr. SANG, in the New Coal Exchange are very cold. Now the subject treated are coals—and if anything required a warmth of colouring, it should be coals. We cannot imagine "cool tints" and blazing Walls' Ends mixing well together. But Mr. SANG's genius has achieved this difficult association. We are assured, in fact, that his brush has such a wonderful power of subduing everything, that if he had to paint the Fire of London, he would execute it with the greatest SANG-froid.

THE CIVIC SUCCESSION.



THE MAN IN BRASS!

"Illi robur, et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat."

Hon. Car. Lib. I. iii, 9.

we see nothing more than this representative of Orange coming into new quarters. The whole thing is, in fact, a complete substitution of one reigning family for another, though the Civic Constitution remains the same, and the dinners, which form the glory of the Civic reign, proceed as usual, though there is an actual change of dynasty.

The public who witness the splendid parade attending the inauguration of a new Lord Mayoralty, can form no idea of the smallness of the actual amount of change that takes place when one Civic Sovereign is succeeded by another. We would venture a wager that a carpet-bag and dressing-case would include all the personal movables of the outgoing potentate, and that a portmanteau will most probably comprise the entire of the "effects" that go in with the new wearer of the cockney diadem. The alteration resolves itself after all into a simple question of luggage; and as it was said at LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH's restoration, "nothing is changed except that there is a Frenchman the more in France" so it may be said on a new Mayoralty, "nothing is changed, except that there may be a pair of boots or slippers more (or less) at the Mansion House."

MURDER-WORSHIP.

A SONNET BY OUR OWN POET-LAUREATE.

ANOTHER blossom on the Tyburn tree:
And yet another on its fruitful bough!
The murd'ers pay their bloody reck'ning now,
And thousands throng admiringly to see.
And who shall blame the unschool'd mob, whilst we,
The scholars, Law's grim Tragedy allow,
Nor interest in its actors disavow!
We chronicle the foul minutiae
Of their dark deeds of crime;—nay! stop not here,
But sift their very prison-life, and draw
The veil from off their hidden histories:
We crowd to see their waxen effigies;
We make their portraits household gods, and rear
Them shrines, where Murder-worship is allowed by Law.

THE HAIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE FRENCH THRONE.

WE see some young lady advertises a golden ointment, which shall produce, within a week, "whiskers, moustaches, or imperials." We advise LOUIS NAPOLEON to lay this flattering ointment to his soul, as he is evidently trying very hard to cultivate an *Imperial*.

GOING A STEP FURTHER.—The Court of Chancery is reforming the "Petty-Bag" Office. It is to be wished that it would extend the process to those of its offices in which more serious bagging is practised.



WESTMINSTER HALL - SHOWING THE CEREMONY OF OPENING TERM.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Friday, November 2, 1849.—Up, and by Appointment to MR. WAGSTAFFE'S, and so with him to Westminster Hall, to see my LORD CHANCELLOR and the Judges, after Breakfast with my Lord, this being the first Day of Michaelmas Term, open the Law Courts in State, in their Robes and Wigs. We there at 12, the Hour set for the Ceremony, but, we found, only for the Beginning of it by Breakfast, which had we thought of, we had taken our Time, as knowing that my Lords would be sure to take theirs. Nobody in the Hall when we got there but a few Country Folk staring about them; and clear that we must have Patience, MR. WAGSTAFFE did say, like many beside us in Westminster Hall, and think ourselves lucky to be in no worse Case. So we went out to look at the New Houses of Parliament, and to see how the Masons speed with the Building, which will be mighty fine when it is done, and MR. TRANSOM do commend the Style, and I admire it too, both for the Proportions and also for the Heraldry and Lions. Then back again to the Hall, where now a few more People; and presently comes marching in a Party of Policemen, large enough to have taken up all present, and yet hardly have had one Prisoner a-piece; but the Numbers did by Degrees increase, and were, I did note, mostly of the better Sort; which the Police do explain. Among them divers Barristers-at-Law, some with their Sisters, some with their Wives, and others with such as did seem like to be their Wives, many of whom mighty comely Damselfs, that pleased me, and were a Sight I never expected, not thinking they could care for Law Matters, or to see the Judges, &c.; but strange how Women do flock to every Concourse,

whether it be to see or only to be seen. There for the first Time I did behold MR. TOMKINS, the young Barrister, in his Wig, wherein he do look mighty sedate, and I telling him I hoped he would come to open Term himself, made Answer as it might be some while first, he wished I might live to see it. The People now crowding about the Doors of the Courts, the Police did make a Lane between them for my LORD CHANCELLOR and the Judges to walk down, and MR. WAGSTAFFE did call it Chancery Lane. My Lords still not coming, he did observe that now we had a Sample of the Law's Delay, and did pleasantly lay the Lateness of the Breakfast to the Account of the MASTER OF THE ROLLS. But they at last come, and we opposite the Court of Common Pleas got a good View of them to my Heart's Content. First comes the Mace, and a Gentleman in his Court Suit, wearing a Sword and Bag, and with them the Great Seal; then my LORD CHANCELLOR, and did walk down to his Court at the End of the Hall, looking the better of his Sickness, which I was glad. After him the other Judges, of whom most did enter the Door whereby we were, and mighty reverend they looked, but merry and in good Humour, and beamy and ruddy after their Breakfast. But to see MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD come last of all, shaking Hands with his Friends on both Sides, he newly made a Judge, being a Poet, did most content me; and MR. WAGSTAFFE did say he looked in good Case, and by no means *pushe*. The Judges all entered, the Rabblement let into the Hall, and we away, fearing for our Pockets; which in Westminster Hall are like to be very soon emptied.

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

THE GIBBET AND THE DEATH-BED.

OUR LITTLE BIRD looks from a chimney-top.

A gallows stands upon a prison-roof. A mutter and slow roar of voices drones upward through the morning mists—upward as from the devils' pit; and then gabbling mockery, shouting, and blaspheming laughter.

A man and woman are to be put to the death, that, forfeiting life, they may in the agony show how sinful it is to kill. Authority is to do sacrificial reverence to the vital flame of man, by treading it into darkness!

The early sun shines through upon the house-tops. The mists melt apart, and in its stark black nakedness, stands the unmuffled gibbet.

The bell tolls, and upturned from below there is a pavement of stony faces.—One broad compact mass of inwadded human feature, with ten thousand differences, yet making one vast up-looking monster, with thousands of straining eyes, whetted for a feast.

Still the solitary gallows waits. And in the pause, fancy beholds a shade, man-shaped, seated on the scaffold. Is it the shade of CAIN, of the First Murderer—branded by God, that the Homicide might NOT BE KILLED; that every throb even of the fratricidal heart might teach a fearful reverence of human life?

The white tips of the wands appear—and now there is CHRIST's minister, not shadowy, but in the flesh; eloquent, tuneful with CHRIST's own words, touched with immortal music. Words that promise stary crowns to the two penitent heads, crimson with homicide—blasted with murder. A moment, and if strong repentance bear them upward, they at whom their fellow-men recoil as at things outcast and hellish—they shall be among the blessed. Happiness shall be anticipated by remorseful cruelty, and the trap of the gallows shall be as the vestibule to the Abode of Glory.

For the hangman hangs not for the other world. Christianity, that, where we read it, sheds no blood to prove the preciousness of blood outpoured, crowns the penitent. And human law, in its grave bungling—in its ceremonious, circumambient coursings—only speeds the evil-doer to the fruition of his hopes. The sword of justice cuts off a few years of heart-ache in this world; whilst the sustaining priest promises joy eternal to a full remorse.

But there is one remorseless, stony. She rejects the hope of an immortal issue. A few moments, and to her own desolate thought, even now shuddering upon annihilation, she will be so much weight of clod—the clay image of a murderess. In what chapter, what verse, what sentence of the Book of Christianity, does spectacled Law read its right to deal death upon this crimsoned woman, foredating her distant natural hour, that, with its gradual advance, might bring benignant influence, touching that stony heart to flesh?—

The priest reads on. The hangman hears the signal word—a Gospel Word!—the bolt is drawn, and man and woman are, by human presumption, cast beyond human dealings—at the moment a part and parcel of the tremendous Future. And Law is vindicated! And the sacredness of life has been made manifest to all men—nay, is yet solemnly manifest in the two swayed carcasses, not yet cold from the retributive dealing of hangman justice.

Yes, human life is sacred. A hundred thousand human eyes behold the proofs. The hangman—ghastly mountebank!—upon his scaffold, may look grimly complacent at his work, and cry aloud—"Good Christian people! Life is sacred. You may not doubt it; for I have killed this man and woman that you may know what a solemn thing is life—how very, very sacred is human blood."

Man and woman are duly slain. And with the act that rids the earth of their abomination, there seems for the time to come a new freedom upon the world. We breathe as though relieved of a foul oppression. We have got rid of the besetting presence of a daily charnel wickedness that seemed to taint the air we drew—to poison the social atmosphere. The idea of the atrocity did at times intrude—a household nightmare. Convinced we are, that thoughts of the horrible pair in their last night of life, troubled the sleep of many a good man and woman in many a virtuous homestead. Assured we are, that many, even behind comfortable curtains, were unwillingly made to count the hours of the doomed man and wife—so arbitrary had become the thought of murder among us; so unceasingly and familiarly was it made to mingle with our daily imaginings. And for much of this, let us thank the coming hangman and those gentlemen ushers of the gibbet, who do the preliminary ceremonies in Sabbath print. The murderer kills one man; and the law, in due process of killing the murderer, enables the men who make a commodity of the gallows to kill the decencies of human society. For days together, they make about our common way a very haze of blood.

The hour has passed; and the show ends. The living man and woman, an hour since fainting and stumbling up the narrow stair to their doom, are now sent downward—readily handled—with the seal of

human justice on their clay faces. And death, even shameful death, redeems something of the foulness that awhile ago festered them; for they are now the cast-off coverings of immortal spirits: and what their destiny, and where are they? The very question that the clay suggests, pleads with an unthought charity for the clay itself. May not the wisdom of human law be somewhat perplexed by the tranquil face of a gibbet corpse, law's own black handiwork, done on law's presumption? Let the dead lips seem to ask of the Law—"Wherefore didst thou thrust forth my spirit into eternity? By what Christian rule didst thou outrage the holiness of death by making death infamous?" And, to our thinking, we know not where Law shall find a justifying answer. Human justice, to our thought, stands baffled even by a murderer's corpse. There is no balance so nice, that it may weight human blood.

Our Little Bird takes sudden flight. Away towards the Surrey hills. Two or three minutes on the wing, and now it settles upon a tree that gently waves beside a chamber window. There is a deep quietude about the house, for death is only lingering ere it crosses the threshold.

In the chamber is an old man dying. He is crowned with the righteousness of a beautiful life. His days have been alike profitable to his fellow-man and to his own soul. Kindred and friends wait and watch about him. Every tear that falls is a sweet offering to death; a tribute to its consummating holiness of mortal hopes. The man has played out a long life for the calm glory of the time—for the hallowing loveliness of this parting hour. And it falls upon him and about him, and the hum of earth stills, then deepens into immortal music. And this is death, the inevitable—and thank God! inevitable—fate of the righteous man, whose life has been a daily excellence.

And yet this death, the best reward of the best—we in our perverseness make the worst punishment of the worst. The same cup that the saint drinks of, we force to the lips of the murderer; and both alike—with the blessing of penitence—drink life eternal. And by this ignorance—we would speak with humility—it has ever been our faith that the sacredness of death is outraged; that holy, consecrating Death is affronted in its solemnity when hurried from its certain purpose, when suborned by man to do a seeming ignominy upon his fellow. For the infamy is but ceremonial: man himself denounces the presumption that would punish beyond the stroke of death. Man—legislative man!—becomes so modest, merciful, when looking dimly forth upon the Unknown—the Impossible!

The good man, on Sunday next to be hymned and wept to his honoured grave—and the murderers, thrust prayerless to-night in a prison-hole, a meal for burning lime that cheats the worm—all lie in the same wide bed. Death makes all even, but—we say it—death's sanctity by force is violated.

We would seek punishment of life. Of the living hours would we make a scourge for murder. Of the running sand would we make withering seconds. Every hour should fall with its weight, and the murderer's grave be "thoroughly earned." Not that we have unreflecting tenderness for crime would we save the criminal, but that we would not desecrate the holiness of death; death, that, when men shall be better taught, will be revealed in his true beneficence: the deliverer and not the tyrant.

Finally, where is our right to summon death to do our self-willed handiwork? We can find no written warrant for it in Christianity—though a sort of Christianity is prone to put on Urim and Thummim to enunciate it. Any way, when we would make an offering to the sanctity of life, should we strangle a man to vindicate the holiness of existence?

And you would let the murderer live? Yes. That even his life respected, might preach to men the solemnity of life. But his life should be continual mortification—constant penance. Like the dial, in the sunniest time, his soul should know the present hour only by the shade.

A LITTLE BIRD.

QUESTIONS FOR LAW STUDENTS.

In consequence of the laudable exertions that are making by the Law Amendment Society, to form a law school for Barristers, MR. BRIEFLESS has prepared for the use of his brethren of the bombazeen and horse-hair a few questions of an elementary character, which will, he trusts, prepare them, in some degree, for the severer studies of their arduous profession:—

Q. What is sitting in error?

A. Proceeding to sit down when your chair has been removed without your knowledge.

Q. What is a mean process?

A. Being asked out to dinner, and pocketing a portion of the dessert.

Q. When is a pauper irremovable?

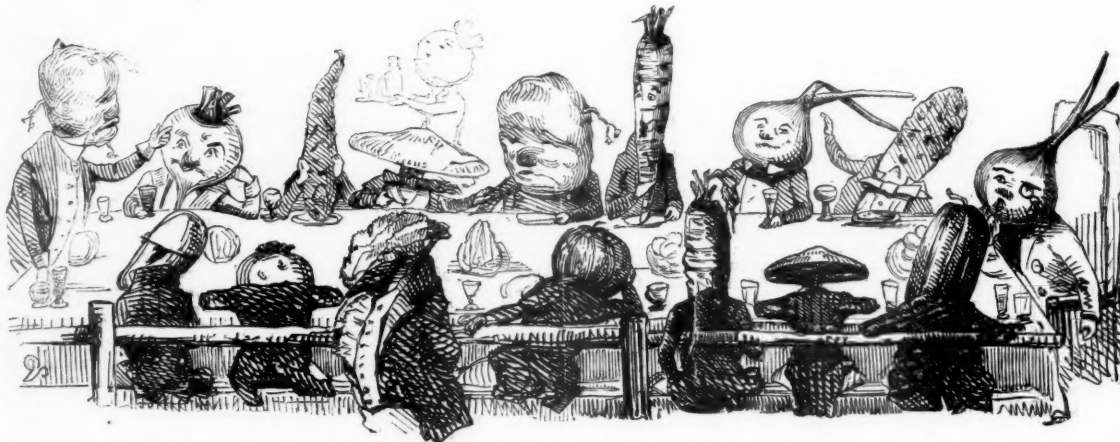
A. When a policeman can not make him "move on."

Q. What is a good admission?

A. An admission to the Haymarket Theatre during MR. MACREADY'S farewell engagement.

GRAND VEGETABLE BANQUET TO THE POTATO ON HIS LATE RECOVERY.

(From our own Correspondent in Vegetaria).



THAT highly-respected vegetable, the Potato, being now, it is hoped, thoroughly re-established in health, it was determined by a few leading members of the Vegetable Kingdom to offer a banquet to the worthy and convalescent root on his happy recovery. The arrangements for the dinner were on a scale of great liberality, and the guests included all the principal vegetables. The invitations had been carried out by an efficient corps of Scarlet Runners, and the Onion occupied the chair. He was supported on his right by the head of the Asparagus family, while Salad occupied a bowl at the other end of the table, and was dressed in his usual manner. The Potato, though just out of his bed, was looking remarkably well, and wore his jacket, there being nothing to mark his recent illness, except perhaps a little apparent blackness round one of his eyes. After the cloth had been removed,

The Onion got up to propose as a toast, the Potato, their much respected guest. (*Immense cheering.*) He, the Onion, had known the Potato from infancy; and though they had not always been associated in life, they had frequently met at the same table. They had sometimes braved together the same broils, and had found themselves often together in such a stew (he alluded to the Irish stew) as had brought them, for the time being, into an alliance of the very closest kind. He, the Onion, was delighted to see the Potato once more restored to his place in society; for he, the Onion, could say without flattery, that society had endeavoured to supply the place of the Potato in vain. (*Hear, hear.*) They had heard of Rice having been suggested to take the place of his honourable friend, but the suggestion was really ridiculous. *Risum teneatis, amici*, was all that he, the Onion, had to say to that. (*Loud laughter, in which all but the Melon joined.*) He, the Onion, would not detain them longer, but would conclude by proposing health, long life, and prosperity to the Potato.

The toast was received with enthusiasm by all but the Cucumber, whose coolness seemed to excite much disgust among his brother vegetables. The Onion had, in fact, affected many of those present to tears, and the Celery, who sat next to the Horseradish, hung down his head in an agony of sensibility. When the cheering had partially subsided, the Potato rose, but that was only a signal for renewed

enthusiasm, and it was some minutes before silence was restored. At length the Potato proceeded nearly as follows:—

“Friends and fellow vegetables. It is with difficulty I express the feeling with which I have come here to-day. Having suffered for the last three or four years from a grievous disease, which seemed to threaten me with total dissolution; it is with intense satisfaction I find myself once more among you in the vigour of health. (*Cheers.*) I should be indeed insensible to kindness, were I to forget the anxious inquiries that have been made as to the state of my health, by those who have held me in esteem, and sometimes in a steam. (*A laugh, in which all but the Melon joined.*) I cannot boast of a long line of ancestors. I did not, like some of you, come in with the CONQUEROR, but I came in the train of civilisation amidst the memorable luggage of SIR WALTER RALEIGH, in company with my Right Honourable friend the Tobacco, who is not now present, but who often helps the philosopher to take a bird's eye view of some of the finest subjects for reflection. (*Immense cheering, and a nod of assent from the Turnip Top.*) Though I may be a foreigner, I may justly say, that I have taken root in the soil, and though I may not have the grace of the Cucumber, who seems to have come here in no enviable frame (*loud cheering*), I believe I have done as much good as any living vegetable; for, though almost always at the rich man's table, I am seldom absent from the poor man's humble board. (*Tremendous applause.*) But,” continued the Potato, “let me not get flowery, or mealy-mouthed, for there is something objectionable in each extreme. I have undergone many vicissitudes in the course of my existence. I have been served up, aye, and served out (*a smile*) in all sorts of ways. I have been roasted by some; I have been basted by others; and I have had my jacket rudely torn off my back by many who knew not the treatment I deserved. But this meeting, my friends, repays me for all. Excuse me if my eyes are watery. (*Sensation.*) I am not very thin-skinned; but I feel deeply penetrated by your kindness this day.

The Potato resumed his seat amid the most tumultuous cheering, which lasted for a considerable time.

LEGAL TIME-TABLES.

THERE is much want felt, alike by suitors and professional men, of a “Westminster Hall Time-Table,” or “Legal BRADSHAW.” It should give the starting-time of the several Courts, and a table of definitions into the bargain. As an example—

The Courts adjourn (in banc) till 10 o'clock, which means, in

Queen's Bench.	Exchequer.	Common Pleas.
10 minutes past 10.	4 past 10.	11.

Again, the definition table would enable the public to correct legal lay time. Thus, “Stands for argument on 10th November, 1849,” would be at once understood as equivalent to “may come on about May 8th, 1850, unless counsel choose to have it stand over till after the long vacation.” A want of understanding the true import of the Legal Time Vocabulary makes litigants unnecessarily impatient; for nobody now “knows the time of day” in Westminster Hall, except the lawyers.

The Horse Guards' Clock.

REPORT states that the Horse Guards' Clock will probably be brought under the operation of the Winding Up Act, in consequence of some irregularities that have lately been observed. We regret to say that its old hands have not been so faithful as heretofore, though there has been no actual stoppage of the works. We cannot undertake to say the cause of this melancholy change in the habits of the Clock, but there is reason to believe that there are, as the saying is, “wheels within wheels.”

WELL PLACED.

THE President of the French Republic has presented the Army and Navy Club with a piece of tapestry. The question is, where to put it. SIBTHORP suggests that, “As it is Gobelin, it ought to be put in the dining-room, which might then be called the ‘Salle de Gobbin.’”

COMFORT THE CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

YESTERDAY a numerous attended Temperance Meeting was held at *Punch's* Moderation Reading Rooms, and House of Call for the Poorer Classes. The assembly was formed, principally, of inmates of Model Lodging Houses. The highly respectable Proprietor occupied the Chair.

WILL WOOF, addressing the assembly, hoped they would not think that, because he was a weaver, he was going to spin them a long yarn. He was sorry to say that till lately he had been addicted to drinking. As soon as he got his wages he used to go to the public-house, and there sit and soak, till he had spent all he had. Half next week he was ill, and couldn't work. In consequence his wife and children had often neither bread to eat, clothes to their backs, or shoes to their feet. All was pawned for drink. Now he always took home his earnings to the old woman; and she and the young 'uns was all happy and comfortable. He was employed regular, and his wages had lately been riz. But how come this here change? Why, in his drunken days he lived in a nasty, beastly, abominable undrained court. He wouldn't make them sick by describing of it. What then? Why, his life was a misery. There they were, he and his wife, and six children, all huddled together in one hole. Nothing everywhere but stench and filth; no comfort nowhere. Except one place. The Public House! There was elbow-room, air, a good fire, clean saw-dust on the floor, and no smell worse than 'baccy. So there he went, and smoked his pipe, and drowned his troubles in gin. The end on it was information of the brain. He had a narrow squeak. Thanks be, however, he come round at last. The doctor advised him to move to the Model Lodging Houses. He did. He paid less for his lodgings than what he did afore, he had lots of room, and water, and everything handy: besides the Baths and Washhouses to go to. Now his place was neat and tidy, and ship-shape; and he was fond of his home. He took his drop of beer and his pipe of an evening by his own fireside, and set a example to his children. The drop wasn't a drop too much, neither. He had turned over a new leaf, and what had made him do it was the Model Lodging Houses.

TOM AUGER related how, previously to his adoption of the Moderation system, he was constantly quarrelling in the streets, and getting into the Station-House.

JACK LAST confessed that before his amendment he was in the habit of welching his wife.

SAM PLUMMETT, PATRICK HODD, JOE KIFFERS made similar avowals, and exhibited the traces of wounds and other injuries which they had received in moments of inebriety. All agreed in laying their reformation to the door of the Model Lodging Houses.

DICK ALLWRIGHT stood before them in a steady attitude, which till lately he could not have done for a long time. He had been a sad drunkard. He was ashamed to say so. Drunkenness was a degrading vice, certainly; for it lowered a man to a beast. But there was too much cant about the badness on it; bad as it was. Drunkenness, to be sure, led to all sorts of crimes. But drinking warn't like stealing, cheating, or telling lies. People didn't get drunk deliberate. A poor feller was miserable. He took a glass to cheer his spirits. The medicine answered. He repeated the dose. So he went on till he past the pint of discretion. Drunkenness was like scratching one's self for itching, and scratching too hard. It come of impatience, which was a sin, he know'd, but let your comfortable people consider the temptation. Model Lodging Houses and Baths and Washhouses made poor people comfortable; and cured them of the low wretched spirits that was 'casioned by filth and stench. So then they left off a keeping of their spirits up by pouring of spirits down; and of course the feet stopped when the cause did—it stood to reason and nateral philosophy.

The CHAIRMAN was delighted to find himself in so respectable an assembly of reclaimed sots; reformed through the establishment of Model Lodging Houses. There they were formerly living like pigs in a sty; here they were now like doves in a cage. One important point, which no speaker had mentioned—from modesty, he supposed—was, that they now never forgot, as they formerly did sometimes, to pay their rents. This led him to the resolution he had to propose, namely—

"That this Meeting earnestly requests the co-operation of capitalists in the cause of Temperance, by investment in the no less profitable than benevolent scheme of Model Lodging Houses."

BOB JOLLY proposed three cheers for the Chairman, which having been given, the Meeting separated.

Buy your Leaves.

ANOTHER enormous Blue-Book has just been issued by the Select Committee appointed to enquire into the Woods and Forests. We understand that there will be several more reports, and it is probable that every tree in every wood and forest will eventually have a separate leaf. Perhaps, if the result is that the Woods and Forests turn over new leaves, the expense may be beneficial after all.

WHAT WE SHALL HAVE NEXT.

"SIR, "I am the 'Father of a Family' who writes to the *Morning Herald*. But that excellent Daily Paper (whose principles are admirable) does not admit illustrations, and I cannot express my feelings on the subject of the present letter, without the aid of a sketch.

"Sir, I have long lost all control over the wardrobe of Mrs. B—and my daughters. Every day they come out in some new abomination—a few weeks ago, it was those appendages of cutlery, and ironmongery, jangling, and dangling, and cutting one's legs under the table, and lying upon chairs when one sat down, all knives and scissors, and other sharp points.

"At another time I find them suddenly expanded to twice their natural size by strange contrivances, which must be horse hair by the way they rustle and stick out all round. Mrs. B—, I am thankful to say, has lately subsided from this tubby state into her actual dimensions, (which are considerable,) but only to burst out into something she calls 'a bear-skin,' a kind of rough garment, like that worn by cabmen, actually revolting to the feelings of every well regulated 'Father of a Family.'

"The girls have followed her example, and I declare to you that from behind, as we walk out, I seem to be conducting four unwilling convicts in winter clothing, or to be showing the lions to a party of CAPTAIN ROSS's men just returned from the North Pole. Why don't they throw off the mask at once, and assume the masculine coat in all its parts and proportions (see my sketch), as preliminary to their



wearing the——; but as a 'Father of a Family,' I won't print anything that could call a blush into the cheek of the most sensitive female.

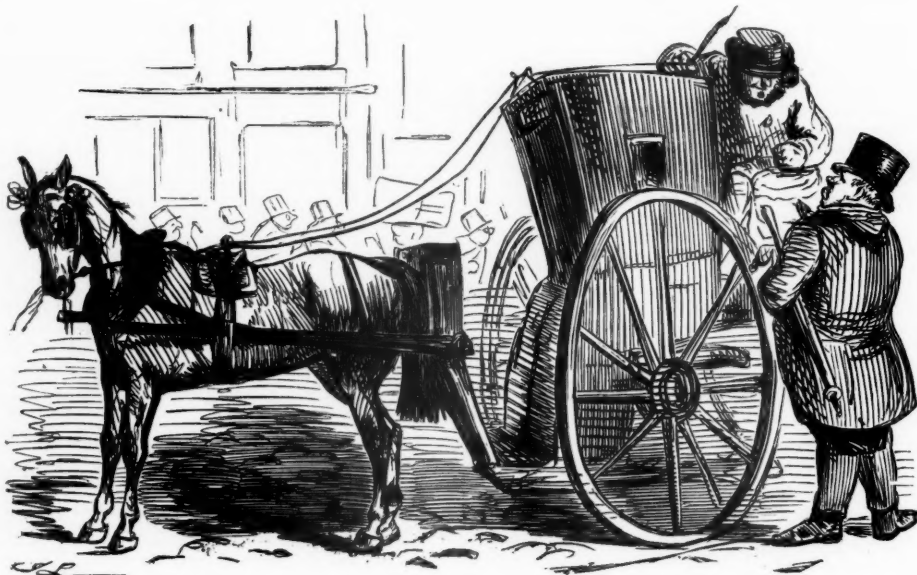
"I am, Sir, yours obediently and indignantly,

"THE 'FATHER OF A FAMILY.'"

ANECDOTES OF THE THAMES.

"ALLOW me to drink your health," exclaimed a Tea-totaller, raising to his lips a tumbler of water just drawn from a London cistern. "Never!" cried the individual addressed, upsetting the tumbler with a motion of his hand. "Never, my friend, shall you drink my health at the sacrifice of your own." Both parties stood silent for an instant, when a sediment at the bottom of the tumbler revealed the awful fact that the liquid thus happily disposed of had been supplied by a Metropolitan Water Company.

Anecdote, No. 2.—An unfortunate railway speculator had for some time exhibited a morbid depression of the spirits, which it was feared by his friends might take a turn towards suicide. Every precaution had been taken to keep all implements of mischief out of his reach, but a few days ago the unhappy man was seen to make a sudden rush at the cistern—which is supplied with Thames water—and had he not been seized by a trusty domestic, there is no doubt he would, in another minute, have drawn and swallowed the fatal draught.



OLD GENT. "How much?"
 HANBOW CARMAN (*boldly*). "Six Shillings, Sir."
 OLD GENT. "What! Why how many miles do you call it from Temple Bar to the Bank?"

CARMAN. "Oh! If you want to make it a mere mercan-tile transaction, you shall have your ride for nothing. Only don't git into an Anson Cab again, that's all." (*Old Gentleman is speechless with indignation and astonishment.*)

BRITANNIA'S THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM.

AN awful Plague went through the land: it thinn'd the close-pent town,
 Swept the scant hamlet, crossed the stream, and clomb the breezy down;
 Unseen it breathed, till poison seethed in the sweet summer air;
 Before its face was terror, upon its track despair.

For three sad months BRITANNIA mourned her children night and day,
 For three sad months she strove in vain the pestilence to stay:
 Medicine, helpless, groped and guessed, and tried all arts to save,
 But the dead carried with them their secret to the grave.

Sudden the dark hand ceased to smite: BRITANNIA drew free breath,
 As passed away the shadow of the minister of Death:
 And upon all her children a solemn charge she laid,
 That high and low should bow them down, because the plague was staid.

Then in the night that followed on that thanksgiving day,
 BRITANNIA saw a vision, as on her bed she lay:
 Of a great region stretched about, a crowded careful land,
 Wherein men plied all labours, of head, and heart, and hand.

In it a city, high o'er which a golden temple shone,
 Wherein the great god Mammon was sitting on a throne,
 While millions round about his feet, men, women, old and young,
 Offered their hearts in homage, with various tone and tongue.

Ill matched that city's dwellings; low hovel, palace high;
 Saloons with stately pageants, huts where wretches slunk to die;
 Well-ordered streets, with tracts hard by wherein the labouring breath
 Inhaled the subtle poison that makes life a lingering death.

There for aught save Mammon-worship there were few hearts to care,
 For aught but Mammon-service there were few hands to spare;
 Still the pale slaves grew paler, the task-masters more stern,
 Few there of wise had time to love, of ignorant to learn.

Death sat at the gaunt weaver's side, the while he plied the loom;
 Death turn'd the wasting grinder's wheel, as he earn'd his bread and doom;
 Death, by the wan shirtmaker, plied the fingers to the bone;
 Death rocked the infant's cradle, and with opium hushed its moan.

"Show that the bond of brotherhood that linketh man with man
 Will no less bind, though never forged, since first the world began;
 Unlearn that sinful selfishness, that ye so sore have rued,
 And strive to find in common grief the seeds of common good."

Nor in the City only did the Spectre hold his place;
 In the village and the hamlet, too, he showed his constant face:
 In the foul sty where sire and son, mother and maiden slept,
 Where the infant round its playground, the dunghill, crowed and crept.

At bed and board, in cup and can, in worktime and in play,
 In the street as in the dwelling, in the night as in the day,
 Sat Death in Life, a presence that none did seem to note,
 Until the grim Guest sudden rose and bared his arm and smote.

Then was weeping in the hovel, and wailing in the hall,
 And over all the land was fear, stretched like a funeral pall;
 And even Mammon's vot'ries paused in their absorbing prayer,
 And looked up from their worship, with a daunted, doubting air.

And turning in their trouble unto their God and Lord,
 They saw Death sit on Mammon's throne—'twas Death that they adored.
 His bare jaws set in scornful smile, the Spectre from his shroud
 Stretched forth his fleshless arm across the pale and palsied crowd.

"Your day of thanks," it said, "is come, your day of thanks is o'er;
 Millions to-day have prayed their prayer, that never prayed before.
 What reck I of your thankfulness, ye fools, or of your prayer?
 One plague hath passed from out your homes, how many still are there?"

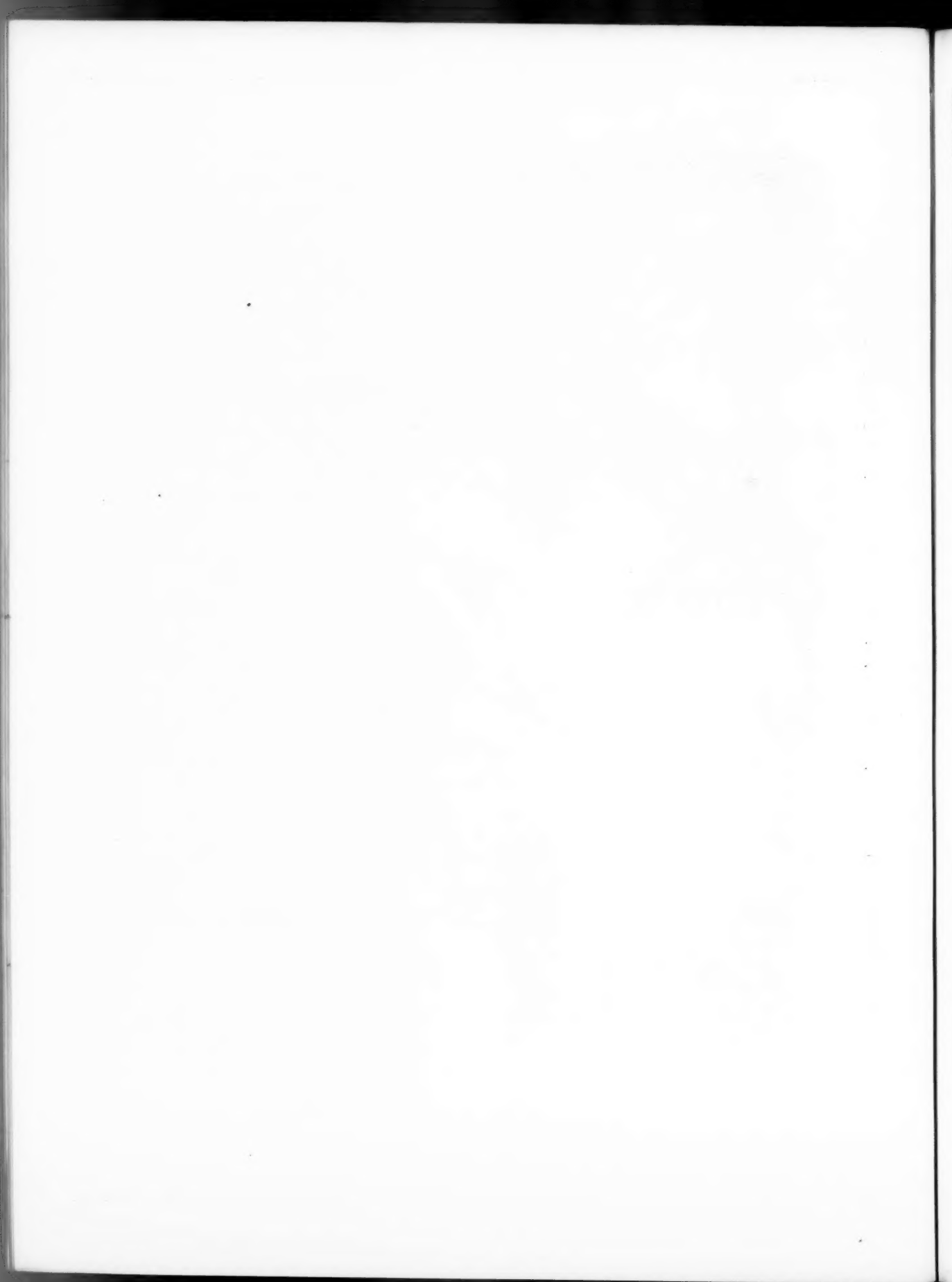
"What can one day of prayer avail, if from the church ye go
 To your homes unswept, ungarnished, to your world of wealth and wo?
 Pray as you will, my stronghold's still in every ditch and drain;
 Though now my servants hide their heads, they will come forth again.

"Why shrink from Death, ye that build up his seat in every home?
 How be thankful at his going, ye that ever bid him come?
 What wonder he makes revel, when still ye spread his board?
 Need he be chary of his plagues when still ye feed his hoard?"

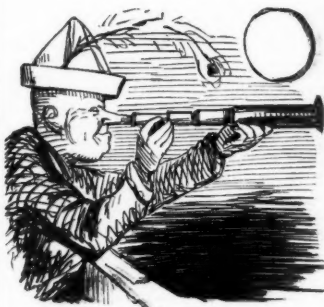
"I am a giant. Would ye learn to nip me in my growth?
 Bring light of Heaven and rain of Heaven to those that pine for both;
 Build homes for toil, where toil may live in decency and health;
 Let ignorance and want have tithe of knowledge and of wealth."



BRITANNIA'S THANKSGIVING DAY DREAM.



THE CIVIC PAGEANT IMPROVED.



UR contemporaries are grumbling at the Lord Mayor's Show. The public complains of the barricades, which, on the 9th of November, make the City streets more like Paris than London. The man in brass suffers under the weight of his armour, and even the Lord Mayor is ashamed of himself when he goes into the Court of Exchequer, and feels that he is a figure of fun, fitter for the 5th, than the 9th of the month.

SIR PETER LAURIE, with that eye for the practical, which in him sees so much farther into a millstone, than in other men, proposes, we understand, a new arrangement, by which the Lord Mayor's Show may be made emblematic of the City, and the achievements of its Corporation. We beg to suggest, in case of such a change being made, the following programme, under the title of—

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW UP.

Two Health Inspectors to clear the way.

Scavengers Cleaning the Flags.

Six Police Constables.

The Worshipful Society of Nuisances,

City Commissioners in their Sewer Traps.

A Drove of Oxen Excited.

Knaekers' men on their own Horses.

Six Union Doctors.

Slaughtermen bleating Pigs-arn.

Four Pigs with Blue Ribbands.

Sulphuretted Hydrogen.

Carbonic Acid

in a Retort borne by Mr. H. TAYLOR.

Vested Interests

Two and Two.

GOO AND WAGOC BLUSHING.

Deputies in Buns pluming themselves.

Mr. ALDERMAN SIDNEY blowing the Corporation's

Trumpet and his own at the same time.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE.

A TALE OF PIMLICO.

THERE nestles on the borders of Grovesnor Place a square of modest dimensions, to which fancy and a painter, plumber, and glazier, have combined to give the name of Victoria Square. In the centre of this retreat from the 'buses and the bustles, the cabs and the cabals, of this noisy world, there stood upon a foot and a half of superior granite the two feet of HER MAJESTY, supporting a Statue moulded by the mallet and chipped by the chisel of WYATT. The sculptor had not done justice to the Sovereign's graceful form, and "all nature," from the bird on the wing to the boy on the kerbstone, seemed to mark with indignation this large lithographic libel on royalty. The sparrow had built its nest in HER MAJESTY's back hair, the spider had spun his web over the royal eye, the lady-bird had found its way to the royal ear, and it was at length determined to rescue the stone representation of Majesty from these indignities. The Statue has been accordingly removed from Victoria Square, and has been lately consigned to the New Road, where it has taken its place among ornamental chimney pots and damaged stone potentates.

We are not sorry that the removal has taken place, for the sculptor had performed his chiselling anything but gently, and had produced a figure that bore no resemblance to the gracious original, whose residence near the spot gave the inhabitants frequent opportunities of seeing how little justice the artist had done to their Sovereign.

THE GREAT UNWASHED.—Old Father Thames.

"It's a *Long Lane* that has no turning," as the old woman, who was running out of Smithfield, said, when the mad bull was close after her.

STOCKS AND STONES.

WE have no hesitation in saying that whoever, after reading some of the recent disclosures in the *Morning Chronicle*, can wear a cheap stock, must have a heart of stone. If we were PRINCE ALBERT, we would at once insist on the total release of our royal name from those hateful ties which are paraded in the shop-windows as "Albert ties," and for the making of which only 6d. a dozen is paid! It is a libel on his Royal Highness, who has lately shown so much warm-hearted interest in the cause of the industrious classes, to couple him, even nominally, with those stocks and neck-ties, whose wearers—if they knew the horrible sacrifices entailed by the low price manufacture—would be ashamed to hold up their heads over even the stiffest of these odious articles.

We shall never look upon one of those cheap stocks again, without feeling our choler raised in an extraordinary degree; and we could not put such a thing round our neck without a sort of throttling sensation, engendered by the knowledge that, for the production of these stocks and ties, rapacity has taken necessity by the throat. The wealthy capitalist, who watches the daily fluctuation of the funds, has thought hitherto but little of the fearful consequences resulting from the downward tendency in the prices of another kind of stocks. A fall in Spanish may diminish, by a few thousands or hundreds, the gain of the *millionaire* or the less opulent speculator; but a fall in the Albert Stock-market curtails the already insufficient crust of the poor needle-woman, and sends tottering into the abyss many who were trembling on the edge of the slippery partition between starvation and crime.

"The Albert Stocks used to be 3s. 6d. to 4s. a dozen, when they first came up. They're 2s. to 1s. 9d., now," says the informant of the *Morning Chronicle*. And we venture to assert, that the decline in the Stock Market is more appalling in its consequences than the ups and downs of that other Stock Market in which knavery and jobbery, avarice and recklessness, folly and cunning, pursue their unhallowed course. Henceforth, whatever we may hear said of prosperity in connection with rises in the funds, we shall cease to have faith in the soundness of the state of things, until we are satisfied that the Albert Stocks are looking up.

MAXIMS AND SAYINGS TO BE READ BY THOSE THAT DON'T WALK.

A WELL-CONDUCTED cab-stand is an umbrella to the neighbourhood.

Needs must when the Brompton 'busman drives.

There's many a slip 'twixt the door and the step.

An hour any morning is two in a cabman's afternoon.

Your neck goes often safe by the 'bus, but it is broken at last.

Between two omnibuses we come to the ground.

In at one jerk, and out at the other.

Abuse is a cabman's second nature.

Cut off, and never come again.

'Buses of a feather race together.

Faint cad never won fair lady.

Half a foot is better than no seat.

If the 'bus will come towards MAHOMET, MAHOMET must get out of the way of the 'bus.

Omnibuses, like other misfortunes, seldom come alone.

Out of sight, as quickly as if he was out of his mind.

A Bayswater omnibus is the thief of time.

The last passenger on the roof makes the 'bus turn over.

When a passenger is thrust in at the door, his hat very often flies out at the window.

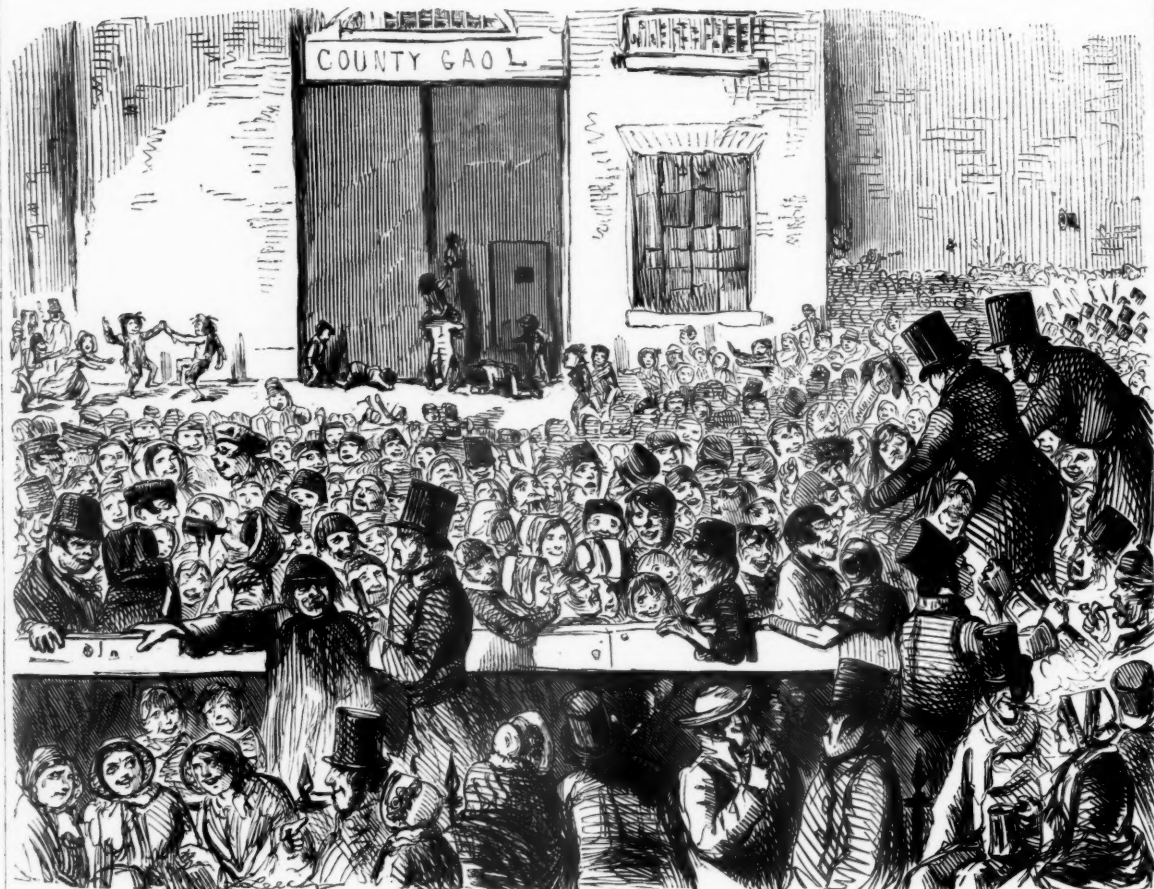
Write the fares in dust, and the overcharges in marble.

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

FRANCE étant si malade, je n'ose pas dire,
Qu'elle peut s'empirer, même dans un empire;
Maltraitée par ses docteurs politiques,
Elle cherche au désespoir les empiriques.

A Hint to Lexicographers to Come.

AS HAYNAU passes current now as a synonyme for everything that is cruel, and wicked, and bad, we think the word "heinous" could be made more expressive if it were spelt "HAYNAUS." The same with the word "heinousness." It would gain greatly in meaning and cruelty of expression, if it were to be written, for the future, "HAYNAUSNESS."



The Great Moral Lesson at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, Nov. 13.

THE LESSON OF THE SCAFFOLD; OR, THE RUFFIAN'S HOLIDAY.

WE was havin a kevarthen wen BILL he says, says he,
 "To-morrow is the hanging-match; let us go and see."
 I was game for anything: off we set that night;
 Ha! the jolly time we spent until the morning light.

'Neath the timbers whereupon the convicts wos to die,—
 (And ugly black the gallows looked atween us and the sky)—
 More than thirty thousand on us shouted, yelled, and sung,
 Chaffin about murder, and going to be hung.

Each public-house was all alight, the place just like a fair;
 Ranting, roaring, rollicking, larking everywhere,
 Boosing and carousing we passed the night away,
 And ho! to hear us curse and swear, waiting for the day.

At last the morning sunbeams slowly did appear,
 And then, ha, ha! how rum we looked, with bloodshot eyes and blear:
 But there was two good hours at least afore the hanging yet,
 So still we drained the early puri, and swigged the heavy wet.

But, arter all, what is it? A tumble and a kick!
 And, anyhow, 'tis seemingly all over precious quick,
 And shows that some, no matter for what they've done, dies game!
 Ho, ho! if ever my time comes, I hope to do the same!

Thicker flocked the crowd apace, louder grew the glee,
 There was little kids a dancin, and fightin for a spree;
 But the rarest fun for me and BILL, and all our jolly pals,
 Was the squeakin and squallin and faintin of the gals.

"Time's up!" at last cries BILL. "Why, sure, it ain't to be a sell!
 Never. It can't be, I should think. All right! There goes the knell!
 See, here they come, and no mistake, JACK KETCH and all his crew:
 The Sheriffs, Parson, and—that's them! Hats off in front, there, you!"

"Quick, JACK's about it. There he's got the fust beneath the beam;
 And now, the other! Not a start, a tremble, or a scream!
 All's ready. There they stand alone. The rest have gone below.
 Look at him—look—he's at the bolt! Now for it! Down they go!"

'Twas over. Well, a sight like that afore these eyes of mine
 I never had—no sort of mill, cockfightin, or canine.
 Hurrah! you dogs, for hangin, the feelins to excite;
 I could ha throttled BILL almost, that moment, with delight.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 4.—*The London Bridge Steamboat Wharf. A Margate boat, a Scotch boat, a Boulogne boat, a crowd of Gravesend, Woolwich, and Chelsea boats, with an odd Ostender or two. Several waggons are unloading, and the usual confusion prevails. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE's head is seen protruding from the window of a cab, which drives furiously under an accumulation of luggage, from the midst of which only a small portion of the driver's person is visible.*

Unprotected Female. Stop!—S—t—o—p! (Driver stops with a jerk.) No—a little further on. (Driver starts again with a jerk.) There, you're too far. (Driver is going on with a jerk.) I'll get down! (UNPROTECTED FEMALE is jerked out.)

1st Porter. Margate boat, Mum!
2nd Porter. Greenwich, Woolwich, Blackwall, Chelsea, Mum!
3rd Porter. Belone, Oastend, Antwerp, Callows, Belone!
4th Porter. Herne Bay, Mum!
5th Porter. Gravesend, Greenwich!
6th Porter. Margate, Ramsgate!

[A terrific combat of six porters, in which each secures some portion of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE's luggage.]

Unprotected Female (flatters herself she has settled with CABMAN). There. (Sees her luggage in motion.) Oh! where's it all going?

[Rushes in different directions after all the six PORTERS.]

Cabman (looking vacantly at what UNPROTECTED FEMALE has given him). Wot's this? Hello—you! Wot's this?

Unprotected Female. Two-and-four from Bloomsbury Street.

Cabman (with impassive ferocity). Three-and-six, and luggage extra.

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's two-and-four in MOGG!

Cabman. MOGG be blowed! Three-and-six, and luggage extra.

Unprotected Female (doubting her MOGG, to PORTER). Oh, how much is it?

Porter. Two-pence a package, Marm.

Unprotected Female. No—but for me?

(Bell rings.) *Superintendent. Now Margate, Ramsgate, and Herne Bay!*

Unprotected Female. Oh—That's me. Here—Hollo! (Pays CABMAN his demand in her confusion. Rushes down gangway into the nearest boat.) Oh, my luggage! my luggage!

Porter. Two-pence each, Marm. Ten small articles one-and-ten, Marm.

Unprotected Female. But the big boxes and the trunk, and the three carpet bags!

2nd Porter. All right, Marm. Balone you said, Marm. Big box and trunk—two-pence an article—six-pence, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh—I'm not going to Belone. Oh, please do. Bring 'em back, my good man.

2nd Porter (brings them back). That'll be a shillin more, Marm. Two-pence an article.—Arf-a-crown altogether, Marm. You can ave my number.

Unprotected Female (pays half-a-crown helplessly). But the carpet bags!

3rd Porter. Oastend you said, Marm. Third boat outside. Two-pence an article; three bags, eight-pence, Marm.

Unprotected Female (rushing towards Ostend boat, which is just casting off). My bags—my bags!

[Buries herself in the pile of luggage about the steam-boat.]

Captain of Ostend boat. Shore! Shore!

Unprotected Female (extricating her bags). Oh! somebody.

5th Porter. Here you are, Marm—now, where for?

Unprotected Female. Oh, dear—perhaps there's some in the Belone boat!

5th Porter. All right. Belone luggage! [Exit with luggage.]

Unprotected Female. No—Margate, Margate.

5th Porter. This way for Margate. Tother pier, Marm.

Unprotected Female. No, it's here. Here's the rest of it.

[Escapes on to the second boat.]

5th Porter. Six-pence, Marm. Somethin extra for directions, Marm?

Unprotected Female. Get away, do; I won't be imposed upon. (Pays for once no more than she ought. To RESERVED PASSENGER.) When do you think we shall be at Margate, Sir?

Reserved Passenger. Depends on the road you take, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (with dignity and severity). When will this boat be at Margate, Sir?

Reserved Passenger. I'm not aware, Ma'am, that it will ever be at Margate, unless it's from stress of weather.

Unprotected Female. Thank you, Sir.

[Satirically, but not in the least understanding him.]

Mate. Now, Marm, fifteen shillings, chief cabin.

Unprotected Female. Fifteen! It's only six shillings in the paper. Fifteen shillings to Margate!

Mate. This is the Belone boat, Marm.

Unprotected Female (wildly). Oh, why didn't you say so! I'm going to Margate.

Mate. That's Margate casting off. Third outside this. Make haste, or she'll be off.

Unprotected Female (springing at the risk of her life over the intervening boats). Here, Hoy—Margate! Oh, do stop for me!

Captain Large (from paddle-box platform, opening his arms). Jump, Marm. I'll ketch you. [He plants himself firmly.]

Unprotected Female. Oh! Goodness—gracious!

[She executes a terrific leap into the arms of CAPTAIN LARGE, who, with some difficulty, withstands the shock. General applause from the bystanders.]

Captain Large (aside to MATE). Heavy goods!

Unprotected Female (suddenly recovering herself from her confusion). But my luggage, my luggage! In the Belone boat. (Shouting.) The lady's luggage who made a mistake—Oh! stop a minute! I've left all my luggage!

[Sinks down in an agony on paddle-box.]

[CAPTAIN LARGE attempts in vain to console her—affecting tableau. Scene closes.]

THE GREATEST CURIOSITY OF ADVERTISING LITERATURE.



BEING desirous to save trouble to any future DISRAELI, who might have to look very far indeed, before he found such another Curiosity of Literature as the following, we print it at once, in its entirety, and the gem is so precious, that we trust the compositors will not spoil even the minutest point in the setting:—

A PARTMENTS, Furnished, pleasant and airy part of Barnsbury-road, Islington, for gentlemen or others without small family. No children in the house. Two parlours, with folding doors, together or separate, with a moveable bedstead; the front one, with every attendance, boots included, 6s.; both rooms, 8s. 6d. Good references given and expected to two gentlemen who have occupied the front parlour (both have been newly papered and painted) removed to the west end. Omnibuses every quarter. Address

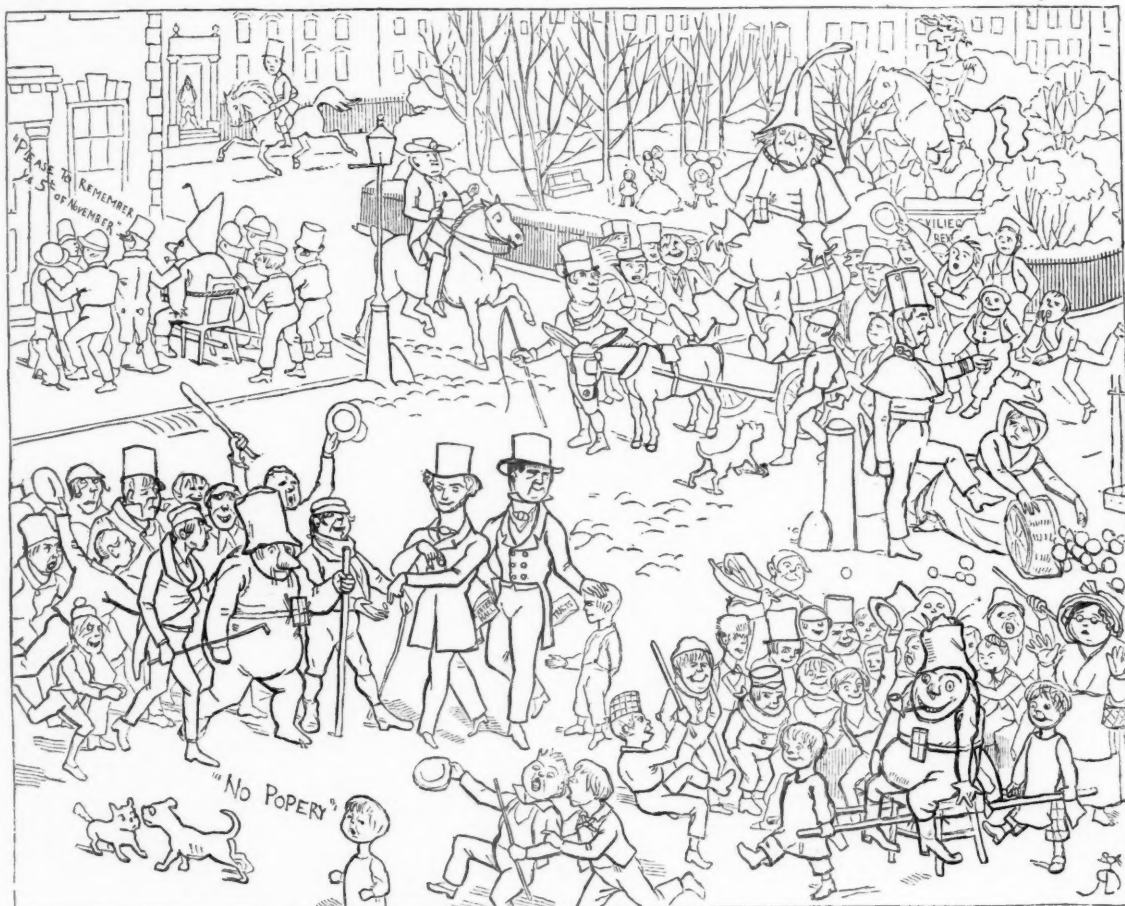
Now, let us analyse this delicious composition, for the result will well repay the trouble of the process. In the first place, the advertisement plunges in *medias res*, or, at all events, into the middle of the "Furnished, pleasant, and airy part of Barnsbury Road, Islington." We were not aware that any part of this road was furnished,

though there is nothing strange in the fact, for we have seen many furnished roads, where furniture is piled outside the shops, in the thoroughfares where brokers "most do congregate." "No children in the house" is an important announcement, and well deserves the honours of a full stop, both before and after it.

The next sentence almost confounds us with its startling effects and astounding ambiguities: "Two parlours, with folding doors, together or separate (this may mean that the folding doors can be closed or rudely torn apart) with a moveable bedstead; (this implies the possibility of restlessness in the lodger, and a desire to be wheeling his bedstead about his room, instead of quietly lying down upon it). The front one (that is the front bedstead) with every attendance, ('every' is a large and comprehensive term,) boots included (whose boots? does it mean the party will be found in shoe leather?) 6s., both rooms, 8s. 6d." Here we are allowed the pause of a period to take breath, but time is no sooner up, than we are hurried off into the following labyrinth of unintelligibilities. "Good reference given and expected to two gentlemen (what right have the two gentlemen to expect anything of the kind, and what satisfaction will it be to the new lodger that a good reference has been given to these two anonymous gentlemen?) who have occupied the front parlour, both have been newly painted and papered (we have heard of gentlemen being whitewashed, but newly painted and papered gentlemen must be prodigies indeed) removed to the West End, (where, in their newly painted and papered state they must excite the most intense curiosity). Omnibuses every quarter." (They must be a great boon to any lodger who only requires the accommodation of an omnibus every quarter day to go and receive his dividends.)

We have seen a good deal of mystification in the advertising columns of our contemporaries from time to time, but if this advertisement does not present many more nuts to crack, and much harder nuts also than any in the mouth of the Sphinx, we will undertake to eat our own head, or, at all events, our own heading to this article.

In compliment to the splendid hospitalities of SIR JAMES DUKE, his mayoralty is known in City history as the Duke dinnerst (dynasty).



Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, November 5, 1849.—(GUY FAWKES' Day). At Breakfast this Morning off a new-laid Egg, cost me 2d. but cheap for the Time of Year, did hear a shrill Hallooing in the Street, which my Wife, looking out of Window, told me was made by the Boys, going by with their GUY FAWKES. I did then call to Mind that this was GUY FAWKES his Day; and did in Haste swallow my Breakfast, and put on my Boots and Over-Coat, and so out and about the Streets and Squares to see the Sport, the Bells ringing for Church, and a Scarecrow of a GUY, borne by Urchins on a Handbarrow, with Rough Musique at almost every Turn and Corner. Mighty droll, GUY FAWKES his Effigies, with his Fingers sticking out like Spikes, and his Feet all awry, his Body and Limbs stuffed with Straw, a Mask for his Face, with a Pipe in the Mouth, and a Lantern and Tinder-Box dangling from his Wrist, and on his Head a Paper Cap, like an old Grenadier's, but a Cross on it, and meant for the POPE his Crown. I did remember the Mirth it used to be to behold GUY with his Company, borne by the Police in State to the Station House, but they this Year mostly left alone, and more GUYS, and ragged Regiments of Boys shouting after them, than ever I think I did before see. The Varlets, as they went, repeating Doggrel Verses, bidding to remember the Day, and asking whomsoever they met for Money for a Bonfire to burn their GUY, and did beg of me; but I gave them none, not willing to fling my Money into the Fire. But Lack to think of the Delight I do take in GUY FAWKES, and only because of his ridiculous Figure, and recollecting how I loved to play with Fire-works on this Day when a Boy; when I know what a Libel is the

Holyday on the Roman Catholiques, and the good Reason there is, though the Doggrel say to the contrary, why Gunpowder Treason should be forgot. But some I did note, who should have known better, did give the Rogues Halpence and encourage them in a Show of Bigotry; albeit the young Ragamuffins know not what it do mean and care only for the Fireworks and Frolick. From Westminster, by the Back Ways and Streets to Fleet Street, Squibs and Crackers in the Courts and Alleys fizzing and bouncing all the Way, and did in Fleet Street dine at a Chop-house, cost me, with Beer and Punch, 2s. ; and so to Tower Hill, where the Banging and Blazing of the Fireworks the greatest of all; and the Roman Candles and Pin-wheels mighty pretty; but some letting off Guns and Pistols put me a little in Fear. Here presently I did hear a Popping and Cracking behind me; which was a Cracker pinned by some Scapegrace to my Coat-Tail, and did make me to jump, and the Standers-by to laugh: which did vex me to the Heart; and MR. GREGORY do say, served me right for countenancing such Doings. But to see the Mob flinging Serpents at each other, and burning and singeing one another like Devils, did much divert me, till a Squib whizzing past me did scorch me in the Face. Truly GUY FAWKES his Day this Time was mighty well kept, and MR. HOWLETT do rejoice in its better Observance, which he do tell me is a revival of Protestant Spirit; but I do agree with MR. WAGSTAFFE that Protestancy is not a Doctrine of Fireworks, and must own it were better to bury GUY FAWKES, and not burn him any more.

THE MANNINGS AT HOME.

THERE was a good old notion about to die, but in a manner preserved by MADAME TUSSAUD, that much mischief might be done by wax. In this fashion. An elderly woman—if with a beak nose, and a haired wart upon her chin, all the better—took a bit of wax, and warming it by a fire fed with fat from murderers' gibbet, and certain unrighteous unguents, moulded it into the small similitude of a living man or woman. This bit of wax, warmed by flame, wasted—and as it wasted, it was supposed that its great prototype, by diabolic sympathy, wasted too. Well, later wisdom turns topsy-turvy early knowledge. We do not imitate the living in wax, to kill the living; but we make a similitude of the dead, to do an injury to those in no way like them in the flesh.

MADAME TUSSAUD, cunning in the witchcraft of the nineteenth century, takes so much wax, and makes of it the likeness of MARIA MANNING and GEORGE MANNING—(the last Murder Dummies)—and does a grievous injury to her generation by the handiwork. The witch works in wax, and helps to destroy the living decencies.

MADAME TUSSAUD is the artistic continuation of MR. CALCRAFT. When the hangman has done his work, the wax witch takes it up and beautifies it. There was a horrid crowd to see the MANNINGS hanged—and where the wonder? Ignorance, barbarism, vice, cruelty, all attended the invitation. For how long had a Sunday press invited them? And the wicked ones did not weep, or smite their pensive breasts, but laughed and drank the daylight in, and mustered their best spirits to assist at the show. But these were the forlorn, the wretched outcasts of decent life. People, comfortable to do, and with handsome clothes upon their backs, behave better.

We witnessed the crowd that—prompt to MADAME TUSSAUD's card of invitation, that, like a blotch of blood, stands filthily out from the columns of the papers—gathered in Baker Street, to see MARIA MANNING and GEORGE MANNING, in wax, at home. The crowd behaved remarkably well. But then, several of the curious spectators came in their own vehicles—many in cabs; and those who came on foot were all decently habited. We were delighted to remark that not one of them squeaked like Punch—(the low fellow in the street)—or committed any other unseemly breach of etiquette. On the contrary, very genteel people mounted the steps of the show, mincingly; some of them running the tips of their tongue round their lips, as anticipating a "sweet *bonne bouche*."

We are bound—conscientiously critical—to give MADAME TUSSAUD the very highest praise for her artistic ability. Age cannot wither her, nor the custom she continues to receive at the hands of a generous public, stale her infinite variety. MARIA MANNING, as done in wax, is really a *chef-d'œuvre*. Dear thing! she would be a treasure as a lady's-maid at a hundred a-year, with all the cast dresses. Never did assassination look so amiable—so like a quality to be introduced to the bosom of families. We confess the weakness; under the waxen wand of the enchantress, we felt for a moment towards MARIA MANNING, as in earlier, whiter days, we felt towards the *Maria* of STERNE. She only wanted a lamb to be quite a duck. Beautifully has MADAME TUSSAUD elevated the character of the fair destroyer of the mercenary PATRICK O'CONNOR. A lively rose-blush pervades her full-blown face, and her large, ripe lip seems pouting with the first syllable of "mur-der." And then her head is so tastefully, so touchingly enveloped—as though drest at the jury—covered with old point lace, made classic by MRS. SIDDOXS in *Lady Macbeth*, and continued by MRS. WARNER. We think the artist should have placed just a sprig of rue between the fingers of MARIA—the now historic rue she pitched so strong at the lawyers. However, if the rue be wanting, the black satin gown is unexceptionable. There she stands in silk attire, a beautiful thing, to be daily rained upon by a shower of sixpences.

GEORGE MANNING is greatly improved in his appearance under the hands of MADAME TUSSAUD. He has the look of a very clean undertaker, a little above his business.

Perhaps, the huge satisfaction that possessed us, was a little lessened when we thought of the transitoriness of wax-work glory. Where was GREENACRE? Pushed back for GEORGE. Where GOOD? Set aside for MARIA. But such is fame.

We have no doubt, to the honour of public taste, that this murder in wax-work will be very popular. Fortunately, the low brutes who behaved so ill at Horsemonger Lane will not be able to disgust a thinking public by their licence in Baker Street. They can't afford it. People who can pay their money, respect at once decency and their testers.

Might we be allowed to give a hint to such a worldly-wise establishment as that of the TUSSAUD, we would suggest, that as a band attends in the evening, a sort of musical pasticcio might be put together, that should describe the Bermondsey horror from the course of O'CONNOR's first wooing, until the final appearance of MR. and MRS. MANNING on the roof of Horsemonger. We think this would have a great attraction for families.

Any way, we beg that SIR GEORGE GREY will drop in and judge the

exhibition for himself. As the political Conservator of public decency, he will then know the exact amount of Government notice that such a show demands of his authority. Possibly, the magistrates of the district might likewise be induced to attend. Plays must be licensed, not so murder in wax-work. We perceive that a hard-working manager, by name CAMPBELL, at Stockton-upon-Tees, has been prosecuted for representing RUSH upon the stage. Poor man! Should the worst come to the worst, we hope MADAME TUSSAUD will give the manager a post—if only as money-taker—to RUSH in wax.

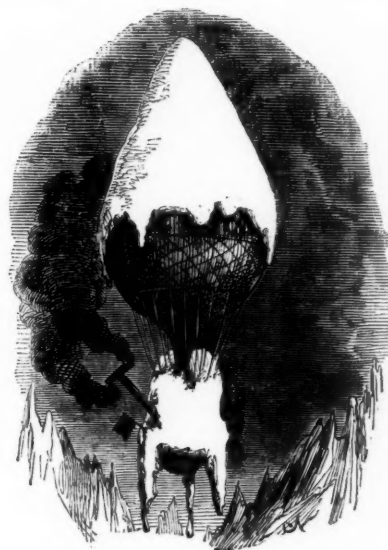
The MANNINGS will no doubt form a great attraction in the approaching season. They cannot be made too familiar to families. Christmas, with all its delights, will soon be upon us. As we have the MANNINGS in wax, why should we not have them in sugar for Twelfth-cakes? "Sweets to the sweet!"

A STRONG GALE.

A LIEUTENANT GALE proposes to go in a balloon to look for SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. Jack Frost, we fear, would soon say to GALE, "Cease, loud Boreas," and we cannot but think that GALE, if he made the attempt, would only be the ill wind "that blows nobody any good."

Imagination forms icicles on the tips of our nose, as we figure to ourselves the daring GALE "blow high, blow low," with the thermometer 15 degrees below zero, his gas contracted, his balloon congealed into a flying iceberg, or like the head of an airy giant with his night-cap on, while the poor frozen out aeronaut surveys his brandy-bottle solidified into a mass of ice à la Cognac, and his cold fowls too cold for his knife to penetrate them.

The mere picture throws us into a chilly pickle; and we trust GALE, for his own sake, will not be able to raise the wind for so absurd a purpose.



BALLOON IN WINTER QUARTERS.

KITCHEN STUFF AT GUILDHALL.

THE Commissioners of the City Police have been complaining to the Court of Aldermen, that at the Guildhall banquet their Chief had no appointed place, but was subjected to the indignity of coming in contact with waiters, and the refuse of the kitchen. This is too bad; but we suppose the City Magistrates will find their excuse in the well-known fact of the Police never being so much at home as when they are down in the kitchen. We have no doubt the arrangement was generously made in order to bring the Police all the nearer to the great divinity they worship—the cook. We admit the indignity was rather severe upon a talented man like DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY, but probably the Stewards were of opinion that the kitchen, after all, was the best place in the world for *Whittles*. (We are perfectly aware that this joke has been made before, so we beg no one will take the trouble to inform us of the fact. —ED.)

DON MIGUEL AT HIS "POST."

A FEW days ago—as the *Post* with serene satisfaction publishes—DON MIGUEL and suite attended at the office of the EARLY JENKINS "to inspect minutely the various departments of the establishment." JENKINS had arrayed himself in his warmest plush, and dredged himself with his whitest flour, whilst his gold-headed cane shone resplendently from the best plate-powder for the occasion. The Prince "gracefully recognised the consistent support afforded by the *Morning Post* to the principles of legitimacy and good government." This was to be expected, as a trifling acknowledgment for past and present favours. The Prince was taken into the editor's room, and minutely inspected the ink-bottle through a microscope of peculiar power. The bottle—the dregs very thick—showed all sorts of human animalcules—small, crawling things that—as the cochineal insect dyes some red, and some purple—turn white to black and black to white. The Prince was much interested by the exhibition; taking particular notice of the ink-bottle insect that, by its peculiar crawling, traced the letters that made up "infidel" upon any political opponent. The illustrious Prince observed, that "he thought that sort of thing" was gone out in England, but smiled very blandly when begged, upon the evidence before him, to be assured to the contrary.

The illustrious Prince, in acknowledgment of the devoted sincerity of JENKINS to the "principles of legitimacy," graciously bestowed upon him the smallest Portugal onion.

THE PROPER TIME FOR PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

The Humble Petition of the Newgate Weekly Press.

To the Commons in Parliament assembled.

WE, the undersigned, proprietors of the *Sunday Drop*, the *Scaffold Weekly News*, the *Old Bailey Enquirer*, and the *Life in Newgate*, newspapers published on the morning of the Sabbath, and for the benefit of that truly great, intelligent, and multitudinous British public which cannot afford to waste its week-day time in the perusal of the daily newspapers, humbly submit to your Honourable House the great evil which is done by the present system of executions in this country, or rather by the neglect of a simple means by which the performance of the last sentence of the law might be rendered a thousand times more useful, terrible, and public as an example to the nation, and a warning to evil doers.

The injustice which is done to ourselves by the present system of hanging on Mondays or Tuesdays is manifest, and calls for a remedy at the hands of an equitable British nation. FOR WHEREAS, upon the apprehension of a criminal, we notoriously spare no pains to furnish the nation with his complete biography; employing literary gentlemen, of elegant education and profound knowledge of human nature, to examine his birthplace and parish register, to visit his parents, brothers, uncles, and aunts, to procure intelligence of his early school days, diseases which he has passed through, infantine (and more mature) traits of character, &c. AND WHEREAS, we employ artists of eminence to sketch his likeness as he appears at the police court, or views of the farm-house or back kitchen where he has perpetrated the atrocious deed. AND WHEREAS, regardless of expense, we entertain intelligence within the prison walls with the male and female turnkeys, gaolers, and other authorities, by whose information we are enabled to describe every act and deed of the prisoner, the state of his health, sleep, and digestion, the changes in his appearance, his conversation, his dress and linen, the letters he writes, and the meals he takes—it is manifestly hard, cruel, and unjust, that having thus carried a man, with intense sympathy and watchfulness, through his examination, commitment, trial, and condemnation into his condemned cell, we should there be unkindly separated from him, and that the daily prints should be allowed to take him in hand.

In the case of the late MR. MANNING we ask, what energy did the latter-mentioned journals exhibit compared to our own? Did one of the morning papers present pictures of that party and the partner of his bed and crimes? Week after week, on the other hand, we kept the British public acquainted with the minutest details regarding the prisoner's words, actions, and behaviour; we supplied our readers with elegant pictures, we ransacked every corner for particulars regarding the very earliest lives of the beings about whom it was so important that the people of England should know everything.

Now, it is manifest, that had the Judge but ordered MR. and MRS. MANNING to be hanged on a Saturday morning, the ends of justice would have been answered equally; the public would have been induced to purchase many thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands more of our papers than we have been enabled to sell; and the people, after perusing our accounts (written under the glow and enthusiasm of the moment) would have had wholesome and solemn subject for Sabbath conversation;—whereas, by the lapse of days between Tuesday and

Saturday, the enthusiasm has had time to wear away; the glow has of necessity cooled; or the reader has slaked his thirst for knowledge at other and less authentic sources than those which we supply. We have sown, but others have reaped. We are but permitted to glean a few straws and a little chaff on a field which by right should be our own.

As then it is right that executions should be public, it is clear that they should be as public as possible: to make them so public, it is evident that the agency of the public prints is necessary: hence the statesman will see that the more newspapers that are sold the better. Let the weekly papers then, let trade and literature, let useful knowledge and sound morality, be encouraged by Justice, and hanging on Saturdays be henceforth the law of the land.

And your petitioners will ever pray, &c.



AN ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.

The Smashing Business.

SOME of the London linendrapers seem to have united to their own business, as a regularly recognised branch, the business of smashing. We saw the other day an advertisement in which a firm was described without any circumlocution whatever, as "Linendrapers and Bankrupts." It seems that in these days no large concern can go on for any time without an Extensive Failure, or an Alarming Sacrifice, to give it a fillip. In some houses it has even been in contemplation to keep a Bankrupt permanently on the premises, to superintend the smashing branch, and preside at a counter specially set apart for giving things away and going to ruin.

Encouragement to Young Beginners.

We have found a joke where we least expected it. As we are sure it will surprise our readers as much as it did ourselves, we transcribe it literally for their astonishment:—

"*The Golden Calf*" is a most leaden bore." As a first effort, we call it remarkably good, and we hope our witty contemporary will persevere, and give us next week a joke in two syllables. We expect great things after the above display, and we have great pleasure in congratulating our new rival upon his successful *début*, for, without any jealousy, we must say, that unless we had seen it with our own eyes, we never should have thought it was in the *Athenæum*.

A MESSAGE THAT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY DELIVERED.

We beg to remind LORD CLARENDON of the Message that was once addressed to the celebrated MR. FERGUSON, of illustrious memory. He may find it useful in the event of LORD ROSEN's party making Dublin too hot to hold them. It will apply capitally to the Orangemen:—"Gentlemen, you don't LODGE here."

HOW THE CABINET HAS SLAIN TWELVE THOUSAND.

WE at the same time wonder and blush at the apathy—the irreligion of the English people. There is in Downing Street a knot of men who, never since Political Billingsgate first drew foul breath for filthy words, were approached for, certainly, their unheard of iniquities,—nevertheless, they are permitted, like chartered ogres, to feed upon the rights, the affection, the piety, and, what is worse, the money of the people!

Will not PETER THE HERMIT take his stand at the corner of Shoe Lane, and preach destruction to the Whigs?

Will no new SOLOMON EAGLE, with a pan of lighted coals upon his head, run up and down Parliament Street, calling—"Wo, wo to LORD JOHN RUSSELL?"

But it is clear the people know not the fullness of their wrongs. Like the nobleman who was so deftly decapitated, that he did not know his head was off until he tried to shake it,—JOHN BULL is kicked, robbed, desecrated, spat upon by the existing Government, and has no notion of the extent of the criminality, the grandeur of the shame, until called upon to move.

But the *Morning Herald* has declared that these iniquities shall no longer be hidden. The Government is answerable, by its sins, for 12,000 of the 15,000 victims succumbed in London only to the cholera.

Here is the *Herald's* bill of mortality against the homicidal Whigs.

- To being "unsteady, if not absolutely unfaithful, in its religious course and conduct" —
- To "lavishing favour and kindness on the chief enemy of the Church of God,—the Roman apostasy" —
- To "throwing much power, both in Ireland and the Colonies, into the hands of this Antichrist" —
- To "refusing or neglecting many opportunities of spreading the knowledge of the Gospel, both at home and abroad" —
- To "(just as the late pestilence approached our shores) doubling its provocations, by effacing the acknowledgment of God from the coinage of the realm" —

In all, in 1849 by Cholera	..	15,000
Died in 1832	..	3,000

Total increase of deaths in London only, in 1849, due to Ministers . 12,000

Astounding as it is, such is the sum worked by the trembling piety of the *Morning Herald*. For, it asks, "after these offences" (as recited above)—

"What wonder was it, that the same visitation which in 1832 destroyed only 3000 of the inhabitants of the metropolis, was permitted, in 1849, to destroy 15,000?"

Thus, there have been 12,000 graves in London only, dug by the present Government. The domestic agony, the domestic privation, with all the many clinging ills that fall upon the living from the deaths of husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters—all have been the demons' work of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers. Even the florin—as struck by the Whigs—has been the root of evil, and with terrible growth, has come up a destructive upas, dropping death upon its fair quota of the 12,000.

Nevertheless, is it not sustaining, pleasant to know that there is a meek, calculating Christianity, that even in these backsliding days will take godly account of the human sacrifices—booking them in letters of fire to their proper destroyers? Though it cannot be denied the healing thought is checked in its progress, when we remember that, after all, there will be no impeachment—no axe—no block—no, not even a pin's head stuck upon the Tower for it.

Still the pious man of the *Herald* has his own reward in the consolatory thought—a thought like "a bundle of myrrh" to the breast of the gentle—that it was given to his intelligence, sharpened by his charity, to discover in the policy of the QUEEN'S Ministers the sacrifice of 12,000 souls. After all, this is something sweet for him to sleep upon.

The Lays of Modern Babylon.

FEARGUS O'CONNOR has been laying down his life again. At the meeting of the National Conference in Dublin, he is reported to have said:—

"But sooner than throw an apple of discord amongst them he would lay down his life."

We are told that the Prime Minister of England has 120 livings in his gift, but these are nothing to the number that our friend FEARGUS has, considering he gives away a fresh life every time he speaks in public. FEARGUS's political life must be one of considerable vexation, since he is always talking about a-laying it. If Macaulay ever writes the "Lays of Modern Babylon," we hope he will not forget the countless Lays upon which FEARGUS O'CONNOR has lavished the labour of innumerable Lives.

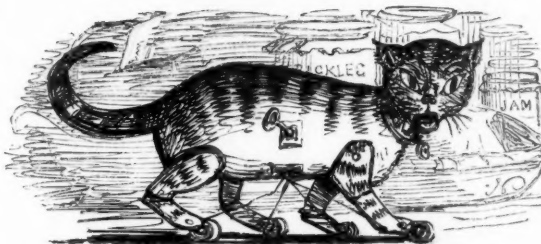
WE WONDER IF TALENT WILL EVER BE RECOGNISED?

WHEN a public building is opened by Royalty, you would imagine that, if anybody was thought worthy of a title, the first person selected would be the architect. But no such thing; he is the last person generally thought of, if he is ever thought of at all. To bestow an honour, however small, upon the architect, would be to recognise talent, and the recognition of talent in England would be such an unusual thing, so contrary to all precedents, that we almost think the Bank would stop payment if the innovation were to be attempted. But Lord Mayors have been knighted and baronetted before, and consequently may be again, without any national convulsion resulting from it. Therefore, when a public building is inaugurated by the foot of Royalty, it is always the Lord Mayor who engrosses the entire honour. It was thus when the Royal Exchange was opened; it is so now with the Coal Exchange. In both instances the Lord Mayors have been remembered,—in both instances have the architects been forgotten.

We do not mean to insinuate that the Lord Mayors were not well deserving of the titles that were conferred upon them. On the contrary, they have earned the Royal compliment, and we wish them joy of it, but, at the same time, we think there are others who have earned it fully as much as they. Surely the men who by their talents raise two noble edifices deserve the same honour as the men who by their accidental position merely show Royalty over them?

It would be just as absurd if the QUEEN, when she goes to hear MACREADY, were to knight the gentleman who lights her to the Royal box; or if PRINCE ALBERT, at the completion of the Tubular Menai Bridge, were to make a Baronet of the Railway Director, or the Stoker that expresses him down to the spot.

MECHANICAL



WE have had accounts of an artificial Leech, which draws twice the blood of its natural brother in half the time. The Government, we believe, entertain the notion of starting a mechanical Tax-gatherer on the same principle, which won't take an answer, and will not be affected by the abuse that sometimes disarms or terrifies the unfortunate men now employed in the disagreeable duty of bleeding JOHN BULL.

There is a good opening, it seems to us, for a Mechanical Cat, constructed exclusively to catch mice. The destructive habits of the real domestic Cat are well known, and it is not easy to calculate the number of legs of mutton, fowls, remains of cold joints, pounds of butter, and pints of milk that one Cat will eat, exclusive of empty bottles, kitchen-stuff, and breakage.

At present, a Cat is perhaps the most expensive luxury that a house-keeper can indulge in, from those depraved habits of the real animal from which the Mechanical Cat would be necessarily exempt.

BAITS FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

"SIR,

"THERE is a tribe of serpents in this town that go about creeping into the bosoms of families, depositing their venom on the toilet-table, and biting the women of England in the most cruel manner. I have now before me no less than a dozen rags, ticketed with prices, and purporting to be specimens of French Merino, and other stuffs—or rather stuff. They were sent, accompanied by a puffing circular, to my wife. It is too bad that the softer sex should be exposed to these temptations. Independently of such allurements, they are but too prone to indulgence in haberdashery; and there are many prisoners now in Whitecross Street, who can trace their ruin to their wives taking to frequent the drapers' shop. As a husband and an economist, I beg you to step in and put a stop to this encouragement to a pecuniary dissipation, the effects of which, at the approaching severe season of Chris'mas, will be bitterly felt by many a gentleman with an 'encumbrance,' besides your humble Servant,

"MARITUS."



MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT FOR A DAY'S HUNTING, AND HAS A GLORIOUS RUN OVER A SPLENDID COUNTRY.

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

ONCE upon a time, when the Birds and the Beasts had a Parliament, there was waged between them a fierce conflict, in which the former contended for Free Trade and Progress, and the latter for Protection and Toryism. For a long while the event of the contest was doubtful, and the Bat, taking advantage of his ambiguous nature, kept aloof. At length, when the Birds seemed to prevail, the Bat joined their forces, and became active in debate; but a rally being made by the Beasts which looked likely to be successful, he went over to them; yet, after all, he was found at the end of the day among the ranks of the losing party. At last the Bat's policy has come to be condemned by both parties, so that, being acknowledged by neither, and therefore deprived of influence in the House, he had better shuffle off as he best can, and hide his diminished head in holes and corners, never venturing to come out except in the obscurity of an Agricultural meeting.

Excitement for Slaves.

It is stated by the *Boston Emancipator* that an inquest being held recently on the body of a female slave whipped to death by her master, a jury of planters returned the following complaisant and considerate verdict—"Died of apoplexy, brought on by excitement."

The Yankee jury omitted to notice the important fact, that the cruelly murdered victim who thus died of excitement was lashed up to it by her master.

SALE OF MR. DUNUP'S EFFECTS.

MR. DUNUP's affairs, like those of MR. DICKENS's friend MICAWBER, have come to a crisis at last. He has been waiting for something "to turn up," but fortune, in dealing out the cards, has left him nothing by way of turn up but the deuce. For some time there has been a man in possession, but this man has become so thoroughly sick of the business that he has at last lost his self-possession, and the DUNUP effects are to be sold. We have been favoured with a sight of the Catalogue, from which we make a few extracts. The property will not be brought to the hammer, but the hammer will be brought to the property, for it will be sold on the premises.

The following are among the principal lots:—

- Lot 14. A pair of cut salt-cellars, and three cut table-cloths.
- Lot 19. A rare old print, supposed to have been once a dressing-gown.
- Lot 25. A rich japan toast-rack, and a still richer japan blacking-bottle.
- Lot 27. A bottle-jack, a boot-jack, a jack-towel, and a jaconet window-curtain.
- Lot 31. A dinner-service in six pieces, and a candlestick which has been in sixteen.
- Lot 33. An urn, purchased with MR. DUNUP's professional earnings.
- Lot 42. A piccolo flute, and six jars of pickles.
- Lot 46. A curious piece of screen-work, lined throughout with tin, having an entrance at the back, and opening in front on to a fine range of iron-work.

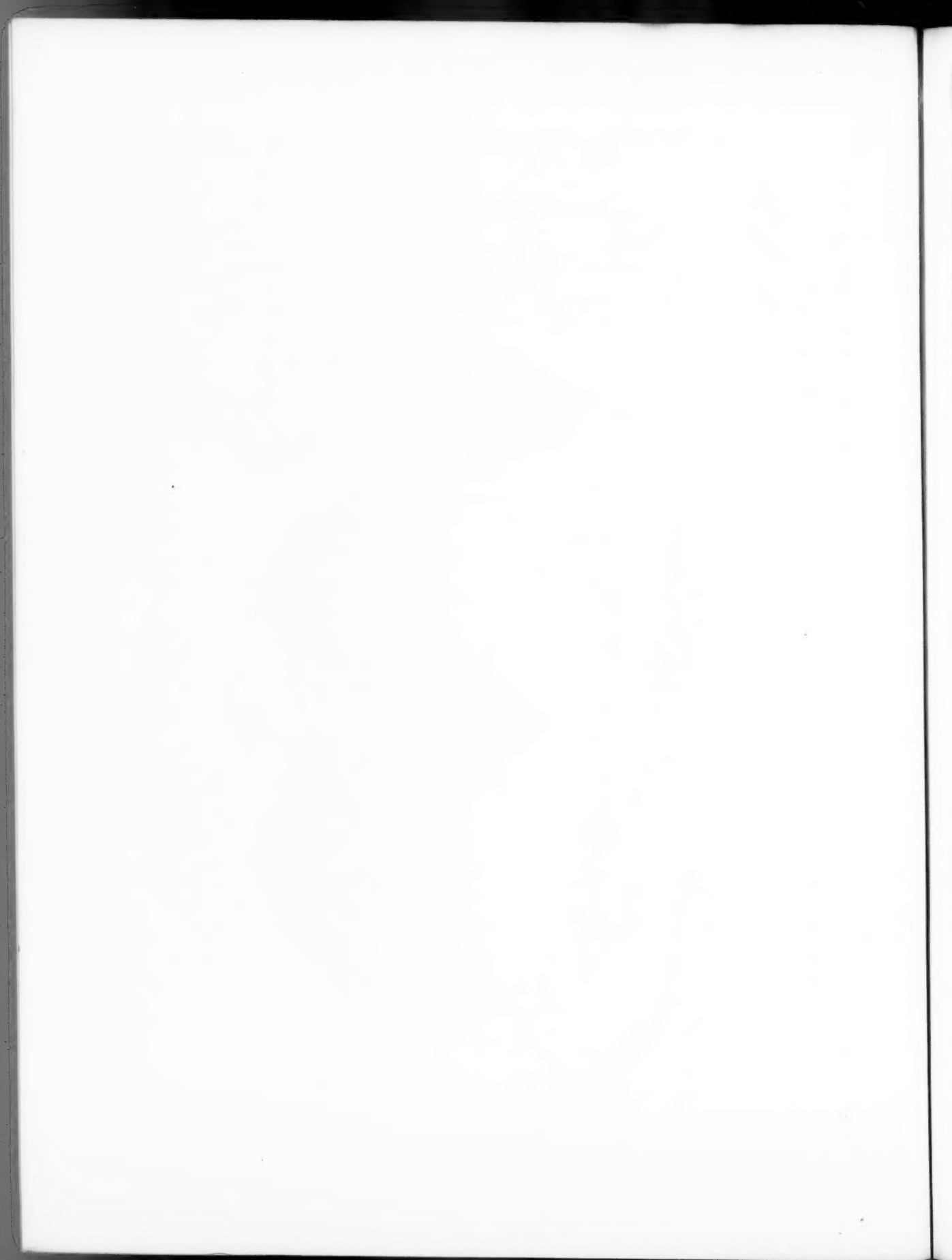
Rather a Thin Board.

It seems that, at the Ordnance Office, "if one Officer is present, he forms a Board." But this is better than the system of many Government Offices, where they have six or twelve persons to do the work of one. We would sooner have a Board any day than a number of Sticks.



THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

"At last the Bat's policy has come to be condemned by both parties, so that, being acknowledged by neither, and therefore deprived of influence in the House, he had better shuffle off as he best can, and hide his diminished head in holes and corners, never venturing to come out except in the obscurity of an Agricultural meeting."



PUNCH'S LAW REPORTS.

[The Great Ham Case, REGINA v. GALLEARS.]

HAVING observed an utter absence of Reason in some of the Law reports, it has struck us that Rhyme may be employed as an efficient substitute. We have therefore instructed our Attorney-General, MR. BRIEFLESS, to report for us the Great Ham Case, which came off the other day in the Exchequer Chamber, when the Court sat in error, and the learned Counsel argued in total error for at least half-an-hour.

The Case it was this—There was tried at the Sessions A prisoner, guilty of divers transgressions, And wishing at last for a relishing cram, His career he had finished by stealing a ham. At the trial objection was made—that the joint Had been badly described—and reserved was the point. For the prisoner; HENNIKER rose in his place To contend the proceedings were bad on their face. He urged "that the article now in dispute Had been very likely a bit of a brute, An animal, *feræ nature*, whose hocks Had been made into ham. (See the *QUEEN versus COX*), Where some eggs had been stolen, and there 'twas laid down, The indictment was bad on the part of the Crown, Because of the eggs 'twas not plainly aver'd, Whether those of a crocodile, adder, or bird." Per POLLOCK, Chief Baron: "The question one begs, In refusing to recognise eggs, Sir, as eggs; I'm convinced such objection could never be made As to hold that an egg was improperly laid." Per PATTESON, Justice: "The point I see well, For the whole of the argument lies in a shell; But suppose with the eggs there had been an assault, Will you venture to tell us, that justice must halt If the egg's undescribed? on your law I can't flatter ye; To call it an egg is sufficient in battery." Per PLATT, Puisse Baron: "Suppose for a change, An epicure fancies a dish somewhat strange, And orders the ham of a fox or a rat, There'd 't then be a property surely in that?" MR. HENNIKER humbly submitted that dogs, Whom he ventured to couple, in this case, with hogs, (He made no reflection, and wished not to pass any), Had become very recently subjects of larceny. Per PLATT: "But the law, Sir, had always its eye On a toad in the hole, or a dog in a pie." The learned Chief Baron conferred with the judges, Who declared the objection the poorest of fudges. The pris'n'r's conviction accordingly stood; The ham and indictment were both pronounced good.

A GOOD PRICE FOR A GOOD ARTICLE.

We are always told that "the English Constitution is the envy and admiration of the world." We do not doubt this; we may be profoundly admired, we may be deeply envied by every nation; but the question is, if we do not pay a little dearly for this universal homage. The cost for it is 45s. per head—a large sum to pay in taxes every year to be envied and admired. It is said that we never can pay too much for a good thing; and, according to this, the British Constitution ought to be the very best of its kind, considering the large price that every Englishman is called upon to give for it.

We should be very sorry for England to lose this "envy and admiration of the world." It is a pleasant thing for an Englishman to know that the entire population of the universe is looking at the British Constitution with the water in its mouth; but we cannot help thinking that we pay somewhat heavily for this water-rate, when it is laid on at a cost of 45s. per head. Envy and admiration are at all times expensive luxuries. We have known many a man ruin himself in the vain endeavour to procure them. Millions have been spent upon their purchase; and at the very moment when a *parvenu* has thought he has succeeded in obtaining the envy and admiration of his fellow-creatures, he has been compelled to walk through the Court. England must take care that she is not ruined in the same way. The very goodness of her Constitution may be the death of her.

After all, we suspect that this "envy and admiration of the world" is a great deal of our own fabrication. The English Constitution may be admired, as undoubtedly it deserves to be; but the "envy" is quite another thing. What nation is likely to envy a Constitution that requires upwards of £59,000,000 every year to keep it in repair! Why, such a Constitution, enviable as it may be, would be the annihilation

of any other country but England. We do not generally envy the man that has a millstone round his neck.

For instance, it is very doubtful whether the Russian or the American envies the Englishman so much. The Russian pays for his Constitution 9s. 9d. a year, and the American only 9s. 7d., and the Constitution of the latter is not such a bad Constitution either. Is it likely that they will envy a thing that costs nearly five times as much as they have to pay?

The Englishman is naturally proud of his Constitution, and takes a national pleasure in the "envy and admiration" (whether real or imaginary) which the world honours it with, but we think he would like his Constitution all the more if he had somewhat less to pay for it. Cannot we be envied and admired under 45s. a year?

EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A GENTLEMAN

IN

THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR SOULOUQUE.

THE blood of African kings which flows in my veins having rendered me an object of unjust persecution in my native country of New Orleans, I resolved to come to Port-au-Prince, and try my fortune there. I had the good fortune to please His IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCE BENBOW, Lord High Admiral, for whom I made the tight embroidered pantaloons of his office, and have since been in considerable favour among the Court and nobility, as Court and fashionable tailor. The coronation of the Emperor enabled me to exhibit my skill; I invented a robe for the Lord Chancellor of the Empire, and a coat for the General Officers, which have been greatly admired, and I hope will bear a comparison with the first efforts of European, or even Broadway, artists.

The Court is at this moment in mourning. Mourning here, I need not tell you, is not black, but a becoming light pink; that of the Royal and Imperial family is yellow. The Imperial House is at present *en deuil* for the seventy-sixth wife of KING BOSU, of the Niger, who had died of a superfluity of rum, to the grief of her Royal consort.

White men are tolerated at Port-au-Prince, though of course not admitted into society. At Church and the Theatre places are set apart for them: and the domestics of their Majesties are selected from this class of human beings. They are treated generally not unkindly, but the hot blood of the African noblesse is proverbial, and the poor devils occasionally suffer from this irascibility. I remonstrated the other day with His HIGHNESS FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE PIERROT, who was about to whip an Oxford Gentleman employed as tutor to his two sons; and had him tied up to a cocoa-nut tree, when I happily succeeded in diverting the Prince from his intention.

At dinner, his Majesty is waited upon by six English footmen in the Imperial livery of nankeen, laced with blue galloon. They were selected from among the largest of their class in England; but not being here allowed to wear stockings, their calves have a very different appearance to that of their brethren in their native country. When the Emperor is pleased, or has had enough, he dabs a portion of the meat from his own plate into the mouth of the Field-Marshal, Prince, or Grand Dignitary of the Empire, sitting next to him. When angry, his Majesty flings his dish or his cup at the heads of the footmen in attendance. It is fine to see the unflinching courage with which they receive these marks of the Imperial discontent.

The cook, who has been created DUKE OF CABOOSTA, is an artist from an English man-of-war. He, and the dancing-master of the Imperial family, are of pure African blood: a Frenchman previously acted in both capacities; but having made love to several of the princesses, he was dismissed, and blown from the mouth of a 24-pounder off Fort Banjo.

The dining hall is richly decorated with works of art. On the North side of the wall there is a fine picture of EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE serving KING JOHN of France at supper, and the BLACK PRINCE is a fine likeness of His IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUKE BOBO, the eldest son of the Emperor.

CÆSAR sitting at POMPEY'S Statue is another fine work in the grand hall. CÆSAR is a fine mulatto, and POMPEY a mandingo of the purest national colour.—Both figures are considered very fine, specially POMPEY'S.

The Empress and daughters sat for the beautiful picture of CLEOPATRA sailing down the Nile, and the Egyptian Queen is represented, as History has painted her indeed, of the most brilliant Nubian jet. The two pages are the two youngest sons of the Empress, THEIR IMPERIAL HIGHNESSES PRINCE DAY and PRINCE MARTIN.

But I must lay down my pen and resume my scissors: an order comes from his Majesty for a jacket and pantaloons for a Court Ball: he says he will have epaulets on the latter—to hear is to obey. Farewell.

SENTIMENT *versus* INFLUENZA.

SCENE—A Garden. TIME—A November Evening. Moonlight.

Enter TWO LOVERS with red noses.

Henry. "O by beloved Baryalle—Idol of by affecshuls! Although appearances are agailst be, yet believe, Maly 'al, il the warbth of by attachbelt. Yes, darlil, like Robeo, 'By yolder blessed Bool I swear '—"

Mary Anne. "'Oh! swear lot by the Bool, the ilcolstalt Bool,' but listel while I respod with—Ha! tzie! ha! tzie!" (sneezes).

[HENRY sneezes also. A fog envelopes them.]

PUNCH PELTED WITH MUD.

EVERYBODY knows that Mr. Punch is a mortal enemy to JACK KETCH. We need not, therefore, say that we cordially approve of the object of the anti-capital-punishment meeting which was held on Monday last week at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark. We wish we could affirm the like of all that was uttered at that assembly; wherein certain opponents of the halter most unfortunately exemplified the proverbial consequences of being allowed plenty of rope. Remarking on whom, says our old friend, the *Morning Post*:—

"Then there was a reverend, but not very reverent gentleman, who funnily related how MOSES committed murder, and 'looked round to see that there was no policeman near'—a joke which told with such amazing effect on the risible faculties of the audience that we have no doubt the worthy parson, encouraged by this essay, is even now agonizingly labouring at a Comic Pentateuch, to be published in due time at the Punch Office, and likely, we should think, to prove quite as amusing as any of the dreary series of works bearing that epithet."

MR. JENKINS is mistaken in his implied assertion that the *Punch* Office is a mart for blasphemous publications. We would thank him to point out any joke, or attempt at a joke, in reference to religion or the Scriptures, which has issued from that institution for the amusement and instruction of mankind. We leave satires on religion to people who affect piety, and say the thing which is not. When Mr. JENKINS terms our productions dreary, he expresses a mere opinion, of which let us by all means have the benefit. But when he insinuates against us a charge of impiety, he vouches for a fact. Incorrectness in this respect is a stain on that plush which it should be the pride of every gentleman's gentleman to keep unsullied.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 5.—Outside of a Metropolitan County Court. Touters, Agents, and Attornies off the Rolls, in attendance, with a real Attorney's clerk or two.

Enter the UNPROTECTED FEMALE in a state of grievous excitement.

Mysterious Touter (in a whisper). County Court, Mim—yes, Mim, certainly. This way, Mim—'appy to attend to your business, Mim.

Confident Agent. Stand out of the way for the lady—now, Sneaky. Here, Marm, I'll see the JUDGE for yer.

Subdued Ex-Attorney. Have regular professional assistance, Ma'am—my card and terms. (Gives card.) Tort or Contract, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female (gazing distractedly from one to the other). Torts and what, Sir? Oh, where have I to go when I'm summoned?

2nd Touter. Don't 'ave him, Marm, he's arf a guinea. I'll take you through for two bob and a bender.

3rd Touter. Want a witness, Marm? Safe as the Bank, Marm.

Unprotected Female. Oh, please, will anybody show me the office?

Ex-Attorney. This way, Ma'am. Take my arm—do. (Aside.) Very low people here—be on your guard. This way, my dear Madam. Be cool. We'll settle it for you directly.

[EX-ATTORNEY carries off UNPROTECTED FEMALE, to the disgust of his rivals.]

[SCENE changes to Clerks' Office. Two Clerks hard at work, entering plaints, receiving fees, issuing summonses, and holding numbers of interviews with several persons at the same time.]

Unprotected Female (resisting all efforts of EX-ATTORNEY to extricate her from her state of bewilderment). Oh, the summonses, please. The summonses.

Ex-Attorney. What name, my dear Madam?

Unprotected Female. Oh, it's BETSEY CUMMINS.

Ex-Attorney (elbowing through crowd). Now, Mr. SMITH, please, Mrs. BETSEY CUMMINS wants a summons, if you please.

Mr. Smith (issuing a plaint, taking the fee, entering it, and searching the plaint-book). CUMMINS plaint issued 8th November. Debt for wages, fifteen-and-six, stands 110 to-day.

Ex-Attorney. Oh, it's issued, is it? (With glee to UNPROTECTED FEMALE.) Here, my dear Madam, we're all right. Your summons is issued. We'll have your fifteen-and-six in a jiffy—a word of mine to his Honour.

Unprotected Female. Oh, but I don't owe the money. If BETSEY CUMMINS can stand and look me in the face, and say I've not paid it over and over again, she's a vile woman.

Ex-Attorney (gradually awakening to the real state of the case). Then it's us that's summoned? We are not Mrs. BETSEY CUMMINS?

Unprotected Female. Oh, how she can go to say she ever did a day's charing for me but what she had her tea and sugar extra—and then the mischief she's made in the neighbourhood, and to have dared to bring her missis into this horrid place!

[She is gradually approximating to a gush of tears from a sense of wrong.]

Ex-Attorney. We must compose ourselves, my dear Madam. Now, if you please, the instructions. (Takes out note-book.)

Unprotected Female. Oh, I've had no instructions but that piece of paper.

Voice without. Now, 110; CUMMINS against—

[The rest is lost in the row.]

Unprotected Female. Oh, that's me, and there's that base woman.

[Springs with determined purpose towards BETSEY CUMMINS, who is elbowing her way through the crowd.]

Ex-Attorney. The instructions, my dear Madam, the instructions.

[SCENE changes to the Court—a shop which has been converted into a County Court under the Act. The JUDGE occupies the site of the fire-place, the professional advisers that of the counter; the crowd of plaintiffs, defendants, and witnesses fill the rest of the space, and an USHER makes a tremendous noise and confusion by way of preserving silence and order.]

Judge. Now, 110. Be quick!

Usher. There, don't you hear his Honour! Now, 110, and be quick, do! Stand back, some of you.

[Repels BETSEY CUMMINS and UNPROTECTED FEMALE in their efforts to get into the front.]

Judge. Plaintiff—where's plaintiff?

Betsey Cummins (having overcome the USHER, has got into the box, and holds up her hand, after the manner of the Old Bailey). And the truth, the 'ole truth, wich I'm prepared—

Judge. Now, swear her.

Usher. Silence, woman, don't you 'ear his Honour?

[BETSEY CUMMINS is sworn after several struggles.]

Judge. Now, BETSEY CUMMINS, be quick.

Unprotected Female (scaling Defendant's box, notwithstanding the efforts of the EX-ATTORNEY). Oh! how dare you, BETSEY CUMMINS?—

Judge. Silence! woman.

Usher. Silence! woman. Don't you 'ear his Honour!—Silence!
woman. Come down, do.

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE is removed, in spite of much resistance and explanation.

Betsy Cummins (who is labouring under the effects of intoxication). Wich it's fifteen-and-six she owes me for charing; and the truth, the 'ole truth, and nothink but the truth, last Saturday as ever was, and me losing my precious time, wich fifteen-and-six I'll 'ave—

Unprotected Female (again gaining the box). Oh, BETSEY CUMMINS!

Judge. Remove that woman. She's drunk.

Usher. There, come down, do. Don't you 'ear his Honour? You're drunk—a done, do. [Strives to get UNPROTECTED FEMALE down.

Judge. Any witnesses?

Betsy Cummins. The trath, the 'ole truth, and nothink but the truth, is my witnesses—fifteen-and-six.

Judge. Now, where's defendant?

Unprotected Female. I must get up.

Usher. Now, 'a done, do. (Repulses her.) Where's defendant?

Unprotected Female. Oh! that's me.

Judge. Eh? No defendant? Make an order.

Usher. Here's defendant, your Honour. Now then.

Unprotected Female (is sworn in a state of distraction). She's a wicked creature, and given to drinking. You know you are, BETSEY CUMMINS.

Judge. Now, defendant, what defence have you to this claim?

Ex-Attorney. I appear for defendant, your Honour.

Unprotected Female. Oh, she knows I lent her a sovereign, three weeks ago; look me in the face, CUMMINS.

Judge. Set-off, eh? Have you given five days' notice?

Unprotected Female. I only set off this morning to come to this Court. But—

Judge. Any notice, woman? Attend to me.

Usher. Any notice, woman? Attend to 'is Honour—do.

Ex-Attorney. Pray be cool, my dear Madam. Have you given any notice?

Unprotected Female (gazing from USHER to JUDGE, and from JUDGE to EX-ATTORNEY). Yes, I advanced her a sovereign—to pay her rent, for she's very often in arrears owing to her—

Judge (losing his self-control). Can't you answer a plain question? (To EX-ATTORNEY.) Leave the woman alone. Now, Ma'am, attend to me, if you please. (The UNPROTECTED FEMALE makes an effort to do so.

Usher (utterly discomposing her again). Now—attend to 'is Honour—woman—do!

Judge. If you have any defence of infancy, Statute of Limitation, or set-off, you must give five days' notice, by the rules of the Court—have you?

Unprotected Female. I've no infants, Sir. I'm a single woman.

Judge. You can't plead a set-off—without notice.

Unprotected Female. Oh, I set off this very morning—I did indeed, Sir.

Judge (to EX-ATTORNEY). Can't you explain to her the nature of a set-off?

[EX-ATTORNEY makes a vigorous but unsuccessful effort.

Judge. Then I'll adjourn the plaintiff till Saturday, to give you time to plead your set-off? Case adjourned, with costs of day.

Unprotected Female (utterly bewildered). No—I'll never pay that fifteen-and-six—never! [Solemnly makes a mental registration of her vow.

Usher. Now, stand down—Case adjourned—Don't you 'ear 'is Honour? Case adjourned.

Unprotected Female. I'm willing to do what is right. (EX-ATTORNEY adds his efforts to USHER's to get her down.) But having lent her that sovereign—Oh, BETSEY CUMMINS—how could you?

[Executes pantomime expressive of wondering disgust at BETSEY CUMMINS.

Judge. Case adjourned, don't you hear?

Usher (threateningly). Case adjourned! Don't you hear 'is Honour?

Ex-Attorney (coaxingly). Case adjourned, my dear Madam.

Unprotected Female (resisting all efforts at removal). No, I'll never pay, if I am imprisoned for life—

Judge. If you don't go, I'll convict you for contempt.

Usher. If you don't go, 'is Honour'll convict you for contempt. Now come, do—

[By an united effort of USHER, EX-ATTORNEY, and the defendant in No. 111., the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is removed, with a conviction that she is about to become a martyr, and rather glorying in it than otherwise.

Ex-Attorney (rubbing his hands). Charming, my dear Madam—Char-ming! We'll attend next week—and give our notice of set-off—today. Now, if you please, we'll arrange our little affair—£1 15s., cost's—if you please—I'll settle with Officers of Court, my dear Madam,—one fifteen, if you please. (Rubbing his hands.) Oh—we'll manage BETSEY CUMMINS next week.

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE, bewildered, surrenders herself into hands of EX-ATTORNEY. Scene closes.

ROWLAND HILL IS REQUESTED TO TREMBLE.

THE infidels of the Post Office—as the excellent *Herald* in its monopoly of piety denominates the heathens of St. Martin's-le-Grand—have for some days past been sitting snug and tranquil in their iniquity. The *Herald* is aware of the disgusting fact that MR. ROWLAND HILL, wrapt round by a sense of security, begins to despise even the *Herald's* correspondents, believing “the temporary agitation about the Post Office changes is now rapidly passing away.” Let not MR. ROWLAND HILL think it. The pause is only the pause necessary to load the guns anew—the silence is only that the brawlers may take deep breath for a noisier shout. The *Herald* knows, that, when all the machinery is in proper order, there will be

“A movement of a character far from common, and which is likely to try the strength and mettle of the Sabbath-desecrators, in a manner and to a degree for which they are, probably, but little prepared.”

Punch, with his unapproachable powers of divination, has discovered the true character of the embryo “movement.” It is well known that, at the present season of the year, changes and transformations of quaint and startling kind are in process of preparation at certain of the play-houses. The *Herald* folks are at this moment briskly engaged with their Post Office Earthquake. Two or three distinguished Common Councilmen—from whose lambent genius old FATHER THAMES does not always feel himself perfectly secure—have assisted at the production of the monster mischief. Well, at a certain time, and when ROWLAND HILL and Co. will be “but little prepared” to be swallowed, the Great Shoe Lane catastrophe will begin to grumble. The shock will make itself felt in a diagonal line, crossing Farringdon Street, up Breakneck Steps, clean under Newgate,—doing no harm whatever in its course, until it passes under the very foundations of the Post office, and there and then condensing all its power beneath the stool of ROWLAND HILL, it will, at the minute counted upon, first swallow him, the arch-conspirator against the Sabbath,—the whole of the building—as the tavern-waiter says of pancakes or stewed cheese—to follow.” In a word, the magnificent structure that now adorns St. Martin's-le-Grand will, at the appointed hour, be an universal Dead Letter Office—not only dead, but buried,—buried by the Earthquake now in act of preparation in Shoe Lane. We have reason to believe that, by some means, the intelligence of the approaching crash has got wind,—for many shop-keepers in the neighbourhood of the coming catastrophe have disposed of their leases at an alarming sacrifice.

LONDON MORALITY ONLY GEOGRAPHICAL.



UMOUR asserts that Almack's will not be open this approaching season. This arises from the fact of the Middlesex Magistrates having set their iron faces this year against all Dancing Saloons. The poor Gents, who have been thrown in hundreds and thousands out of the Walhalla, say that what is wrong in Leicester Square cannot be right in King Street, St. James's. We are afraid they will find themselves deceived, for it has been proved before now, in the case of the Gambling Clubs, that what was only harmless amusement in King Street, St. James's, was the height of parochial iniquity in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. As Crockford's stood—so will Almack's. If the Gents want to dance this winter, they must get introduced to the latter.

JUST THE PLACE TO SHIFT YOUR GROUND.

THE Floating Island, that is continually swimming in the Lake of Derwentwater—now floating on its back, now diving and keeping under the water for several hours, so much so that it is called by the natives “a little duck of an island”—would not be a bad spot for MR. DISRAELI to erect his new grand agricultural scheme upon. As this scheme is to relieve the landed interest, what land in the whole of England can be in greater need of relief than an island which is in such an unsettled state, that it is continually rising and falling, and is sometimes so depressed that it runs away, and nothing is seen of it for days? Besides, as the island went, according to its habit, to the bottom, how triumphantly MR. DISRAELI could point to the perfect success of his new Sinking Fund! And more than this, how valuable such a floating capital would be to a politician, like DISRAELI, who is always shifting his ground!

ALL HANDS TO THE PUMP.

DR. BUCKLAND mentions that the scarcity of water in London is likely to ruin the brewers. If it has this effect upon the brewers, it is horrible to think what will be the fate of the milkmen!



A BANQUET SHOWING THE 'FARMER'S FRIEND' IMPRESSING ON THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST THAT IT IS RUINED.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Monday, November 19, 1849.—By Rail to Clod's Norton, to my old Country Friend MR. GILES the Farmer, and with him to the Meeting and yearly Dinner of the North Gruntham Agricultural Society at Grumbleton, at the Plantagenet Arms. A mighty fine and great Dinner; and the Appetite of the Company did do my Heart good to see, and droll to hear MR. GILES declare that all the Farmers were starving. I did mightily admire the Breadth and Bigness of the Countrymen, and their round Faces like the sign of the Rising Sun, but not so bright, for, though ruddy, looking grave and glum. My LORD MOUNTBUSH in the Chair, very grand and high and mighty, yet gently demeaning himself, and did pledge them about him in Wine with an Obeisance the most stately I think that I did ever see a man, and wish I could do like him, and with Practice hope to be able. The Dinner over, and the QUEEN drunk, and the Royal Family, and also the Church and Army and Navy, the Chairman did propose the Toast of the Evening, which was, Prosperity to the North Gruntham Agricultural Society, and made a Speech, and did tell his Hearers that they and the whole Farming Body were going to the Dogs as fast as they could go; whereat, strange to hear them applaud mightily. He ended his Speech by saying he hoped Gentlemen would that Evening, according to Custom, keep clear of Politics, which Rule SQUIRE HAWBUCK next rising to speak, did promise he would observe, and forthwith made a violent Harangue against SIR ROBERT PEEL and MR. COBDEN. After him got up MR. FLUMMERIE, and with great Action, and thumping the Table, spoke for Half-an-Hour, with most brave Flourishes

both of his Fists and of Language. He did tell his Audience that they must be up and stirring, and quit them like good Men and true, and did exhort them to rally round the Altar and Throne, and nail their Colours to the Mast, and range themselves under the Banner of Protection; which he did say was a Flag that had braved 1,000 Years the Battle and the Breeze, and if so, should, methinks, be by this Time in Tatters. He did say that the British Lion had been long asleep, but was now at last aroused, which do seem a simple Saying, the British Lion being only a fabulous Beast, like the Unicorn, and nowhere to be found but in the Royal Arms. But to hear how the Company did cheer at all this Mouthing, and I do verily think they had far rather listen to it, than MR. CONINGSBY his clever Schemes and Projects, albeit it was the veriest Cant and Stuff; for, good Lack! to think of the Monarchy and Church, and all Morals, Religion, and Government, depending on the Price of Wheat! After more Speeches in the same Strain, the British Labourer his Health drunk, and then the Prizes given out; and an old Man of 80, for bringing up a Family without costing the Parish 1d. in 50 Years, did receive £1, and others for honest Service nigh as long, a Jacket, a Smock Frock, or a Pair of Hob-Nail Boots, in Reward of Merit. The Toasts and Speech-making lasted till late, and then we broke up, the Farmers mighty merry, though grumbling, but not more than their Wont, at the Laws and the Weather, but their best Friends say, will have little to complain of either, if they will but mind their Business, and turn seriously to improving their Husbandry.

THE PERILS OF PENMANSHIP.

Those persons who do not happen to be among the most amiable or straightforward in the world should be very careful what, when, and where they write, for a new profession has just started up, consisting of the alleged art of reading the character in the handwriting. We think we can guess a few of the leading rules, which we beg leave to promulgate for the benefit of those who would like to know the sort of persons they are corresponding with.

A running-hand to an acceptance may indicate a disposition on the part of the acceptor to run away from his liability. A cramped-hand from a creditor demanding payment of a debt shows that he will require very stiff interest if he grants time; and a smeared signature shows that the writer has no objection to a blot on his name, while if a man asking to borrow money fails to unite his O, it is certain he is not likely to bring matters round very easily.

COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS—COURVOISIER—AND THE "EXAMINER."



"Ev'n as the snow-flake in the river,
A moment white, then gone for ever,"

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS, conjured by the officious affection of MR. SAMUEL WARREN, "writes to the *Times*." Here it is CHARLES who may now ask of SAMUEL—"Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" With, however, an uneasy doubt of the future, the COMMISSIONER declares that he will make no further reply. No damaging rejoinder shall twit from him another word. No matter what provocation, the Brazen Head will not speak again. This, the concluding sentence of MR. PHILLIPS's letter, is the only saving piece of prudence in the whole sinuous, tape-worm-like epistle.

MR. PHILLIPS breaks "the contemptuous silence" of nine years to "notice inventions too abominable he had hoped for any honest man to have believed." MR. PHILLIPS has read his three hours' speech at COURVOISIER's trial reported in the *Times*, and accepts its fidelity. In the teeth of this avowal, he has still enough of his old Old Bailey courage left to answer as below:—

MR. PHILLIPS, in the *Times* of 1849.

I am accused, secondly, of having "appealed to Heaven as to my belief in COURVOISIER's innocence," after he had made me acquainted with his guilt!

MR. PHILLIPS in the *Times* of 1840.

It was not his business to prove who did the crime; that was the task they (his opponents) had undertaken. Unless that was proved, he would beseech the jury to be cautious how they imbrued their hands in this man's blood. THE OMNISCIENT GOD ALONE KNEW WHO DID THIS CRIME; he was not called on to rend asunder the dark mantle of the night, and throw light upon this deed of darkness.—*Times* Report of Trial, June 22nd, 1840.

CHARLES PHILLIPS, hired counsel of the murderer—upon the murderer's own confession—knows his guilt, and yet, in his defence, with "well-painted passion," dares to mouth "THE OMNISCIENT GOD," as alone knowing the criminal. This is in 1840; and in 1849, the COMMISSIONER—with his memory newly refreshed by careful perusal of his speech,—is horror-stricken at the blasphemy of an "appeal to Heaven" in justification of the innocence of a known assassin. Could he so outrage Heaven, and not expect to be answered by Heaven's lightning? We leave the answer to those, who—after reading MR. PHILLIPS's speech, and MR. PHILLIPS's contrasted letter—may judge between the

audacity of his oratory, and the serenity of his expectations. If the Counsel—tested by the above text—did not, by implication, appeal to "THE OMNISCIENT GOD"—he has, even at this late period of his long and piebald life, made but small progress in the simple meaning of the English language. To plain people, who do not wield thunder and lightning as professional terms, as "properties" of the Old Bailey, we are content to leave the interpretation. But to proceed—to pick our way through the mud:—

COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS's Letter.

At the close of the to me most wretched day on which the confession was made, the prisoner sent me this astounding message by his solicitor: "Tell MR. PHILLIPS, my counsel, that I consider he has my life in his hands." * * * I did try to save it. I did everything to save it, except that which is imputed to me; but that I did not, and I will prove it.—*Times*, November 20th, 1849.

COUNSEL PHILLIPS's Defence.

He spoke to them in no spirit of hostile admonition. HEAVEN KNEW HE DID NOT. He spoke to them in the spirit of a friend and fellow Christian, and in that spirit he told them that if they pronounced the word [guilty] lightly, its memory would never die within them. It would accompany them in their walks, it would follow them in their solitary retirements like a shadow, it would haunt them in their sleep, and hover round their bed; it would take the shape of an accusing spirit, and COMFORT AND CONDEMN THEM BEFORE THE JUDGMENT SEAT OF THEIR GOD. SO LET THEM BEWARE HOW THEY ACTED.—*Times*, June 22nd, 1840.

MR. PHILLIPS suffered an awful night preceding the day upon which he did his best to terrify a jury by conjuring to their fears the probability of being haunted by the ghost of a gibbet-murdered man—that man at the time standing, in the conscious eye of the counsel, dyed from head to foot in the blood of his sleeping victim!

What a weight must have been lifted from the heart of MR. PHILLIPS when the Jury—contemptuous of his threats—returned the verdict, "Guilty." We read what the over-wrought counsel suffered the previous night, "fevered and horror-stricken," scarcely slumbering for a moment, no doubt agonised as the *honorarium*—COURVOISIER's gold—was burning in the legal vitals! Thus was he racked and tortured between his duty and his fears. What, then, would have been the counsel's horror, what the effect of his remorse, acting upon a mind of such exquisite sensibility—had his disturbing oratory frightened the Jury into an acquittal, had the eloquence of the feverish and horror-stricken counsel caused Newgate door to turn upon a golden hinge, letting slip the man-tiger, COURVOISIER, for, it might be, another feast of blood! Happy was it for the future peace of the counsel, that the counsel was saved from the impious rant of his own genius—from the awful audacity of his own silver-tongued tongue.

MR. PHILLIPS denies that—after the confession of COURVOISIER—he sought to asperse the character of others. The following is from his defence in the *Times*—from the report which he accepts as altogether faithful:—

... His learned friend demanded, who murdered LORD WM. RUSSELL? he (MR. P.) was not bound to show that; but he had a right to know who placed the bloody gloves in the prisoner's trunk between the 6th and 14th of May, when the prisoner had been already three days in gaol? Had there not been practices here? "Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." This man, it was evidently determined, should be made the victim of some foul contrivance. Some villains must have been at work here to provide proofs of guilt against the prisoner, and endeavour to make the jury instrumental in rendering him the victim, not of his own guilt, but of their own machinations.

He wished not to asperse the female servants. God forbid, &c. &c. It was not at all necessary to his case to do so. ... The prisoner had seen his master retire to his peaceful bed, and was alarmed in the morning by the housemaid, who was up before him, with a cry of robbery, and some dark, mysterious suggestion of murder. "Let us go," said she, "and see where my Lord is." He did confess that that expression struck him as extraordinary. If she had said, "Let us go and tell my Lord that the house is plundered," that would have been natural; but why should she suspect that anything had happened to his Lordship? She saw her fellow-servant safe, no tint of blood about the house, and where did she expect to find her master? Why, in his bed-room, to be sure. What was there to lead to a suspicion that he was hurt? COURVOISIER was safe, the cook was safe, and why should she suspect that her master was not safe too?—*Times*, June 22nd, 1840.

LORD BROUGHAM (as quoted in the *Examiner*) has declared that

"An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, THAT CLIENT AND NONE OTHER. To save that client by all expedient means,—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself,—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other."

According to this soul-sustaining principle, CHARLES PHILLIPS, when he did his worst against the innocent witnesses, like TOM THUMB, "did his duty, and he did no more." Is, however, the opinion of LORD BROUGHAM ample and whole enough to shelter a man against the opinion of all truthful society? Let MR. PHILLIPS find what comfort he may in the answer.

We have quoted enough of PHILLIPS v. PHILLIPS, and the reader has the evidence in significant black and white. As for MR. SAMUEL WARREN, whose anxiety provoked the unfortunate Letter to the *Times*, he no doubt meant well for his friend, and must not suffer remorse, however amiable in its cause, to take too strong hold upon him! We repeat it. He meant well; so did the bear that, to kill a fly upon his sleeping master, killed the man outright.

We cannot, however, dismiss the case without alluding to the alacrity shown by certain newspapers to sympathise with MR. CHARLES

PHILLIPS; to pour balm into his wounds; to anoint his slandered head; to sluice him with rose-water—indeed, to make him smell all over Araby. Very pleasant was it to observe this readiness on the part of the press to remedy the evil it sometimes inflicts. Thus, a bit of printed paper, like a certain Indian leaf, acts on one side as a blister—on the other as the salve. With the salve-side of the leaf, Mr. CHARLES PHILLIPS was carefully plastered; and we somewhat rejoiced at such healing goodness. Well, Mr. PHILLIPS is answered by the *Examiner*; every charge previously advanced against him is newly-strengthened—proved. Mr. PHILLIPS takes nothing, but loses all by his motion, and those papers (at least at the time we write) most eloquent in sympathy with his self-acquittal make no acknowledgment of the wrong suffered by the journalist assailed. The *Daily News* is certainly an exception, doing justice to the *Examiner*, and the *Post* observes—

"The defence set up by Mr. PHILLIPS, which appeared to be in substance satisfactory, has no longer that appearance in our eyes. The rejoinder of the *Examiner*, we cannot but regard as one of the most complete and crushing pieces of personal criticism that we have ever read."

Wherefore such gushing sympathy 'towards the Old Bailey practitioner, and such grudging acknowledgment of the claims of a journal,

whose origin and progress are associated with the highest moral courage and the best dignity of the English press? What the social value of all the Old Bailey practice of Mr. PHILLIPS, compared with an hour of LEIGH HUNT? What Mr. PHILLIPS's forty years' chequered pleading at the bar, against the *Examiner's* forty years' pleading for truth and liberty to the world? The *Scotsman* well says, as regards this contemporary injustice—

"We will fall deservedly, too—fall in estimation and influence, till we can fall no lower—if, in such questions as this, between a first-rate journalist and a fourth-rate barrister, it is made manifest that we will not even respect fair-play in our zeal to show that we do not respect ourselves."

Mr. PHILLIPS is one in authority. We are sorry for it. He—the defender of the confessed COURVOISIER and the justifier of a wrongful defence—sits in judgment upon the imprudent and the unfortunate. A word of his falls crushingly upon the improvident and the helpless. Such is his power. We say, we are sorry for it. For Public Opinion—assuming for a brief space the Bench of justice, and addressing the COMMISSIONER in his own daily phrase, says—

"CHARLES PHILLIPS, after a careful reading of your petition, it does not appear that you have any standing in Court. CHARLES PHILLIPS, your petition is dismissed."



"QUITE A NEW SENSATION FOR THE LUXURIOUS, THESE COLD MORNINGS. USE HOT WATER, AND LOOK AT YOUR SHOWER-BATH!"

THE LAST SQUEAK OF SMITHFIELD.

THE fashionable cry, now-a-days, is for compensation. We have already told our readers how the Palace Court gentlemen are counting up their writs with the view of demanding compensation from Parliament next session for the loss of every one of them. We have now to inform our readers of a somewhat similar gang that is in active operation upon a somewhat similar plan of extortion.

It is all but decreed—and would have been decreed long ago, if LORD JOHN had not been Member for the City—that Smithfield is to be removed next session. The persons who have a vested interest in the continuance of the nuisance are already alarmed, and are laying deeply-laid schemes for the future. Compensation is, we are told, to be one of them. With this object a deputation will shortly wait upon LORD JOHN, telling him how much they expect, and that they will not take a farthing less. They have based their calculations upon certain *data*, which they are prepared to challenge his Lordship to disprove, and the loss of which they estimate at so much.

We believe there is no harm in stating that the deputation in question will consist of the numerous respectable thieves and pickpockets who have for years been deriving a handsome income out of the abomination of Smithfield Market. They have ascertained the number of pocket-handkerchiefs and purses that are stolen every market-day, and claim a good round sum as compensation for the sudden loss of those purses and pocket-handkerchiefs, which the removal of the nuisance will necessarily take out of their pockets.

We have no doubt that they will succeed in their scheme. In fact, if compensation is granted to the Palace Court gentlemen, we do not see how it can possibly be refused to the gentlemen of Smithfield Market. The only difference lies between writs and pocket-handkerchiefs. Compensate both or none, though, out of gratitude for the abolition of the nuisances, we should feel more inclined, much as we are averse to the humbug of compensation, to say, in this instance, "Compensate both." But we are decidedly averse to any unfair preference being given to the legal pickpockets of the Palace Court.

SMALL GROUNDS FOR HOPE.

CAVAIGNAC is delighted at the visit of RACHEL to the French President, as he says, "There is some hope of the Republic flourishing now, *depuis qu'elle a pris RACINE*."

PUNCH'S IDÉES NAPOLEONNES.

WE have taken into our head a strange idea that there is a new candidate in the field—or rather in St. George's Fields—for the imperial throne of NAPOLEON. There is perhaps an aspirant to the purple at the Elysée, but there is, we suspect, another at Astley's. The Orleanists may talk of a restoration, but what do the Buonapartists say to a revival that has just taken place of the Battle of Waterloo, in which the *Emperor* is represented by the famous GOMERSAL? As the French nation may be said to desire as a chief the man that comes the nearest to NAPOLEON, we maintain stoutly that the pretensions of GOMERSAL—if he has any pretensions—are not contemptible. Every one allows that he has the identical gait, and some give him credit for wearing the identical gaiters, of the EMPEROR.

NAPOLEON used to call himself the son of destiny, a family into which it is always easy to fraternise; and we do not see why Mr. GOMERSAL should not claim to be equally the son of destiny if he chooses, which would make him at once the brother of the great BUONAPARTE. We have little doubt that, if the Astleian *Emperor* were to walk into Paris, got up in the same style as that in which he appears at the Amphitheatre, taking snuff out of the "property" snuff-box, and attended by the gallant supernumerary who attends as the trusty *Mameluke*, and who might easily get a *congé* from his duties as fourth hodman in the afterpiece of *Mr. Briggs*, the enthusiasm of the Parisians would know no bounds, and GOMERSAL might be crowned Emperor at *Nôtre Dame* before LOUIS would have time to protest in the name of himself and family.

THE RETURN OF THE SWANHOPPER.

How heavily, how lazily, we drag upon the Thames!
The water is all sewage, which now our brave barge stems;
In our bow the waves are steaming, with vapours foul and dank,
Like reptiles in whose deadly veins the blood is creeping rank.

The river seems to speak our sway; strange matters round us glide,
Strange things come up to sicken us, the masters of the tide;
In our wake, disgusted, hissing, follows even our own Swan,
Oh, proud must be our Alderman and Cor-po-ra-ti-on!

Oh! would I were our Alderman, to govern o'er my ward,
In some few years to reach the Chair, and then be called my LORD;
I'd shout to yonder swan, that follows in our lee,
"Some day, my bird, I'll purify the river Thames for thee!"

Oh! would I were our Alderman—though he looks queer to-day—
With several Common-Councilmen his orders to obey,
Who'll vote for him and Smithfield, for shambles, filth, and gore,
And dine with him off turtle-soup when'er we reach the shore.

Still queerer looked our Alderman, and queerer as we crept,
Yet still he sipped his cold-without, unless 'twas when he slept;
Then he peeped out on the water, and declared that he could see
Two Swans—although there was but one—that followed in our lee.

He woke but for a moment—for soon the drowsy god
Again his eyelids stealing, again he 'gan to nod;
Sleep gave dulness to his visage, it gave labour to his breath,
And he looked like some prize animal full fattened up for death.

A knowing wink and whisper passed round us where we lay,
For we saw our jolly Alderman too well had soaked his clay;
So, for air, on deck we bore him, when overboard rolled he,
And we heard a hiss and flutter in the water on our lee.

All night we scrubbed his Worship, who, tumbling in his snooze,
Head over ears had soused himself in foul and fetid ooze;
And ever from that moment he resolved the Thames should be
Made wholesome for the creature that had followed in our lee.

THE DUEL-ITY OF THE FRENCH MIND.

DUELS seem to be quite the order of the day in the *Assemblée Nationale*. If they go on increasing at their present rate, France will soon be represented by 970 Duellists. A debate will be decided, not by Ayes and Noes, but by Swords and Pistols. As two refractory members leave the Tribune, the President will call out, "*Café et Pistols pour Deux*." The weightiest questions will be run through in a couple of seconds, who will publish their reports regularly every morning in the Bois de Boulogne, and order the necessary breakfasts after they have seen that the nation's honour has been fully satisfied. What an honourable nation France ought to be, considering its representatives are continually fighting to prove that they are men of honour! Every representative must be satisfied on this point—in fact, what opponent could doubt the satisfaction that is sent home to his heart on the point of a sword!

Little THIERS has distinguished himself on this new political ground in a most satisfactory manner. His duels are almost as numerous as his errors in his "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*." He accepts *cartels* as freely as if they were *cartes d'invitation* for a champagne party; and boasts that, often as he has been called out, he has never met with the Frenchman yet who was his match. The fact is, he is so small that it is no such an easy thing to hit him. One fastidious member refused to fight with a man who, he said, was so far beneath him, unless MONSIEUR THIERS was put on a beer-barrel.

This French practice of duelling is growing to such an extent, that the 25 francs allowed to each representative will be barely sufficient to pay his shot. It is proposed to increase it to 50 francs, with an ounce of powder *per diem*.

There is a great coolness at present between the civil and military parties in the chamber, if there can be any of the former in a house that is perpetually quarrelling. But the civil men will not fight with the military men, because, they say, the chances are not equal. The *militaires* are perfect in their sword and pistol exercises, but the *hommes de plume* cannot plume themselves upon any such proficiency. To remedy this inequality, which might lead to the annihilation of all the Editors of France, it is recommended by the Minister of War to erect barracks in the neighbourhood of the *Assemblée*, where members can be instructed in those accomplishments that are so indispensable to the education of a perfect gentleman. Lessons will be given, at the lowest charges, by the cleverest *maîtres-d'armes*, and prizes distributed twice a year to the most skilful marksmen. The Committee Rooms will be changed into

Pistol Galleries, where members can fire away, to their heart's content, at a franc an hour. The smallest figures of THIERS will be stuck up to encourage the sport and steady the aim of the Montagnards, and similar plaster likenesses, only much larger, of VICTOR HUGO, JULES FAYRE, CAVAIGNAC, and PIERRE BUONAPARTE (the latter in *carton de Pierre*), will be held out as tempting targets for the amusement of the Legitimists. Thus, pleasure and business will be beautifully combined in the same building.

It is frightful to contemplate what will be the state of things when all the members are equally skilful. The Kilkenny cats will be kittens to them, for it must end in their all shooting one another, till only one member will be left in the House, and that one will, of course, be none other than MONSIEUR THIERS. Is there no CLYTEMNESTRA in France to raise the warning cry of "*Où est TOM THUMB?*"



ROWLAND HILL AMONG THE ATTORNIES.

A MOST affecting appeal—by way of advertisement—has been made in the *Herald*, by "A MAN OF BUSINESS" to his "brethren in business," in aid of the most helpless, and therefore, the most interesting class of HER MAJESTY'S subjects—need we name the attornies? We have read much of late of the miseries of the slop-workers; but the condition of the red-tape workers, and all through ROWLAND HILL, is, to every well-regulated man, little short of heart-breaking. The deplorable state of the country attornies calls for gushing sympathy. Consider the Sabbath penalties they pay to their tremendous sense of justice:—

"In justice to their clients they are constantly feeling it to be their duty to peruse their Sunday arrival of papers, and to read letters, lest damage should occur to their clients by reason of the opposing solicitor availing himself of the receipt and dispatch of the Sunday mail."

Many of these letters are to be answered. Instructions and counter-instructions are to be dispatched by agonised attornies—

"Thus harassing their minds and disturbing their domestic peace, and mixing floods of worldly thoughts with the duties of the house of worship."

We shall never look at an attorney on a Monday morning, without feeling inexpressibly moved by compassion for his probable sufferings on the previous day. May we not, however, suggest a remedy? What if there were to be a meeting of all the attornies—Salisbury Plain might accommodate them—to make it binding upon mutual honour not to "peruse their Sunday arrival of papers?" Thus would the infidelity of ROWLAND HILL be sweetly defeated by the piety of the profession. If, however, this be impossible, let the attorney make a note of his charges for his inevitable Sabbath labour, and proceeding to Church, then and there drop the amount in the Sabbath poor-box. He would thus at once satisfy his sense of right, and relieve the miserable. Charity would kiss Justice.

MISSING.—The Lights, Paving, Watering, and Sewering of King's Road, Chelsea. If the above will return to their dark, dirty, and disconsolate friends, at the above address, they will be joyfully received, and all past faults will be forgiven. N.B. If the above terms be not accepted, legal measures must be taken.

"OH! WILT THOU SEW MY BUTTONS ON?"

AND

"YES, I WILL SEW THY BUTTONS ON!"



C—DS—M G—DS, which took the *beau monde* by surprise last season. Previous to the *déclatissement*, the gifted and lovely composer, at a ball given by the distinguished D—CH—AS of S—TH—D, accidentally overheard the searching question of the gallant but penniless Captain, and the passionate and self-devoted answer of his lovely and universally admired *fiancée*. She instantly rushed home and produced these pathetic and powerful ballads.

"Oh! wilt thou sew my buttons on,
When gayer scenes recal
That fairy face, that stately grace,
To reign amid the ball?
When Fulham's bowers their sweetest flowers
For fête-champêtres shall don,
Oh! say, wilt thou, of queenly brow,
Still sew my buttons on?"

"The noble, sweet, are at thy feet,
To meet a freezing eye;
The gay, the great, in camp and state,
In vain around thee sigh.
Thou turn'st away, in scorn of sway,
To bless a younger son—
But when we live in lodgings, say,
Wilt sew his buttons on?"

"Yes, I will sew thy buttons on,
Though all look dark and drear;
And scant, they say, lieutenant's pay,
Two hundred pounds a year.
Let HOW'LL and JAMES tempt wealthier dames,
Of gauds and gems I'll none;
Nor ask to roam, but sit at home,
And sew thy buttons on!"

"When ladies blush 'neath lustres' flush,
And fast the waltzers fly,
Though tame at tea I bide with thee,
No tear shall dim my eye.
When summer's close brings Chiswick shows—
When all from town have gone,
I'll sit me down, nor pout nor frown,
But sew thy buttons on!"

A STUDY OF BAD HEADS.

(To MR. DONOVAN, Phrenologist.)

SIR,—I NEVER pass your interesting shop-window, in King William Street, Strand, without stopping to look at the collection of plaster-casts which you have the kindness to display gratuitously to the Public. In my opinion, your Exhibition has a good tendency. Yours are no waxed, varnished, smirking images of murder. The brutality and ugliness of your ruffians' countenances must disgust the vulgar; while the conformation of their heads instructs the student of human nature. So good luck to you, MR. DONOVAN, and success to your establishment!

However, if you wish to exemplify the truth of phrenology, I think you should not limit yourself to the exposition of homicides' heads. You should add those of a few enormous rogues to them by way of variety. Let us have notorious swindlers side by side with certain railway directors. I should like to see if there was any distinction between them; and I must say that, if I found any, all faith in your Science would instantly vanish from the imagination of,

Your humble Servant,

PUNCH.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 6.—*The Wolverton Station. A night train (Express) is arriving—there is a momentary stir in the Refreshment Room among the range of pretty sleepy-eyed Young Ladies behind the Counter. Everything that affects to be hot is very hot, and there is a preponderance among the catables of pork-pies, and other peculiarly indigestible articles of food.*

Porter (as train comes in). Now, Woolv'ton—Woolv'ton!

[Rings a gigantic bell in a harassing manner, and at unnecessary length.

Nervous Old Gentleman (startled out of carriage window by bell). Bless me! Eh? What! Where? Anything wrong?—Oh—Ah—

[Having collected his faculties, subsides into carriage.

Porter. Woolv'ton!—now, five minutes' re—fresh—ment—Woolv'ton.

[The train stops. A rush of Passengers remarkable for their head-

dresses, and having generally a blinking and dazzled appearance.

Unprotected Female (from carriage). Now, Sir, please do!—Oh, somebody, wake this gentleman. Hov!

[Protruding her head from the off-side of the carriage, and calling impossible Porters from among the idle carriages and unoccupied engines.

Porter (opening carriage-door). Now Marm—Woolv'ton—five minutes' re—fresh—ment.

Unprotected Female. Oh, it must be apoplexy, or fits, or chloroform.

Porter. Eh, Marm! fits, Marm? Anybody took?

[Flashes his lantern into carriage.

Unprotected Female. Oh, do wake him, if you could, Sir. (A large and SOMNOLENT PASSENGER is discovered to have erected himself into a barricade of the door-way, by putting his legs on to the seat opposite to his own.) Do just look where his—going to say "legs," checks herself)—shoes are. I can't get over him. Oh, do wake him!

Porter (ringing gigantic bell at SOMNOLENT PASSENGER'S ear). Woolv'ton!

Somnolent Passenger (awakening in great rage). Why the devil?—

What the deuce?—eh?—Wolverton!—Oh—

[Replaces his legs laboriously in their natural position, and rolls into Refreshment Room.

Unprotected Female. I'm sure I shan't have time for anything comfortable. (Wanders into Lost Luggage Department.) Oh, is this the Refreshment Room, please? (Satisfied it is not, by the sight of the parcels, exit, without waiting for an answer.) Oh! some soup, if you please. (Rushes into the PORTER'S Night Room. Exit in confusion.) Dear, dear! where is the Refreshment Room?

Drowsy Porter. Third door down—where the gurls is.

Unprotected Female (at the door of Refreshment Room). Could I have a little soup, if you please—without any meat in it?

[No attention is paid to this vague question, there being about sixty people struggling for refreshment at the same time.

Indignant Passenger (having scalded his mouth). Curse the soup! It's my belief they never had but one tureen made here, and nobody was ever able to drink it, and it always goes back again.

Unprotected Female (struck with awe at the notion). No, really, sir? Goodness gracious! how stale it must be! I won't have any; no—I'm sure I won't.

[Fights her way to the counter, and secures herself to a tea-urn.

Somnolent Passenger (over UNPROTECTED FEMALE). Branyunwarrr!

Unprotected Female (confidentially to one of the Pretty Young Ladies). My dear, I said I'd have soup; but if it's not made, please don't order it.

[PRETTY YOUNG LADY abandons UNPROTECTED FEMALE'S confidence, to administer, in an incredibly short time, two teas, three coffees, four pork-pies, a sandwich, two Banbury cakes, two brandies, and a stout—for all which she receives payment and gives back change with the utmost composure, and a stern, though graceful dignity of demeanour.

Unprotected Female (feeling herself abandoned, and with some asperity). I shan't take soup, Miss!

Somnolent Passenger (impatient). Branyunwarrr!

Pretty Young Lady. Brandy and water, Ma'am.

[Sets brandy and water before UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Unprotected Female. Gracious me! I don't take spirits.—Well, I'm sure! I said I didn't take soup.

Somnolent Passenger. Branyunwarrr!

Pretty Young Lady (discovering her mistake, and quietly rectifying it, without any explanation). Brandy and water, sir.

Somnolent Passenger (buries himself in the tumbler). G—gle—gle—gle—glp. [Pays and exit.

Unprotected Female (in a withering manner). When you're quite at liberty, Miss!

Pretty Young Lady. Did you order, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female. I said I shouldn't take soup. (Finds PRETTY

YOUNG LADY again in a labyrinth of orders, which she threads with admirable precision.) Can I have anything, Miss? Because, if I can't, I needn't stay.

Pretty Young Lady (inapprehensive of her sarcasm, points to list of refreshments and prices). Anything you like, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female (disarmed of all offensive weapons and very humbly). A cup of tea, please—with one lump of sugar—mixed, please. (Bell outside.) Oh! is that us?

Pretty Young Lady. Tea, Ma'am. (Gives it her.)

Unprotected Female (flying towards the door with the tea-cup). Oh—stop—I've not had my tea.

Pretty Young Lady (just raising her voice). Pay, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female (flying back to the counter). Oh—don't—they're going—here! (Suddenly awakes to the fact that she has left her bag in the carriage.) Oh, it's in the carriage! (Is again flying with the tea-cup.)

Pretty Young Lady (raising her voice just a little louder). Pay, Ma'am? (Signals the BUTTONS.) That lady!

Buttons (overtaking UNPROTECTED FEMALE—in a shrill voice). Cup a tea, Ma'am?

Unprotected Female (surrendering the tea-cup). Oh, there! (The engine shrieks.) Hoy! here! hollo! hollo! (Rushes to carriage.)

Buttons. No, the money, Ma'am.

Unprotected Female. In the carriage! in the carriage! (Opens a carriage already in motion.) Oh, no! it isn't that! (Opens the door of her own carriage.) Oh, here! (Attempts to enter, but is arrested by SOMNOLENT PASSENGER'S legs, which have again resolved themselves into a barricade.) Oh—it's here—(fishes over legs of SOMNOLENT PASSENGER for her bag)—here! (Gets at a shilling by a desperate effort, and gives it to BUTTONS.) There's some change! (Her particulars of demand are drowned by the whistle and pant of the engine.) And I've not had a drop of anything! And whatever am I sitting on?—Ugh! (Shrieks with horror at finding herself seated on the legs of SOMNOLENT PASSENGER, as on a garden seat.) Oh—sir—take 'em down! Do! this minute, or I'll call the Guard—here, Guard! Coachman! Hoy!

(Disappears, in a state of wounded feelings and virtuous indignation.)

REVIVAL OF THE MENDICANT TRADE.

THE sudden setting-in of the cold weather gave a wonderful impetus to the beggary trade, and there was a brisk demand for small children. who fetched, during the frost, at least fourpence a-head above the average. The demand was considerable for infants accustomed to the trade, and warranted to continue crying for an hour at a pinch—it being an ascertained fact that all those who, at a pinch from the ostensible parent, can burst out into a good continuous fit of bellowing, will supply the source of a roaring trade to the borrower. Five-year-olders, in pairs to resemble twins, always fetch a high price in wet or frosty weather; and opium, which, during the summer, is literally a drug in the mendicant's market, has lately been much sought after. There has been also a fearful inundation of the gardening trade, on the part of those who rush into it at this season, for the purpose of being immediately frozen out again. Clean white aprons and widows' weeds were done at improved rates, and the public will be done at the usual rate, unless care is taken of its interests.

THE LAST FROM PARIS.

THE next new French Ministry, which is just upon the eve, if not the afternoon, of formation, will be composed as follows:—

Ministre des Finances	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!
Ministre de l'Intérieur	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!!
Ministre de la Guerre	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!!!
Ministre des Travaux Publics	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!!!!
Ministre de l'Instruction Publique	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!!!!!!
Ministre de l'Extérieur	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!!!!!!
Ministre de toutes les choses, et plusieurs autres	LOUIS-NAPOLÉON!!!!!!

Every one of the above distinguished celebrities have agreed to accept the *port-fenilles* when offered to them, and it is expected that the Ministry (which has already been nicknamed "*Le Ministère de Tous les Talents*") will last longer than any other, as there will be an unity and compactness about it which will be the safest guarantees of its indivisibility. We need not mention that, in the present state of things, the *Président du Conseil* remains in the hands of LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

Whispering in the Insolvent Court.

Roe. Have you read PHILLIPS's statement against the *Examiner*?

Doe. Umph—Yes. Have you read the *Examiner* against PHILLIPS?

Roe. Yes. Confidentially, what do you think? Hasn't PHILLIPS taken the stains out of his gown?

Doe. Why, as for stains, and quite confidentially,—I think PHILLIPS has shown that a barrister may be his own "black reviver."

WHAT'S THE ROW AT DRURY LANE?



THE great feature at the concerts of that Mont Blanc of Music, the MONS. JULLIEN, has been a composition called the *Row Polka*. At first, in our simplicity, we supposed it to be a Polka on the favourite air of, "*Row, brothers, row,*" but on going to hear what the Row really was at Drury Lane, we found it to consist of a variety of airs, ending in a regular breeze, and a tremendous Row-dedow on all the drums in the orchestra.

The Mons. never composes a piece of music without going into the scenes he describes; and, as he went through Switzerland instead of perambulating Smithfield to get hold of the true *Ranz des Vaches* for the Swiss Quadrille, it is most probable that he got himself into a regular row before he commenced the composition of the *Row Polka*. His description of it in his bill is not quite so graphic as most of the productions of the Mons., and we therefore give him the benefit of our own powers of high colouring, as a hint for future programmes.

THE ROW QUADRILLES.

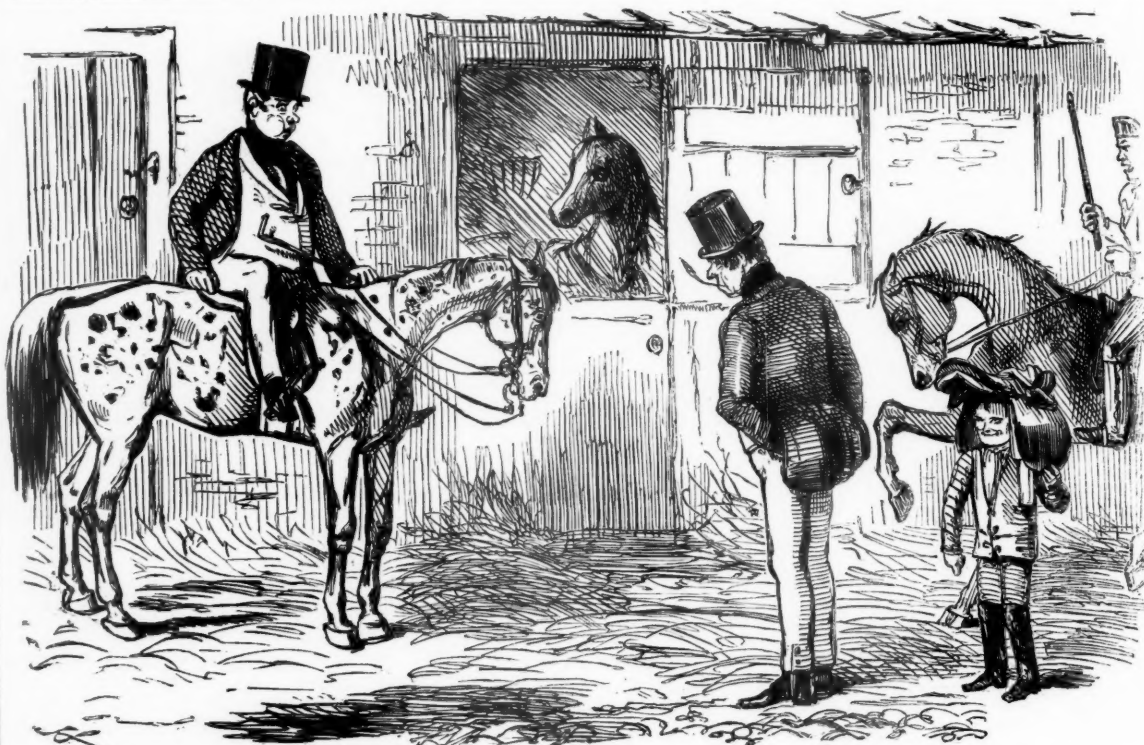
Ring of the street-door bells. Distant knocking at the doors, and wrenching off of the knockers. Far off is heard the low howling of the young calves, whose well-known cry of *Lut-li-e-te* has such an effect on the imaginations of the police, that they come down in shoals, fascinated by the sound, and follow the plaintive voices in all directions. The distant tramp of the Inspector is heard beating time upon the beat; the watch-fires of the baked potato cans are lighted up, and the cry of "all hot" is heard alternately diminuendo and crescendo, until it is lost in the distance. Suddenly the cans are overturned, Policeman A. is brought to the ground with a roulade on A flat, and the Quadrille terminates with a general row, introducing several staves of music, in every one of which the policemen's staves are dominant.

There are already imitations of the "*Row Polka*" in every direction, and as the plagiarists will require some cheap mode of carrying out their piratical design, we recommend them the shovel, poker, tongs and saucepan, as easy substitutes for the trombones, triangles, bassoons, and ophicleides of the MONS. JULLIEN'S Orchestra.



HAYNAU'S FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

A PREVALENT—though by no means popular—fashion among the Magyar ladies, has of late been introduced by GENERAL HAYNAU, with the authority of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. The pattern is very simple, consisting of plain stripes.



MR. BRIGGS'S PRESENT HORSE DOESN'T QUITE SUIT HIM, FOR, SOMEHOW, WHENEVER HE JUMPS MR. B. IS SURE TO FALL OFF. HE TAKES HIM TO AN EMINENT DEALER, AND REMARKS CONFIDENTLY THAT HE IS FOR SALE, UPON WHICH THE DEALER SAYS: "HOW MUCH A POUND IF HE BUYS THE WHOLE OF HIM?"

THE SAD FATE OF THE CIVIC NARCISSUS.

A Hexametrical Sketch, slightly altered from OVID'S Metamorphoses, lib. iii.

DEEP ran the river and wide, and various the scenes that it traversed ;
High from its spring in the Cotswolds, by cloisters of clerical Oxford,
Under the round tower of Windsor, and on through the locks, past the
sedges,

Till by the steamers at Richmond its holiday waters were furrowed,
Pure and pellucid at starting, but darker and dirtier growing,
Till by the Six Bells at Putney, Old Thames washed his face for the
last time.

Foul were his habits thenceforward, and mighty unsav'ry his feeding ;
Gas-water tippled he freely, nor scrupled to linger at bone-works ;
Mopped up whole oceans of sewage, with dye-stuff and waste of
distillers ;

Made a strong stock for his soup out of dead cats and dogs, and such offal,
Till the last thing in the world that his water was fit for was drinking.

Slow by the marge of these waters, the day of a corporate dinner,
Wandered the city NARCISSUS, of appetite whetting the edges,
Till on a damaged retort, on the wharf of the great Phoenix gas-works,
Breathing the sweets of a sewer, he sat himself down to repose him.
O'er his white waistcoat his plump hands he folded, and, head upon
bosom,

There yielded up his great mind to the glory of turtle and ven'son,
Big with the sense of his blessings, an emblem of city contentment.

There, while he thought about nothing but dinner, he stooped o'er the
waters,

And as he looked in the depths of their stagnancy saw his own
image ;

Equally muddy the stream and his face, with as little announcement
What might be lying *perdu* at the bottom of man or of river :

Both man and river alike unfit for the function of cleansing,
Both richly freighted with wealth, but diffusing a scant share of blessing ;
Both with the power of conveying to homes and to hearts round about
them,

Cleanliness, comfort, and health, but both with that power misdirected.
Long lay the city NARCISSUS, and wondered, and loved what he
looked on,—

That number one, which deserves to be chalked up, wherever in council,
Mansion-house, vestry, or board-room, men meet to consult for their
fellows.

Long lay the city NARCISSUS, and gazed with all senses delighted,
Savoury steam from the sewer caressing his nostril, his eye-sight
Chained by the flattering image he saw of himself in the river.

Long thus he gazed, till with gazing his appetite palled by the gases,
Flickered, and faded, and fell, and he suddenly found, to his horror,
That, by the love of himself, reflected in putrid Thames water,
Nausea sore he'd engendered, and dinner was not to be thought of !



THE CITY NARCISSUS;

Or, The Alderman Enamoured of his Dirty Appearance.



THE SMITHFIELD OF THE FUTURE.

ODE TO TERPSICHORE.

I.



LIGHT-footed Queen, TERPSICHORE,
Served at thy Roshervillian shrine
By NATHAN, famed for nimble legs,
Capering amid unbroken eggs;
And o'er whose rites divine
Great JULLIEN, in the lordly halls,
And at masked balls,
Presides, his *bâton* wildly waving,
Frizzled, mustached, white-waistcoated,
Ramping and raving,
Inciting festive crowds to tread
The Polka brisk, or gay Quadrille,
Or giddy Waltz, to twang, and trill,
Thump, clash, and thunder, tuneful strife
Of drum and fife,
Of trumpets, fiddles, ophicleides and gongs,
Hautboys and flageolets,
Cymbals and castanets,
Hammer and tongs.



II.

Inspire the sons and daughters
Of well-drained London, by the
waters
Of the pure-flowing Thames that
dwell,
From their courts of pleasant
smell,
Wholesome alleys, healthful lanes,

To the City Green to haste,
There to mingle in thy sports,
Agile, graceful, many-paced;
Civic maidens, civic swains,
(All the shutters of the shops
Being early barred,)
To rejoice in jocund hops
On the fresh sward.

III.

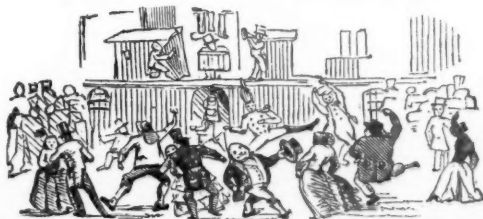
There 'once the furious oxen
lowed,
Maddened by the torturing goad.
There bleat of lambs, and grunt and
squeak of hogs,
Resounded far and wide,
On every side,
Mixed with the bark and yelp of
drovers' dogs.
The foot was ankle deep in mud,
And through the sewers below,
Streams of corrupted gore,
Abominable flood!

From neighbouring shambles ran
with lazy flow,
Continually seething,
Whence like a dragon, poison-
breathing,
Death-dealing gas upon the breeze
did soar
And spread 'mid neighbouring
habitations
Fever and Pest,
Consumption of the chest,
And Erysipelas, and other inflam-
mations.

IV.

But thither, now, in truth, repair
Our Aldermen for change of air,
Or send their children to inhale,
Beneath the nurse-maid's care,
The health-restoring gale.
There youth and virgin meet,
TERPSICHORE, to tread thy votive
mazes
Feetly footed, lightly tripped,

Scarcely bending 'neath their feet
The silver petals, crimson-tipped,
Of tenderest daisies
That grow where once was Smith-
field's site,
Upon the City Green;
Where now with dances and delight
We worship thee, O Goddess bright,
Satin-sandalled Queen!



THE SKATING SEASON.

SKATING was in full force last week in the streets, if not in the Parks. Horses are beginning to skate better than men, and it stands to reason that they should, considering the long practice they have had on the wood pavement. We noticed many a horse slide on his four feet in a style that would have moved the heart of a charity boy with envy. How one jaded BUCEPHALUS did go along, to be sure! We thought he never would stop. There he kept slipping away for yards, dragging the unfortunate cab after him, as if it were no more weight than his own tail, *chassé* now to the right, now to the left, then *balancé* with an apple stall, and after that, quietly doing the *chasses croisées* round the crossing sweeper, till he fell as much from fatigue as from the slipperiness of the ice, and sat himself on the wood pavement, coolly waiting for the applause of the audience. The *aplomb* of that poor octogenarian horse was something wonderful. We never witnessed such scientific skating, and we have come to the conclusion, that a horse has a great superiority over man with a pair of skates, inasmuch as he can balance himself much better on four feet, than we can on two. It is rather degrading, but strictly true.

By-the-bye a great novelty can be introduced into the *Prophète* next year. Why not do the *Quadrille des Patineurs* in the skating scene with horses instead of men? A little wood pavement could easily be laid down; and a few cabs would not cost much if hired by the hour. The horse we have mentioned above, would be well worth his bushel of oats per night. He would clear the stage in a minute, and have innumerable *bouquets* of cabbages and wreaths of carrots thrown to him every evening. His address is No. 1 on the Cabstand on the wood pavement opposite the Pantheon in Oxford Street. He may be found going through his exercises in the most saltatory and lively manner, at any time that the ligneous pavement has been in ice over night. He answers to the names of CERITO and DADDY-LONGLEGS.

We must inform such of our readers as are fond of a little Skating, that it is better fun to enjoy the sport out of a cab, than in one; for if you expect much enjoyment inside a spirited HANSON, with the horse's heels flying up every minute in your face, we are afraid you will only be ultimately thrown out in your expectations.

WASHING THE METROPOLIS OF ALL ITS BLACKS.

As the EMPEROR FAUSTIN SOULOUQUE (which we are always pronouncing SALOUPÉ) will enlist in his army none but black soldiers, we wish some enterprising COLONEL EVANS would raise a Haitian Legion of the numerous Ethiopian Serenaders that are still rattling their bones about town, and carry them off, by persuasion or force, to Faustin. A small detachment of Lascars might accompany them also, so that, if his Imperial Majesty suspected any cheating, the Lascars might have their faces washed, which would save the regiment of Ethiopians the expense that soap would necessarily put them to, in having to appear on parade with new facings.

The title of this new dingy corps might be called "THE FIRST EBONIES," and BONES might give private lessons to the EMPEROR SALOUPÉ (we mean SOULOUQUE) how to take off BUONAPARTE; the part his Sooty Highness is always endeavouring to play.

THE DUNUP ESTATES.

It has long been the wish of the amiable owner of these properties to bring them under the operation of the measure for the relief of encumbered estates, and it is hoped that the proper machinery may shortly be applied to them. MR. DUNUP proposes to avail himself of whatever provisions may exist for the relief of an estate from its incumbrances. He intends laying before Parliament a series of Bills, including washing bills, tailor's bills, and bills of exchange, which he has read a second and third time, and which form the encumbrances from which he desires that the DUNUP estate may be relieved. The estate comprises all that piece or parcel, or pieces or parcels, situate, lying, and being, on the shelves of the pawnbroker, and the title deeds, of which MR. DUNUP has a duplicate in every case, can be produced when called for.

Him Massa Warren De First.

We believe the EMPEROR OF HAITI is called, amongst other bombastic names, NAPOLEON, BUONAPARTE, WASHINGTON, &c. These are all absurd, as it is impossible (except by calumny) to turn white names into black; and we think it would have been more appropriate, especially as his Majesty is described as being as black as Jet, to have crowned him EMPEROR WARREN, for that name has always been associated with the "IMPERIAL BLACK-KING."

NOVEL STEEPLE CHASE.



A REAL Steeple Chase is now being run by several sons and fathers of the Church, who are in full cry for that desirable goal, the Golden Lectureship. Many of the competitors carry weight, and the sport partakes a good deal of the character of jumping in sacks, or cassocks. The stakes are very rich, and the sport is very exciting, for many of the reverend runners are about on a par in many respects, though some, who are peculiarly long-winded, rely on that qualification as a great advantage over their rivals.

THE GREAT WASH.

A GREAT deal of abuse is lavished upon the Corporation in the City, and Boards of Guardians elsewhere, for their opposition or indifference to measures of cleanliness.

Are these ready abusers married men living in small houses? Do they know the misery of a "Great Wash," when an avalanche of dirty linen descends upon the whole establishment, and swamps everything like comfort, till it is washed—with often-repeated painful ringing up of servant-maids in the dark, and untimely raps at the door of extraneous washerwomen, gin-loving, consumers of cold meat, gossip-given; then dried, with cost of horrible choke-damp and linen steam, and a sense of present smother, and future fire-contingencies. Then got up, with much recourse to patent mangles, and infinite scorplings of ironing-blankets, whereof also is a smell intolerable to men, and impelling husbands into infinite space and the outer bachelor world, far from cold-mutton make-shift dinners, and other such like washing miseries, whereof every husband's memory is too full for even speaking: so that, upon the whole, he would rather drop the veil of night and darkness thereupon.

But to us, thinking of the wretchedness of a "Great Wash," there is unspeakable sympathy for poor, much-press-belaboured Aldermen and Guardians, having indeed, as for themselves, no intense horror of dirt, and with olfactories subdued to what they work in, in their resistance to the greatest of all washes—the wash of our cities and towns, where the foul habits of generations are heaped up for CHADWICK knows what Sanitary Bath and Wash-house system to deal upon. Truly a Great Wash and great discomfort must needs come of it!

Great Novelty in the Horrid Line.

It is well known that TIPPOO SAIB possessed the figure of a tiger, exactly like life, standing over a human body, and capable of being set in motion by machinery, so as to appear in the act of tearing the victim up, accompanying the hideous process with a frightful growling. *Mr. Punch* is endeavouring to make arrangements for eclipsing this pretty invention, by the AUTOMATON GREENACRE, and other CELEBRATED MURDERERS, to be seen daily from 10 to 11, working near the Bazaar, Baker Street; an exhibition which will entirely supersede MADAME TUSSAUD'S Chamber of Horrors.

THE MILKMAN.

THE Milkman! as I write the name,
I scarce can answer yes or no;
Whether his cheeks are red with shame,
Or rubicund with healthful glow.
Ought we to greet him as a friend,
Or with suspicion pass him by?
Can we upon his faith depend,
Or is he but a walking lie?

Hark! he gives utterance to a phrase,
But what it is we scarcely know:
Tradition tells us that he says
In simple language, "Milk below!"
His liquid, is it good and true?
Can he his affirmation prove?
Has it, in fact, the honest hue
Of milk below, or blue above?

At yonder doorway now he stands,
He fills a jug—he smiles—he talks;
To him the maid a tally hands,
On it a line or two he chalks.
The chalk—the tally—fatal sign,
A gloomy tale they seem to tell.
Yes—chalk is in a milkman's line,
And with his business tallies well.

But odium are we right to throw
On erring mortal?—surely not:
There's nothing perfect here below,
And "milk below" must share the lot.
'Tis to indulge an idle dream,
To hope for good beneath the brim;
Of life how shallow is the cream,
But oh! how deep and cold the skim?

CON. FOR UNION DOCTORS.—Why ought the surgeon of a Parish Union never to charge for a journey, when called in to attend any of the Board of Guardians? Because he is sure to find them *very near*.

THE FOG SCREAMER.

AN instrument with the quaint title of the Fog Screamer has just been invented, for the purpose of enabling anybody to scream in a fog, and to be heard on all sides at six miles' distance. The inconvenience of this seems to be, that, when the instrument is used as a warning of danger, it will be impossible to say whether the danger is six miles off or quite imminent. There will, indeed, be something quite stunning in the air of a November fog, if the use of the Screamer should become general.

To alarm a whole neighbourhood for six miles round, in order to prevent a collision between a couple of cabs, seems very like stunning a man, and depriving him of all his senses at once, as a preventive against toothache. A modification of the Fog Screamer might, we think, be tried at the Vernon Gallery, where the constant collisions among the visitors lead to much inconvenience.

Ocular Demonstration.

A REVIEW says, "MR. HERBERT's *Lear* in the House of Lords is most strongly marked, and stands out far beyond all the rest." We do not doubt this, but it strikes us it will be very unpleasant to HER MAJESTY, whenever she appears in Parliament, to have MR. HERBERT'S *Lear* staring her full in the face. It will be very disrespectful, and we must object to any such *ad captandum* manner of catching the royal eye by means of a *Lear*. We hope that in the presence of HER MAJESTY a curtain will be always drawn over it. We ask if a *Lear* is exactly the sight for a QUEEN.

The Lads for California.

TO CHANCERY LAWYERS, ATTORNEYS OF LANDED GENTLEMEN, STEWARDS of Estates, and TREASURERS of Companies and Institutions, desirous of a Change, *Mr. Punch* warmly recommends Emigration to California, not less for their own benefit than for that of others. They may be assured of finding Californian diggings even more lucrative than home pickings. It must be recollected that they possess peculiar facilities for separating the precious metal from its accompanying impurities. For this purpose, they will require neither sieve nor cradle; they will need only to pass the auriferous earth through their hands, and assuredly all the gold in it will stick to their fingers.

SOCIAL COMFORTS OF SOCIALISTS.



WE perceive that a Mr. CHARLES HEINZEN has been publishing in this country a parcel of Continental Socialism of the most rabid quality. This atrocious nonsense, being couched in the German language, is of course intended for the exclusive edification of his own countrymen, who may indulge their taste: but never may Britons partake the social chop—of the guillotine—or gather about the social fire of the incendiary!

Never say Die!

THE following paragraph has just "gone the round" of the newspapers:—

"HEALTH OF LORD DYNEVOR.—The statement of this nobleman's death was unfounded, his Lordship being in the enjoyment of his usual health."

Of course! His Lordship's name ought to be a guarantee against such unfounded rumours. When LORD DYNEVOR does really die, he will make a flaw in his own title.

UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF LORD BROUGHAM.

(N.B. We don't believe it.)

THE conversation having turned upon Communism, LORD BROUGHAM was asked by DUPIN how far he went with FOURRIER? "Only half-way, Sir," replied the XX Chancellor. "I dropt him as soon as I found out from his writings, as well as his name, *que l'homme était à moitié Fou.*"

A Cold Reception.

WE see a new periodical is announced with the curious title of "Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call." This is bringing literature to every one's door with a vengeance. We hope the following dialogue will not take place when the celebrated authoress of the "Wives of England" makes her first call on one of the "Husbands of England":—

Servant. "If you please, Sir, here's 'Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.' It's just out."

Husband of England (eagerly). "And so am I."

He rushes frantically out of the house, and doesn't return till he sees there is an end to "MRS. ELLIS'S MORNING CALL."

THE HEROES OF THE NORTH POLE.

THE gallant fellows who manned the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* have been paid off. Having fulfilled their heroic service, with most heroic endurance, most unflinching spirit; having borne and confronted the terrors of Arctic winters,—they are paid their wages, and discharged. Very right. The Lords of the Admiralty would, when necessary to dismiss them, pay their butlers, their footmen (who had grown ripe and sleek in the pantry and hall), their wages and dismiss them, and no further ceremony needed. But, we put it to their Lordships, ought Blue-jacket JACK from the North Pole to be turned off like liveried JOHN? Has the sailor's service been of no more account than the plate-cleaning of the menial? Is there nothing national, nothing heroic in the highest sense of human enterprise and endurance, in the service of the crews returned from a world of ice—from the very region of dis-way and horror, where nothing but their own bold hearts gave hope and courage to them? Did they merit no sort of acknowledgment—no kind of grateful courtesy—no little favour done them—(JACK is not over-weening; his own generosity enlarging the smallest kindness to himself), as a sort of national testimony to their humble greatness?

Well, a few days since, the men were paid off at Woolwich, when, we are told, they "were exceedingly well-conducted, and appreciated the accommodation afforded them at the pay-table." It seems their past heroism was not wholly unregarded, for they were not paid in a scramble, but—in some way—accommodated at the pay-table.

Now, *Punch* would have suggested another sort of accommodation, and another sort of table. *Punch*, visiting the *Enterprise* and the *Investigator*, would have piped all hands to dinner in the Hall of Greenwich Hospital. The Hall should have been drest with flags, befitting the sailor-triumph. To that Hall, through the town of Greenwich, the crews should have marched, flags flying, and music playing. In that Hall the Polar sailors, waited upon by Greenwich pensioners, should have eaten and drunk, toasting sweethearts and wives,—whilst the Governor of Greenwich Hospital, in a "neat speech," should have acknowledged the services done by the oak-hearted guests to humanity, and to the national character.

This little banquet would have been only decent; nothing more than a cordial and no less proper farewell to the heroic tars, every one of whom would have thought himself personally thanked by all his countrymen. But no, heroic JACK is turned off like a lazy footman—though, to be sure, the hero is accommodated, we know not how, at the pay-table. *Punch* puts it to the Lords of the Admiralty,—is not the omission shabby?

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

It is said that LOUIS NAPOLEON is making advances to the "Montagne." We suppose the President is only endeavouring to walk in the cast-off shoes of MAHOMET, and excuses his false step by the following reasoning: "Since the Mountain will not come to LOUIS NAPOLEON, LOUIS NAPOLEON must go to the Mountain."

MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED.—The Vernon Gallery was given to the nation for the laudable purpose of helping to form a school of art, but the only school the collection has yet tended to establish is a blind school, in which the pupils are put to great pain without making any progress.

THE
Pimlico Statue.

It appears we were in error in attributing the Statue of HER MAJESTY, in Victoria Square, to the chisel of WYATT, when, in fact, it is due to the mallet of Mr. ROSSI. From whatever studio or stoneyard it proceeded, we cannot give much credit to the sculptor or mason, who managed to hit out such a graceless misrepresentation of HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY. There is a rumour that the Statue will be broken up to aid in forming a new road, and it may thus pave the way to something better for the artist.



Glorious News from the Joke Diggings!!

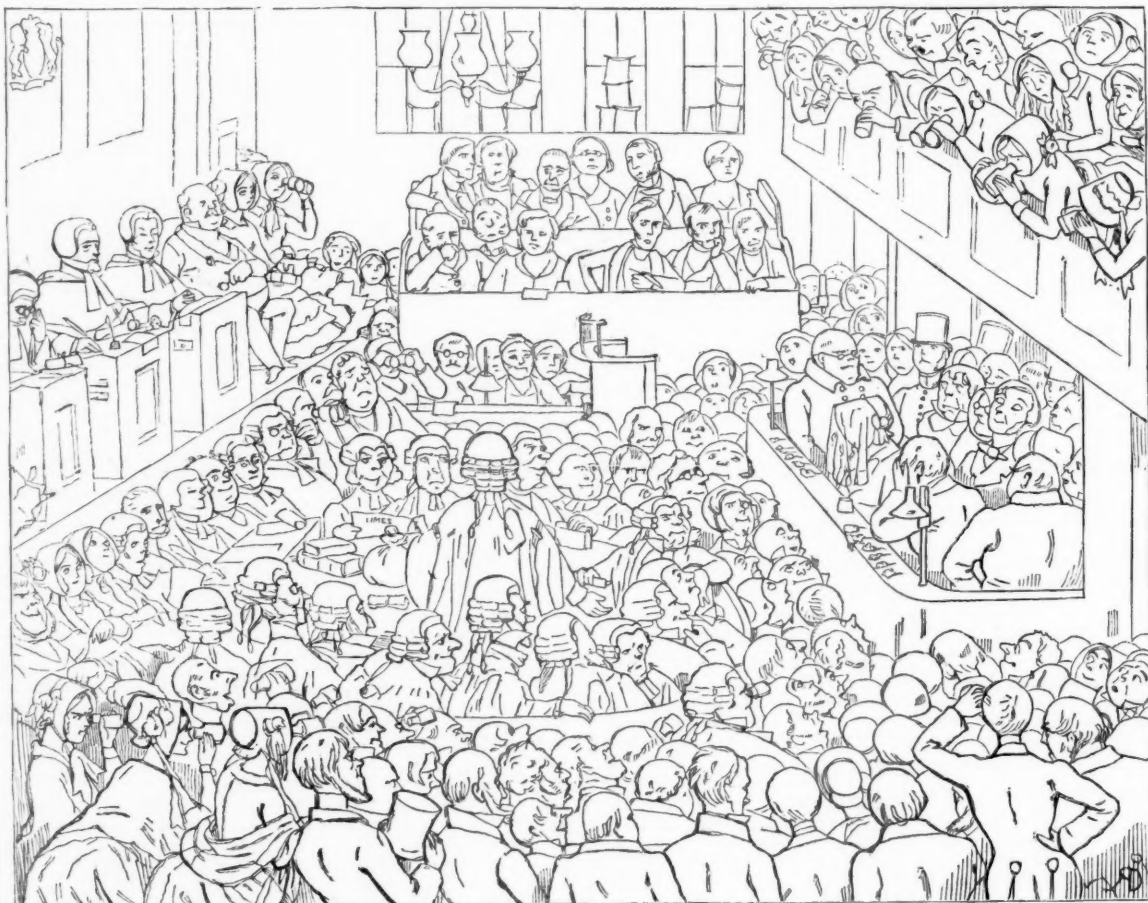
ADVICES have just 'been received from that California of wit—the "Punch" Office—that the Joke Diggings have been more productive than ever this year, and an unprecedented cargo of the facetious ore is now being smelted into one enormous lump, which will shortly be consigned to the Public in the form of

Punch's Almanack for 1850.

This wondrous specimen of wealth will be ringing in the ears of the public at the usual period, and will at once be recognised as the true metal. There is not the least particle of alloy, and it is gratifying to be able to announce that the mine of wit where the Diggings are carried on is supposed to be inexhaustible.

THE
Daniel Lambert of
Advertisements.

A REVEREND MR. BEAMISH has been publishing in the *Sydney Morning Herald* an advertisement 20 COLUMNS LONG. We wonder the notion never struck him to publish it in penny weekly numbers, or in shilling monthly parts. It is preposterous to suppose that the greatest lover of advertisements could devour twenty columns at one meal. We recommend Mr. BEAMISH to republish it in three volumes, or to put half-a-column in the *Times* at a time, with this postscript—"To be continued in our next."



APPEARANCE OF GRIMMNYAL COURT DURING AN "INTERESTING" TRIAL.
FOR MURDER.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Friday, November 30th, 1849. Up, and did take my Wife, with a Party of Friends, to the Old Bailey, my Wife having a great Longing to see a Prisoner tried, especially for Murder, and little Pleasure as she do take, poor Wretch, I could not find in my Heart to deny her this. Got our Places in the Gallery, cost me 10s., which did begrudge, and do think it a Scandal to the City to have Money taken at the Old Bailey Doors, as at a Play, yet it do serve to keep the Company choice. And, good Luck! to see the Assemblage of great Folks about us, we sitting close by SIR JESSAMIE SPINKES, and my LORD POUNCETT, and two or three other Lords on the Bench by my Lords the Judges, and the Aldermen, did make the Place look as fine almost as the Opera. But in Truth it was as good as a Play, if not better, to hear the Barristers speak to the Jury, especially the Counsel for the Prisoners, making believe to be mightily concerned for their Clients, though most observable Rogues, and arguing in their Behalf through Thick and Thin, and striving as hard as they could to prove the Black, that did come out in Evidence against them, White; and pleading their Cause as though they were injured Innocents, with smiting of the Breast, and turning up of the Eyes, more natural than I remember I did ever see any Actor. But methinks they did go a little too far when, cross-examining the Witnesses, they strove to entangle them in their Talk, and confound them, trying to make them blunder, so as to mislead the Jury, which do seem to me only telling a Lie by the Witness his Mouth. And then to hear them labour to destroy the Witnesses' Credit, and

make their Oath suspected; and them, however honest, seem Perjurers; and to think that they do practise all this Wickedness only for the Lucre of their Fees! Among the Prisoners some of the most horrid Ruffians that methinks I ever did see, and some, when found guilty and sentenced even to Transportation, skipping out of the Dock, and snapping their Fingers, which did remind me of the Saying, "Merry as Thieves." But others looking mighty dismal, and when the Evidence did tell against them, turning pale and shivering, and we had Eye-Glasses we took with us on Purpose, and through our Eye-Glasses did watch the Quivering of their Features, which, Heaven forgive us! we did take Delight in. Using Eye-Glasses did the more make it seem as if I were at a Play, and what did jump with the Notion was the Bunches of Rue on the Dock in Front of the Prisoners, seeming almost like Nosegays, which glad I am that my Wife and our other Ladies had not with them, for so taken were they with the ranting Barristers and hang-Gallows Ruffians, that I do verily believe they would have flung their Posies to them if they had. Strange that we do make such Account of Criminals, and will sit for Hours to see how it goes with a Villain, when we would not spare five Minutes to the Cause of many an honest Man; and I do intend and resolve to search in DR. BROWNE his *Metaphysiques* to know wherefore. But for one good Reason I did take Pleasure in the Old Bailey, which was the Fairness of the Trials, and the Patience of the Judge, and Justness of his Summing-up, which do cause me mightily to reverence our Law, and to hear and see was pretty.

THE LATE QUEEN DOWAGER.

IN death this estimable lady manifests the simplicity and delicacy of her nature. We are given to understand that in her final letter—delivered after her decease to the QUEEN—she desired that, in her case, there might be no embalmment of mortal clay, that there might be no lying in state, and lastly, that she might be borne to her grave by "her sailors:" certain of the crew of the ship in which she made her voyages to Madeira and Malta. The process of embalmment—for which Egypt, in her creed, may give a reasonable motive—has always appeared to us the last miserable custom in which the mortal pomp of Christianity vainly strives to vindicate itself; a poor design to cheat the levelling worm, and set aside the universal sentence of dust to dust. It is well enough, and a part of the morality of the men, that such persons as HENRY THE EIGHTH and GEORGE THE FOURTH should be filled with spices and swathed in cere-cloth, to be sweetened and preserved from decay; made mummies of departed arrogance; but for QUEEN ADELAIDE, her memory is her best embalmment. She is preserved in the recollection of her abounding goodness. Neither was it required that a lady, whose acts of life were finest truths, should, in her coffin, "lie in state." For what a mockery is the ceremony at best! What comment on the carcase within is the gold and velvet without, the gorgeous hangings, and the trappings of the ceremonious mourners! Truly it is "lying in state," and most melancholy lying, too.

We close this brief notice of the departed QUEEN with an anecdote that may be usefully considered by the savagely virtuous; by those whose ferocity of chastity too often makes them neglect the appeal of the erring of their own sex. The story is given upon undoubted testimony; and the moral beauty contained in it demands and insures its preservation.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, in the lifetime of MRS. JORDAN, was frequently behind the scenes in Drury Lane Theatre. Indeed, it is said that the royal autograph is extant in the Saturday Treasury book for MRS. JORDAN's salary. Thus, in after times, a few of the old Drury actors always met with a cordial reception at Bushy, and none more so than DOWTON. Upon a certain "benefit" occasion the actor waited upon the sailor Duke, and was received with the old kindness and simplicity. In the course of the interview, the Duke observed the actor look significantly at a portrait over the chimney—the portrait of MRS. JORDAN. "Yes, Dowton," said the Duke, "she was an excellent woman; and, by the way, I'll tell you a little story about that picture. It always hung there: but some time before I was married to the Duchess I caused it to be removed. Well, shortly after I brought the Duchess home, I found one morning the picture in its old place. 'This,' said the Duchess, 'was done at my desire. I discovered that the picture had long hung there; it was the picture of the mother of your children, and it was not fit it should be displaced. You must gratify me, and let it remain.'"

Let those who withhold their aid from the daughter of NELSON, because the daughter of LADY HAMILTON, consider this, and know that the best chastity is best adorned by the largest charity.

A LITTLE BIRD.

HUMOURS OF THE NAVY.

LAST week SIR CHARLES NAPIER wrote a letter to the *Times*, exposing the disgraceful state of Old England's Wooden Walls, which, by his account, seem regulated by heads of their own material. The gallant officer has made some extraordinary disclosures. From his letter, it appears that "conversions," to a vast amount, have occurred in the British Navy. This announcement may lead some to suppose that a great many of our ships have gone over to Rome; whereas, very few of them have gone anywhere except to Jericho. The conversion of bad vessels means turning men-of-war into convict and coal hulks, lazarettoes and receiving ships, and even into fire-wood, by breaking them up, and

thus fulfilling on them the nautical imprecation, "Shiver my timbers." We find, that, since the war, 111 two-deckers and 125 frigates have, in some mysterious manner, vanished; actually disappeared altogether; and after this, we shall not be surprised to hear Jack Tars, making nothing of the Flying Dutchman, tell us of between two and three hundred sail of Flying Englishmen—the missing ships—seen on the eve of a hurricane. The document in question further informs us, that "LORD SPENCER'S Admiralty built a whole lot of flat and useless gun-brigs, and called them after his lordship's hounds;" not, perhaps, without reason, since it would seem that they were about as capable of chasing a fox as an enemy. But it gives another instance of naval nomenclature even happier than the last; that of twenty-four ships of 28 guns, built since the war, being called "Donkeys," named, we must conclude, after their designers. The majority of these proved donkeys that wouldn't go, and were consequently "converted."

So far SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S revelations partake of the character of jokes; but now comes a statement which cannot at all be classed in that category. "The Admiralty costs £136,303—£4500 of which goes to a First Lord, who knows nothing." In fact, the First Lord of the Admiralty is a landsman; although, in the execution of his office, certainly, always at sea. The upshot of all this pretty management, according to the *Times*, is, that ninety millions of money have been spent to no purpose; so that what might have been now a grand floating capital has been irrecoverably sunk. Thus there has "gone down," together with the "love of woman," and the other precious things alluded to in MRS. HEMANS'S noble song, "*The Treasures of the Deep*," as also with the "wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl," &c., mentioned by SHAKESPEARE in *Clarence's Dream*, no less a sum than £90,000,000 sterling!

MUSIC BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.



It appears that songs and pieces of music are now sent from Boston to New York by Electric Telegraph. Our American brethren have among them such remarkable musical instruments, and in fact such astounding lyres, that nothing coming from the other side of the Atlantic can take us by surprise; and we are, therefore, not altogether dumbfounded by the announcement of music having been carried from one portion of the States to another on the wires of the Electric Telegraph. It must be delightful for a party at Boston to be enabled to call upon a gentleman in New York for a song.

The grand point of the invention, however, seems to be, that, if songs can be carried along the lines, our popular vocalists may treble or quintuple their present salaries, by singing in four or five places at once. Our own JENNY LIND, for example, who seems to be wanted everywhere at the same time, will have an opportunity of gratifying the subscribers to HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, and a couple of audiences many hundred miles off at the same moment. The telegraph, being found applicable for singing, may also be used by the shareholders who are beginning to sing out pretty loudly for their dividends, as well as for the directors, who have been obliged to sing rather small during the last twelvemonth.

We hope the music of the wires may have the effect of restoring harmony to the railway world, which has long been out of tune, and which has lately been acting by no means in concert.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS "COUNCIL."

CALIGULA wished that his enemies had but one neck among the whole of them, but LOUIS NAPOLEON goes farther, and wishes his Ministers to be without any head at all. If his Cabinet consisted of females, his policy would be unobjectionable, for he would be likely, if the well-known adage is true, to secure good members, by taking care to select women by virtue of their headlessness.



If there should be a series of historical pictures grow out of the career of LOUIS NAPOLEON, we should suggest that a sitting of his Council could not be more truthfully represented than by a painting showing his Ministers in a headless condition, in accordance with that state of moral decapitation, to which they have been doomed by the President's determination to permit the use of no head but his own.

AWFUL WRECK IN THE WESTERN ROADS.

It is not often that our columns are devoted to the annals of disaster; but a wreck has recently occurred in the Western Roads which we feel it our painful duty to chronicle. There had lately been launched from the Omnibus dock-yards a remarkable bit of craft, in which there was indeed as much cunning as craft; for the ostensibly new leak-built Kensington Bus was nothing more than an old Chelsea hull cut down upon the principle adopted in our national ship-building establishments. She had been repainted from stem to stern, with a new figure-head, an enormous 3d. stuck into her gib; and having been fitted up with one-and-a-half-horse power, was manned with two boys, one fore and another aft, for the Kensington mail and female service. She had been on the station for the last week or so, and nothing remarkable had been discovered about her, except that she rolled a good deal when heavily laden, and pitched occasionally when fairly under weigh with a full cargo.

She was one day last week carrying her full complement, amidst remarks anything but complimentary from the crews of the opposition craft, and had passed the new straits of the modern Gibraltar at GEORGE HUDSON'S bay, without any thing particular having happened. She had, however, not gone very far along the Western Roads when, in trying to avoid the shingles which lie in shoals about the spot, she gave a lurch to the leeward, and whilst yard-arm and yard-arm with one of the Northern-lights, belonging to the Gas Company, she gave a roll, and her one-and-a-half-horse power having failed, she pitched forwards on to her figure-head, and the hawser coming off each horse, they soudded for a few yards under bare poles, when in an instant the whole concern turned over on to her beam ends, and an immediate wreck was the consequence. No recklessness is attributable to the parties in charge, who behaved throughout with wondrous coolness, for they coolly asked the passengers to keep their seats, though the whole of those who were on deck and occupied the fore part were thrown on to the mud bank in the vicinity. Several hats were picked up by the natives, who rushed to render assistance, and humanely scraped, with a road scraper that chanced to be close at hand, the coats of those who, in addition to their natural crustiness, had a crust of mud forming rapidly all over them.

We understand neither craft nor cargo had been insured, and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House have protested against the Younger Brethren—the conductor was a mere boy—being employed on these perilous voyages.

GOOD CHEER TO LADY FRANKLIN.

Be of good courage, Lady! still, though tried,
Maintain the trusting heart,
The faithful Consort's part,
So as befits a gallant sailor's bride.

Yet live in hope; though better tidings lack,
Thy husband and his crew
Have left no happier clue;
But not a sign of shipwreck marks their track.

Sound were the barks those hardy hearts that bore;
Soon may we see again
Him and his iron men
In joy and honour stand on England's shore.

Think of the brave who sought their kindred band,
In ice impenetrable bound,
And drifting o'er the vast profound,
Freed on a sudden by a viewless Hand.

That Hand of might, outstretched upon the sea,
That broke the frozen continent
Wherein those mariners were pent,
Lady! may send thy husband back to thee.

CHESS, THE CHEAP DEFENCE OF NATIONS.

MR. STAUNTON, the Mighty Shah of Chess, has been retained as Standing General by the Peace Society. He is, in future, to fight all England's battles with foreign powers. This mode of warfare will be much cheaper than the present; and, in the end, every way as efficacious. We now pay, it appears, £47,000,000 annually for wars past and wars in prospect. Now, a thousandth part of this sum will pay a very handsome salary to CHESS-GENERAL STAUNTON, finding him a most efficient staff, besides his Board. It cannot be forgotten that this hero STAUNTON had his Chess Waterloo in Paris a few years since; though—we blush for the meanness of Parliament in some matters—not a farthing has hitherto been granted to the victor for the purchase of a single rook of estate; neither has he been called to any House whatever, either as Knight or Bishop. However, the better sort of glory is its own reward, and of this sort is Chess.

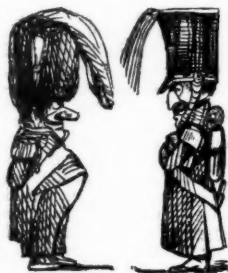
CHESS-GENERAL STAUNTON having received his commission at the hands of Friend GURNEY—who has calculated the ruinous cost of powder and shot within a decimal fraction—has wholly remodelled his forces. All his new Chessmen have a peculiarity, beautifully significant of their enlarged object,—the pacific defence of England. Henceforth disagreements are to be played out—not fought. In order, however, to conciliate certain prejudices, every move will be accompanied by a discharge of artillery, of greater or less volume, according to the hit made by the player. Thus, there will still be the flavour of gunpowder to give a relish to the contest.

GENERAL STAUNTON'S new Chessmen greatly differ from all Chessmen heretofore. For instance. The King has a Crown of Olive, and the Queen a Coronet of Heart's-Ease—pacifically symbolical. The Knight's bear £ s. d. upon their Shields, denoting the expense of War, and the Castles are a fac-simile of Dover Castle, in its present state of Debtors' Prison. The Bishops are filleted with Palm Leaves, and the Pawns are wonderful likenesses of distinguished Members of the Society of Friends. We recognised among them SAMUEL GURNEY, CHARLES GILPIN, JOHN BRIGHT, JOSEPH STURGE, and others.

On the first war that may break out between France and England, GENERAL STAUNTON will take the field, sitting down either in the Gardens of the Tuileries, or the Palais Royal, before the enemy. Of course, during the campaign—that may extend over half-a-dozen games—all relations will cease between the two countries. The games, however, being played out, peace will be settled upon the like satisfactory basis as that which ever results from an appeal to arms.

Who shall prophesy events from the present state of Continental politics? Who shall say how soon CHESS-GENERAL STAUNTON may be called into play? However, let the call be made when it may, we have in the past the liveliest hope for the future. A statue is still wanted in Trafalgar Square. After a few campaigns, CHESS-GENERAL STAUNTON, as one of his own Knights, may take the opposite corner to GEORGE THE FOURTH.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.



SCENE 7.—*The jettée at Boulogne, with the Folkestone boat alongside. The jettée is crowded with fishermen, fisherwomen, DOUANIERs, small soldiers, promeneurs, touters, COMMISSIONAIREs, &c., &c., every one talking at the top of his or her voice, apparently to everybody else.*

1st Matelot. Largue à bord—Ohé. Hissez—His—s—s—ez! Cr—r—r—ré matin! Ohé!

2nd Matelot (on paddle-box). Gare à—bord! Lar—guez—

3rd Matelot (on pier). Ohé. Dis—done—Marie! Ohé—le Douanier—Ohé.

Boy (to Pilot's signals). Turn 'hade—stop 'er—turn-a-starn!

1st Commissaire. Hôtel du Nord!

2nd Commissaire. Hôtel de Bruxelles!

3rd Commissaire. Hôtel des Bains!

4th Commissaire. Thomass's Hotel!

5th Commissaire. Hôtel d'Angleterre.

6th Commissaire. Good Hotel, Sare.

[The noise gradually becomes Babel-like—MATELOTS, DOUANIERs, COMMISSIONAIREs, all talking at once, and every one bent on preventing every one else from doing anything, while the steam-pipe and safety-valves begin screaming and roaring on their own account.]

Unprotected Female (in agony of terror at the row). Oh, gracious goodness! Has anything blown up?

Easy-going Passenger. All right, Ma'am; it's only the Frenchmen. They always do it. (Recognising friend.) Hello! there's TOMKINS! Hoi—TOMKINS!

Ma'am. Now—shore—here, Ma'am.

[Directs UNPROTECTED FEMALE to ladder from deck to jetté.]

Unprotected Female. What, up there? Oh, I never can—

Funny Passenger (springing forward). Pooh, Marm—I'm Herr Diavolo—come along—I'll see you up—

Unprotected Female (clinging to him). Oh, thank you, Sir.

Funny Passenger (imitating Showman). Now then—ladies and gentlemen—for the terrific ascent—with fireworks!

Douanier (seizing UNPROTECTED FEMALE by a voluminous bag or reticule, which she adheres to). No baggage. Votre sac-de-nuit, Madame!

Unprotected Female. It's only my bag, Sir!

Funny Passenger. It's bag, not baggage, Monsieur le Douanier.

Douanier (getting impatient). Défendu d'emporter les baggages. Cré—é femme! Laissez donc.

[Twitches the bag from hand of UNPROTECTED FEMALE, and drops it on the deck, among the luggage—a crash as of broken glass is heard.]

Unprotected Female (trying to clasp her hands as well as her footing on the ladder will permit). Oh, the sherry! all among my night-caps and things.

[She is carried triumphant'y up the ladder by FUNNY PASSENGER, in a state of mental prostration.]

All the Commissaires together from each side the ropes.

Hôtel du Nord—
Des Bains—
Hôtel d'Angleterre—
Thomass's Hotel—
Hôtel de l'Europe, &c.
Ici, Madame! &c., &c., &c., &c.

1st Douanier. A droite, les voyageurs!

2nd Douanier. A gauche, les étrangers!

Unprotected Female (paralysed by the tumult of unknown tongues, waving a card faint'y). MRS. LARKINs's Establishment.

4 Commissaires (from different directions). Ici, Madame. C'est moi, Madame!

6 Commissaires. Hôtel du Nord! Hôtel des Bains! Hôtel d'Angleterre! &c., &c., &c.

1st Douanier (to UNPROTECTED FEMALE, who is blocking up the way, helplessly). A lons—Madame—en face.

2nd Douanier (from behind). Allez donc—cr—r—r—ré nom d'un chien—Ohé.

Several Douaniers and Porters (sensible of an obstacle). Vite—en face—allez. Dis—done, BAPTISTE—à la large! Ohé.

Easy going Passenger (slightly pushing her behind). Now, Ma'am; easy does it.

Funny Passenger (with intense politeness). Walk up, Ma'am—walk up! Just a going to begin!

Unprotected Female. Oh, MRS. LARKINs's Establishment!

[She is seized by DOUANIERs, and passed into Custom-house. Head Clerk of Bureau des Passe-ports. Votre passe-port, Madame, s'il vous plait.]

Unprotected Female (presenting a card). MRS. LARKINs's Establishment, if you please?

Head Clerk (impatiently). Passe-port, Madame.

Unprotected Female (availing to her situation). Oh, yes; my passport. (Institutes a rapid investigation of the most singular receptacles about her dress.) It's in my pocket—here it is—no—that's—oh, here—no, it isn't. (Clasping her hands.) Oh, where ever is it?

[Falls into an agony of self-examination.]

Head Clerk. Comment—Madame n'a pas de passe-port? Miss have no passe-port! Arrêtez Madame un instant.

[Head Clerk proceeds to dispose of other passengers, while UNPROTECTED FEMALE is taken into temporary custody by two DOUANIERs.]

Head Clerk (to EAST-GOING PASSENGER). Votre passe-port, Monsieur. Hm! hm! hm! (Rends.) En règle. Passez.

(To FUNNY PASSENGER.) Passe-port, Monsieur? Signalement? Taille, hm—hm! Visage, ordinaire. Front, ordinaire. Nez, idem. Menton, idem. C'est ça.

Funny Passenger. Quite a harmonious ordinary! Supper and singing after the play. Extraordinary! Ha! ha!

[Exit, leaving an impression of his insanity among the authorities.]

Unprotected Female (during the above incidents has been profoundly affected by a sense of her situation). Oh! I know. (A ray of hope lights up her features.) My bag—my bag!

[Makes a rush for the door.]

Head Clerk. Arrêtez!

[UNPROTECTED FEMALE is captured and brought back by DOUANIER.]

Unprotected Female (struggling). It's in my bag. Oh! please let me have my bag—in the boat—a black silk bag, full of sherry.

Douanier. Ah! in the bag of Madame. Where it is, is the bag of Madame?

Unprotected Female. Gracious goodness knows: it was taken away from me; and they've broken the bottle—I know they have. (Luggage is brought in. UNPROTECTED FEMALE perceives her bag.) There! there! the little bag. (DOUANIER seizes a black leather bag of large size.) No!

—no!—the little one. (Her bag is recovered, very moist and clammy.) Here, here! (She plunges her hand into it, and brings out a brush, a cap very wet, a handful of broken glass, and a damp document.) There's my passport—all over sherry. Oh dear, dear!

Head Clerk (unfolding passport with some difficulty). Signalement—hm—hm—hm—age, trente-cinq. Comment? tirs-ty-five—Madame's age tirs-ty-five?

Unprotected Female (slightly blushing). Thirty-five last birth-day. (HEAD CLERK shakes his head doubtfully.) Oh, I assure you, Sir, it's mine.

Head Clerk (smiling). C'est bien—c'est bien.

[Proceeds to make out the pass-port provisoire.]

Unprotected Female. Oh, do give it me back, please. (HEAD CLERK offers pass-port provisoire.) No, no; that's not mine. I got it at the office in Poland Street, and I must have it, or they'll take me up.

Mr. JONES told me they'd take me up.

Head Clerk (collecting himself to explain the thing to her in English). It shall remit to you—à Paris—yes—it shall remit to you.

Unprotected Female. Oh, please, give it me back again. I'll get it dried! do, please.

1st Douanier (grinding himse'f on his English). Rassure you, Madame, all is in règle.

Unprotected Female. In what, please, Sir? it's only sherry. Indeed, it's only sherry.—Nasty things! [Resolutely contemplates the damp bag.]

Head Clerk (losing his patience altogether). Assez, Madame. Assez comme ça.

[1st DOUANIER attempts to remove her gently, while everybody gives her an explanation at the same time in French, which she does not understand.]

Unprotected Female. Oh, but my luggage—I must have my luggage. [She is put outside, and falls into the hands of the COMMISSIONAIREs.]

All the Commissaires. Hôtel du Nord, Madame! Hôtel de Bruxelles! Hôtel des Bains! &c., &c.

Unprotected Female (wildly waving her card). Oh! MRS. LARKINs's Boarding Establishment for Families, please!

Daring Commissaire. That's me, Madame. Par ici, Madame. Vos clefs, Madame—Your keys!

[Snatches bag from UNPROTECTED FEMALE, and extricates a tremendous bunch of keys.]

Unprotected Female (in the last extremity of suffering). My keys! My keys! My passport, and my luggage, and my keys! Oh! MRS. LARKINs's Establishment for Families. Oh! somebody—do, please, somebody.

[She is surrounded by COMMISSIONAIREs, and the Scène closes upon her despair.]



"NOW I DARE SAY, BILL, THAT AIR BEAST OF A DOG IS A GOOD DEAL MORE PETTED THAN YOU OR I SHOULD BE."

NOTHING CAN COME OF NOTHING.

THERE have lately come into fashion in musical circles some German compositions called "*Songs without words*." These must be an immense improvement on the productions of our modern English ballad writers, whose songs would have been unobjectionable had there been no words introduced into them. We ourselves have serious thoughts of bringing out a volume of these songs without words, for we often feel within us that we are a muffled MOORE, or a tongue-tied TENNYSON at least, and if the public would only accept our songs without our being under the necessity of furnishing the words, we should acquire the reputation of a "mute," but not an "inglorious MILTON." The principle of songs without words is not quite a new one, for we have long been accustomed on the stage to jokes without point, and plays without characters. It is nothing more than the old story of *Hamlet* without the *Prince of Denmark* over again, and though the public has taken very warmly to these songs without words, the idea is not entitled to any praise on the point of novelty.

Encouragement to Farmers.

In the Diggings it is well known there is an utter absence of Protection, so that each individual has to take care of himself; and yet there is no place in the world where the loaf commands a better price.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

A Joke Ballad.

It's all of the Sea-Serpent, as late we did 'ear say,
Wich appered aboard the *Diddlens*, and bold CAPT'N MAKEWAY:
There's ekal truth in other tails of sites by sailors seed,
Sich as them tails of Mermaids, with 'air just like seaweed.

It's of a hawful story, mates, wich well we know it's true,
All of the *Flying Dutchman* I'll spin a yarn to you.
It's off the Cape, in the wind's eye, when it do blow a gale,
Jib-boom to truck, a cloud of duck, you see that wessel sale.

There's landmen says as how this *Flying Dutchman*'s all a flam;
But they'll believe it, now, my lads, or I a Dutchman am.
For wot's one *Flying Dutchman* as off the Cape we meet,
To all the *Flying Dutchmen* a-rated in our fleet?

'Twas the *Britannia*, CAPTAIN BULL, a good ship as you know,
Was cruising in the Channel, when the *Times* great guns did blow;
And ADMIRAL NAPIER, being on board, his glass set to his eye,
When four hundred and fifty sail he all at once did spy.

Then said JOHN BULL as walked the deck, "That's the British Fleet,"
says he,

"From ordinary they've come out to sail upon the sea.

It's many a million pound they cost, but let them look for squalls,
As grudges what it takes to mend them precious wooden walls."

But ADMIRAL NAPIER shook his 'ead and turned his quid and spoke:
"If them ain't *Flying Dutchmen* I wish I may be broke.

That there's the British fleet as was, but many a year 'twill be
Afore you see one o' that there fleet a-sailing on the sea.

It was when we had thrashed the foe all in the year fifteen,
Thirteen three-deckers we had then, as has never since been seen;
With two-deckers an 'undred and seventy and four,
And a good four hundred smaller craft, wich now they is no more.

There's ne'er a one, mate, see these ships for to go down at sea,
Nor took in action, neither, by the French enemy.
And that's wot puzzles me," says he, "and ort to puzzle you,
To find out where the blazes them wessels is gone to.

But them's the gots of that there fleet, and ven it blows a gale,
Right in the Admiralty's eye you'll see them for to sail."

JOHN BULL he swore and says, says he, "Where they come from well
I knows,
And blest if for the future I don't see where they goes."

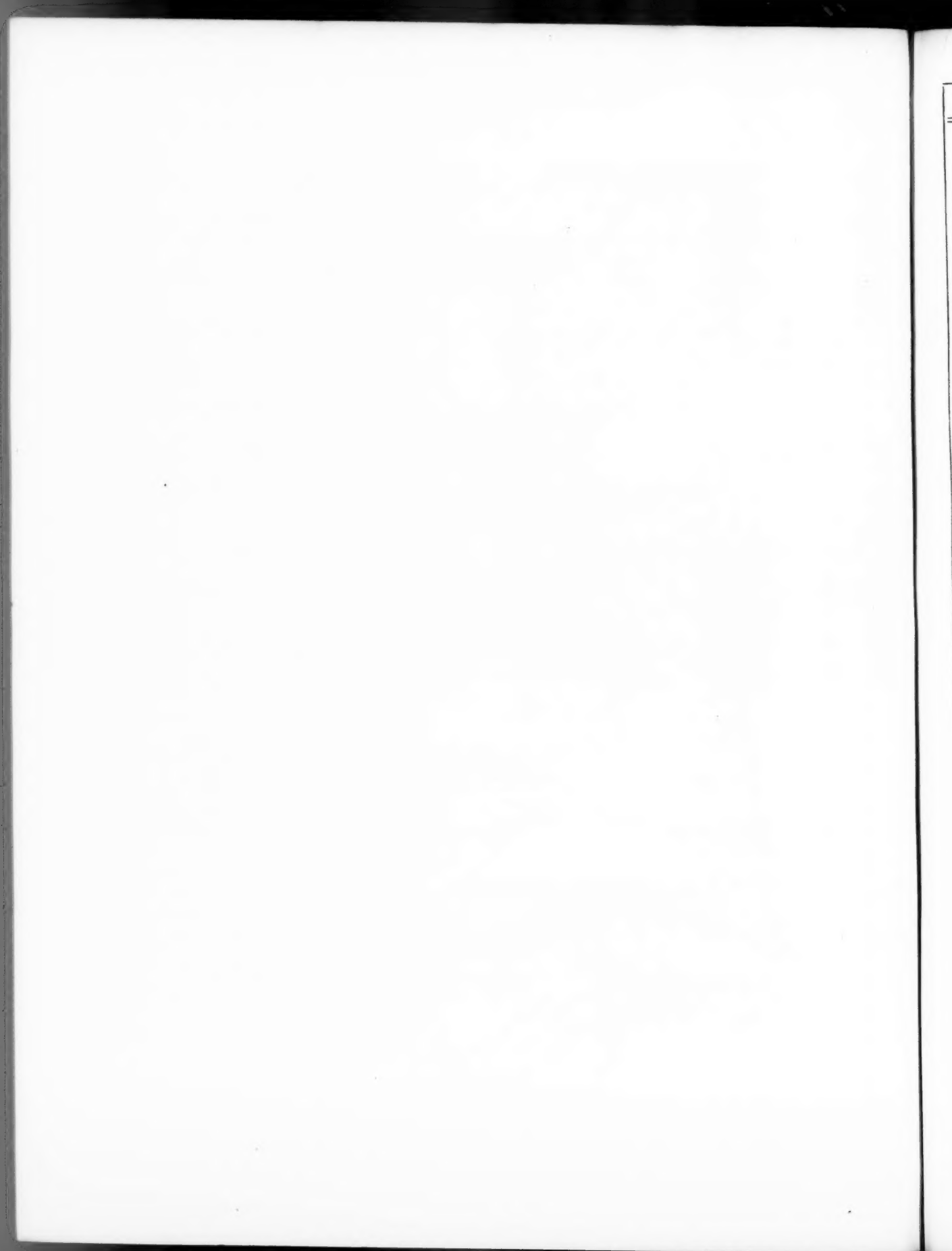
KNIFE AND FORK MEMORIES.—SIR PETER LAURIE always comes out conspicuous on great occasions. He is no more to be confounded with humbler individuals than is the zebra at the Zoological Gardens with the wild ass of the desert. No: he is ever very marked and very fine. On the death of the QUEEN DOWAGER, a Court of Aldermen was, of course, convoked "to express its sense on the melancholy event." Upon this SIR PETER "felt the greatest anxiety" to club his share of sense of condolence. And upon these grounds: the

QUEEN DOWAGER had done "him the high honour of visiting the Mansion-house in his mayoralty." But SIR PETER was not to be alone in his sorrow. Certainly not. For ALDERMAN HUMPHREY must contribute his "grateful recollections," inasmuch as he (HUMPHREY) was, on the royal visit, Sheriff to LAURIE's Mayor! The marvel of the matter is, that any royal person soever should or could die, who had "partaken of a *dejeuner*" with such a Mayor and such a Sheriff.



BRITANNIA AND THE ADMIRALTY.

Britannia. "Now, I tell you what, my lads, if you go on spoiling your things in that way, I won't rule the waves any longer for you."



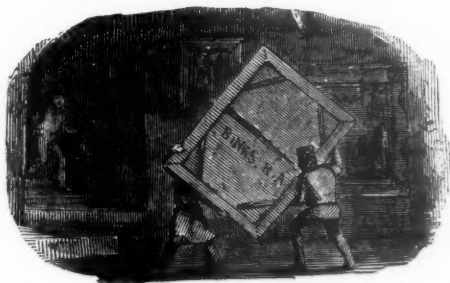
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A PICTURE.

I HAVE had many tumbles in my life—elevated to-day, and cut down to-morrow. If I were a mere common picture—an Art-Union daub of a thing—I should not so much mind it, but when I tell the reader that I am the *chef d'œuvre* of my master—and he painted some hundreds in his day—I do think my treatment is a disgrace to a country that professes so much love for the Fine Arts.

I was nursed at the Royal Academy, when the Royal Academicians used to "hang out" at Somerset House. I need not say I was the pride of the Exhibition. Thousands paid their shillings to see me, and thousands went away without having seen me, such was the crowd daily collected round me to pay homage to my beauty.

After three months of the greatest praise, I was carried in triumph to my new home. It was a triumph, for there I mixed with the best of English company. My merits were eagerly canvassed by my fellow-pictures, but always kindly, and I was bade welcome in the most glowing manner by TURNER, and with such a gush of animal spirits from LANDSEER, COOPER, and others, that I felt quite proud of the profession to which I belonged. I recollect it was at the house of a gentleman, who had covered his walls with the choicest wall fruit, not only from LANCE, but from every member of the Royal Academy: this gentleman lived for Art, and his last act was to bequeath us to the Nation, indulging in the hope that the Nation would take every care of us.

I cannot say that the Nation, as yet, has sufficiently appreciated the value of my master's noble gift, but I suppose a brighter day will dawn upon my fellow captives, who are at present pining and wasting away in a miserable little dungeon, several feet beneath the level of the ginger-beer fountains of Trafalgar Square.



Into this dark dungeon was I cruelly cast—several link-boys lighting the way—and there remained for several weeks perishing by square inches, for no other offence in the world than because I was a British picture, and my noble master was dead. In my agony I remember framing the ungenerous wish that I had been born a spurious HOLBEIN, for then I should have had a warm room, and the best accommodation upstairs, with the pick of the Old Masters. This base wish, however, was only momentary; a feeling of shame stole over my classic features, and I then swelled with pride at the thought that I was a British Picture, and that some day my beauties would be brought to light.

I don't know whether it was this shame, or the pride, or the warmth of the place or of my feelings, or whether it was a natural weakness, but all I know is, I felt a gradual softening of the brain, which ended, one foggy morning, in my feeling my head was decidedly cracked. I have no doubt it was brought on by melancholy, from hanging too much upon the degradation of my position. I took to crying, my eyes were weeping the bitterest oil of turpentine from morning to night, and my face got longer and longer every day.

The noise my head made as it kept splitting attracted the notice of one of the charwomen left in charge of the place; and, upon a candle being brought, it was discovered I was all topsy-turvy, and that my eyes were down in my mouth, and that my chin was buried in my waistcoat-pocket.

To remedy this topsy-turviness, it was proposed to turn me upside down. I was accordingly set upon my head, with my heels dangling in the air. This, however, did not improve the condition of my frame; and my new position only had the effect of turning my nose, from a



beautiful Roman, into the most decided turnup. But I felt myself snubbed in more ways than this. It was true the sharers of my captivity could not witness my disgrace, and I was afraid to speak lest they should distinguish from my voice how thoroughly I was "down in the mouth." My sufferings, however, were none the less. I lost every bit of colour. I was washed, towelled, rubbed and scrubbed all over with every sort of brush; but they could not make me myself again. I grew worse; a dark eruption spoilt my little remaining beauty; and soon I had not a feature which, let them turn me up or down, was recognisable. I was quite black in the face, as if it had been painted originally with a lead-brush.

One last effort was made. A sapient Doctor, who had taken his degree of R.A., discovered that my colour had disappeared only from its sinking too deeply into the canvas. "If you put the picture, therefore, on the ground, with its face towards the floor, depend upon it, its colour will all come back again." I was accordingly laid flat on my stomach for a fortnight, and heavy catalogues of defunct Exhibitions were placed on my back, to press the colour through, but this process answered no better than the one of hanging me by the heels. I am now a perfect skeleton,—so wasted away, that any one can see through me. Life is not yet extinct, and I use my last breath to save the companions of my captivity from the same horrible fate to which I have fallen the first martyr. If they are not quickly taken out of that abominable dark hole, you may take my dying word for it, that every picture there will soon be, like myself, on its last hooks.



HANDWRITING AND CHARACTER.



ORTUNE-TELLING has fallen to a discount. Horoscopes are a drug in the market, and even the feeblest-minded maid-of-all-work is reluctant to part with her pence to see her future husband in a looking-glass. The Vauxhall Merlin can scarcely secure his three-penn'orth of rum to keep the cold out as he sits in his cave, ready to cast nativities at two-pence per nativity; but a "new dodge" has lately been started, which for audacious humbug is quite on a par with all the rest of the impostures that have robbed imbecility of its pence or its pounds. The "dodge" to which we allude is an undertaking by sundry advertising experimentalists to tell the character by the handwriting in return for a certain amount in silver or in postage stamps.

As a test of the value of these "written characters," we may mention the little fact of an individual having been desirous to test the accuracy of two professors, and having received from each a totally different character, while from one of them, who had been written to twice, there proceeded two characters, totally at variance with each other, of the same applicant. If we may be allowed to take the liberty of reading the character of one of the professors in his handwriting, we should be disposed to give him the benefit of the following:—

"The hand before us is an old hand, or, to use a more appropriate phrase, the writing indicates a knowing hand. We should be disposed to say that such a hand might claim kindred with light-fingered qualities to a certain extent, and would have a finger in any pie without being at all particular. Perhaps, however, we should be coming nearer to the mark, in our estimate of the character of the Professor in this case, if we were to say that, judging from his handwriting, in which he has placed in black and white the proof of his own process being utterly deceptive, he may be said to have no character at all."

Rules for Observance in Ordinary Life. By an Irishman.

1. NEVER do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.
2. Never do anything yourself you can get another to do for you.
3. Always spend your money before you have it.
4. Always buy anything that's cheap, whether you want it or not.
5. Always make the worst of a bad bargain.

AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.



Prodigy. "MAMMA! LOOK! DERE, DERE PAPA!"

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MASQUERADE.



ETER SMITH (of HER MAJESTY'S Government Offices) has shaved off his whiskers in order to give every effect to his new costume of a charity-boy. Great things are expected of SMITH.

CAPTAIN WASHIE (of the Lumber Troop) has given up his intention of going in his uniform, as it has been intimated to him that he will incur his Colonel's very serious displeasure if he does any such stupid thing. CAPTAIN WASHIE, sooner than tarnish the reputation of the brilliant corps to which he has the honour of belonging, generously relinquished his idea at once, and will go now as a Bottle of WARREN'S Blacking, into which he intends throwing his whole body and soul. From what we have heard of WASHIE, he is just the man to do it.

Young LAMB, who has just been entered at Gray's Inn, will go in his new wig and gown. His object in assuming this difficult disguise is to accustom himself to his new profession, as it is LAMB's proud ambition

to take the lead at the Old Bailey.

AUGUSTUS SPOONER, who has his letters directed always to the Eretheum Club, talks of going as a Lamp-post. SPOONER will, of course, be the post himself, and admirably, we think, he will carry it out. His only fear is that the gents will be climbing up him to light their cigars. To guard against this, he has succeeded in persuading two noble young friends of his, who also have their letters directed to the Eretheum Club, to accompany him as a couple of policemen in plain clothes. This not inelegant costume was decided upon, after great consultation, by SPOONER and his noble friends, as being the one in which they were the least likely to be recognized, and we hope every body, on Friday evening, will congratulate them on their happy choice.

The handsome WELLINGTON SKREYMER will disport, on this occasion, a handsome new, transparent, crimson, lace-work shirt-front, to which he has been devoting his energies and his pocket-money for the last six months. His first thought was to have gone as a tremendous muff, but he was foolishly dissuaded from this character, which would have fitted him to a hair, upon the absurd plea that he might as well

THE GLUT OF GOLD.

THOSE who have really a thirst for gold have nothing to do now, but to go and have a drink, as they would from a cup of coffee, at the Bank coffers. They are, it seems, actually overflowing with metallic currency, and we shall expect shortly to see the streets literally paved with the abundant material. It is averred publicly without contradiction that the Bank has got its cellars quite full of sovereigns, for which no use can be found; and, side by side with this fact, is the almost incredible truth that a first-class bill, drawn by BRIEFLESS on DUNUP, is actually going begging for discount through the market. The two things seem incompatible, but so it is:—Threadneedle Street groans with gold, while DUNUP's paper is lying idle everywhere. Will no great financial operator take the matter up? or let him take one of the Bills up first by way of experiment!

British Ships sent to the Dogs.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER declares that—

"LORD SPENCER'S Admiralty built a whole lot of flat and useless gun-brigs, and named them after his lordship's hounds."

We think the Admiralty, in the high spirit of compliment with which they christened such barks, ought to have compelled all their crews to wear brass collars.

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. G. P. R. JAMES has announced a new work as "*One of a Thousand*." Think of that! Nine hundred and ninety-nine of his books to follow!

have walked about the theatre with his brass door-plate hung round his neck at once.

MR. CHARLES PORRIDGE, of Sergeant's Inn, will not go home on Friday evening, as he has a very heavy case to get up, and sooner than disturb the house at a late hour, thinks it better to sleep that night at his Chambers. Supper for ten has been ordered to be sent in at nine o'clock from the Sussex.

Innumerable husbands, young sons, visitors, lodgers, are racking their brains for the most plausible excuses, that will enable them to ask with the best face for the latch-key on Friday. All wives should look at invitations, and conversaziones, and scientific experiments for that evening, with an eye of the greatest suspicion.

THE GARDEN GROUNDS OF ENGLAND.

THE Garden Grounds of England! how hopeful they appear,
When all things else are desolate at winter time of year;
For though the summer foliage no longer lends its screen,
The earth still wears her uniform of vegetable green!

The Cabbage Rows of England! how gaily they deploy,
With ranks of stout auxiliaries from Brussels and Savoy;
And regiments of native greens, which eloquently speak
Of dishes rich and savoury—of bubble and of squeak!

The Cel'ry Heads of England! how airily they rise,
High up above the trenches where the root they spring from lies:
Types of the true nobility—bursting by force of worth
Out of the low position of circumstance and birth!

The Beetroot Beds of England! how sturdily they shoot,
The leaves the hardy produce of a stout and stalwart root;
A rough and tough exterior serves but to cover o'er
The rich internal saccharine—the sugar at the core!

The Endive Plants of England! how selfish is their plan,
Spreading at first their arms about to catch at all they can;
Then shutting up within themselves—like hypocrites demure,
With hearts as cold and white as snow, but wonderfully pure!

The Garden Grounds of England! how merrily they thrive;
They show there's always something to keep the world alive;
For though deprived of Autumn's fruits, and Spring and Summer
flowers,

There's always green about the earth to brighten winter hours!

CHARLEY FILLIP AND THE "MORNING CHRONICLE."

MISTER PUNCH,—I burst through a contempt of more than 9 days to ask you to put in what's below. A person in the *Morning Chronicle* has written about my weights and scales as costermonger in the New Cut—I mean the person who's called "Special Correspondent of the Metropolitan Districts." In a shameful piece of writing about the respectable costermongers of this ancient city, he says—

"The profit is made up in deficient weight. I was shown pound weights varying from 12 to 8 oz., which are used according to the liberality or meanness of the purchaser. This, with the 2 oz. draught of the weighing machine, and the ounce gained by placing by the dealer placing the article at the extremity of the weighing pan, will reduce the huckster's pound to 9 or 5 oz., according as he pleases."

Again, *Mr. Punch*, on periwinkles:—

"Periwinkles they sell 3d. a quart, and if they cannot get that sum for them, they call them at 1d. per pint, and serve them out in a short measure. The measure is a pewter pint pot, with a tin lining made like a funnel. This is called a short pint, and is less than half the proper quantity."

And last of all upon "cod-fish," and short weight:—

"The weight he was 'working' was 12 oz. to the pound. My informant told me he knew this, because he had borrowed his 12 oz. pound weight that morning. This, with the draught of 2 oz. in the weighing machine, and the ounce gained by placing the fish at the end of the pan, would bring the actual weight given to 9 oz. per pound, and probably he had even a lighter pound weight ready for a 'scaly' customer."

Well, *Mr. Punch*, as the eyes of all the world's been set upon me by this charge of using false weights, and not caring a pin about my measures, or my balance,—I've begged a few of my friends to write me their notions upon the matter, and to speak to my character as a costermonger, of thirty years' calling. It's not my case alone, but the case of every costermonger, out of whose cod-fish and periwinkles—I mean his character—any man, with an iron pen in his hand, may cut himself a dinner. I might print a precious lot, but I let you off with the following. (Please mend the spelling.)

Letter from WILLIAM MIZZLE, Costermonger.

"Pavement, New Cut.

"MY DEAR CHARLEY,—You're as innocent as the babe that may never see the light. You never did use false weight, but always gave them more than any costermonger in this blessed town. Don't mind 'em, but flare up and join the Union.

"Yours, my dear CHARLEY, for life,

"WILLIAM MIZZLE."

From SAMUEL RABBITS, Costermonger.

"Hog Lane.

"DEAR CHARLEY,—I have examined your periwinkle pot; an honest pot never broke the bread of life. It hasn't a bit of tin in it,—what there is, is all silver.

"Yours for ever,

"SAMUEL RABBITS."

From ROBERT WHEELS, Costermonger.

"Clare Market.

"MY DEAR MR. CHARLES FILLIP,—Treat with cold-drawn contempt—cold as castor-oil—what they say about the fish and weighing it 'at the end of the pan.' You never did anything of the kind, for I've always watched you. On the contrary, it's giving over-weight, that's ever kept you low. If you hadn't had the weakness to be unjust to yourself, and over just to all the world beside, you'd have rid in your carriage years ago, and been drawn by four pistals.

"Yours very sincerely (and ashamed of the world

"For your sake),

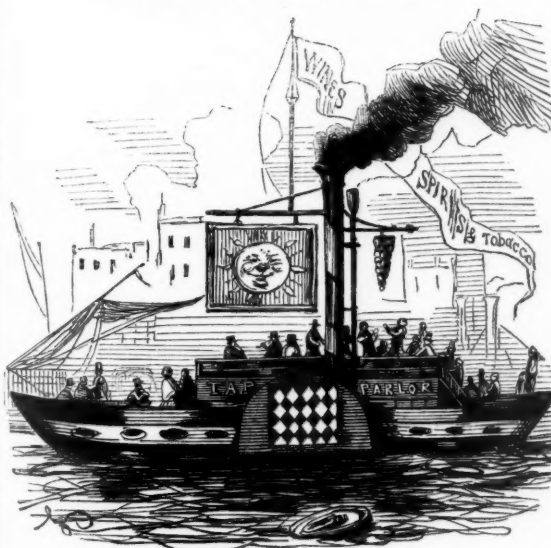
"ROBERT WHEELS.

"PS., and private. Send me back my 12 ounce."

NEWTON CONFUTED.

WE are sorry to be at issue with such a great authority as NEWTON, or SIGNOR NEW-TONE as the Italian image-boys respectfully designate him when they offer him for sale in plaster of Paris, but we really must deny the universality of his rule as to the earth's attraction. Let any one who doubts us go to Vauxhall when 4000 of the additional 5000 lamps are put out by the rain or blown out by the wind; let him go to an agricultural meeting during a dull Protectionist speech; let him enter the House of Commons when CHISHOLM ANSTEX is on his legs, and it will be admitted at once, that to these spots of earth the Newtonian rule does not always apply, for, on the occasions described, they possess no attraction whatever. We are sorry to overturn in part the great theory of the earth's attraction, but there is no rule, from a 3-foot rule to a rule nisi, without an exception.

FLOATING BEER SHOPS.



SOME of the River Steamers plying between Dyers' Hall and Westminster Bridge have, we are told, been converted into floating beer-shops, or public-houses, and have been licensed accordingly. As it is not everybody that likes to find himself in a tap-room when he fancied he was entering a steamboat cabin, it is expedient that the hoisting of a sign should be a *sine qua non* with the proprietors of these amphibious establishments. There should be a notification that there is a good dry skittle-ground in the hold; and a bar should be erected across the deck, while an ordinary public-house sign should depend from the funnel.

"The Old King Coal" would be a good name for one of these concerns; and as things, as well as men, "should be what they seem," we hope these river public-houses will at once adopt the external emblems of their real character.

LOGIC AT REIGATE.

THE following singularly logical plea for Protection was put forward, according to the *Times*, by a MR. ROBINSON the other day at the Reigate meeting:—

"They rejoiced that Protection was blown to the winds, but did they know that the principle was almost a universal law of Nature?"

Well then, one would think, we should let Nature take her course, and leave her law to regulate Protection as it does the wind, so that the very wisest plan is, absolutely, to blow the former to the latter.

MR. ROBINSON added:—

"Did not all in the creation require Protection, from the QUEEN OF ENGLAND to the meanest of her subjects, and even the meanest of all created things?"

Certainly: may we never be deprived of that Protection which her Majesty requires, together with poor people and insects.

But the practical consistency of the meeting beat even MR. ROBINSON's logic. In one of the resolutions it was moved,

"That the agricultural, colonial, and other interests of this country are at the present moment involved in intense suffering and difficulty, and are fast hastening to a most fatal condition of general distress and ruin."

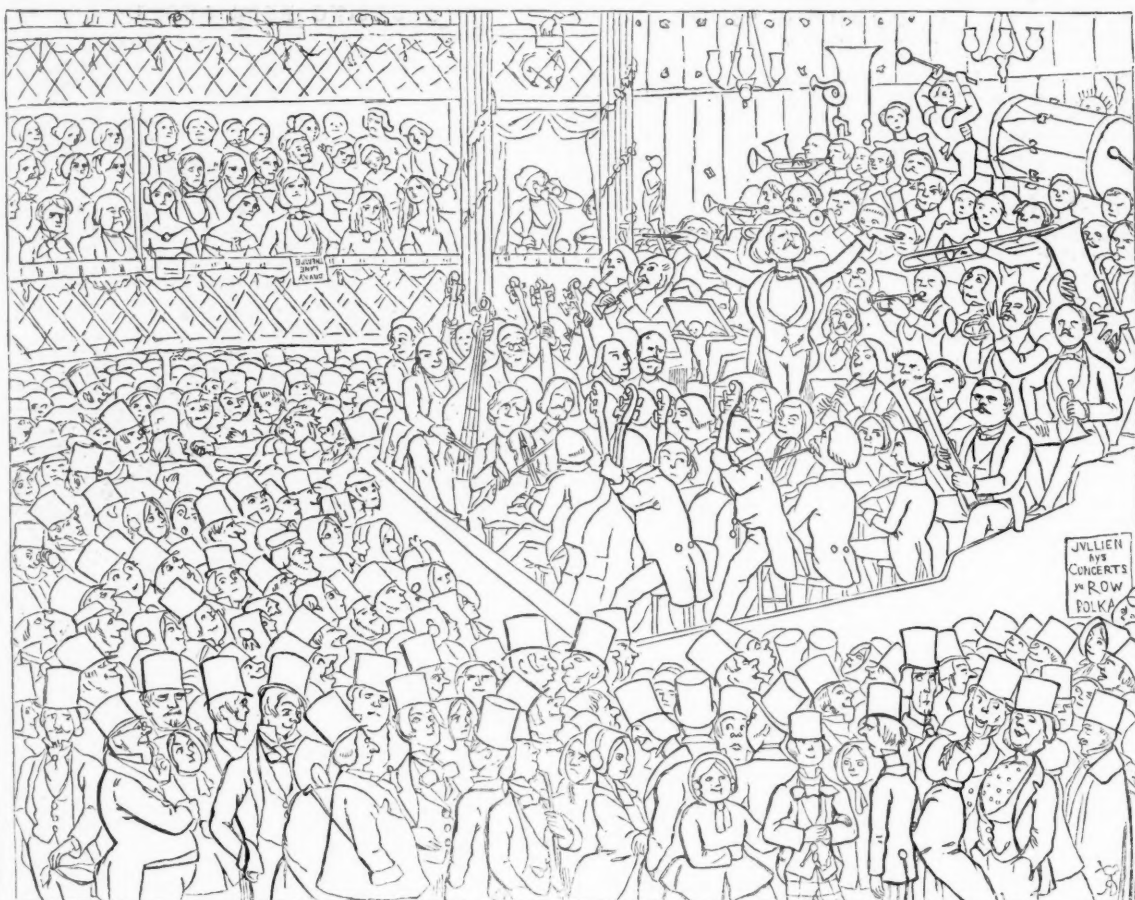
On the foregoing, the *Times* report furnishes this pregnant commentary:—

"A sumptuous dinner was given in the evening at the White Hart, covers being laid for about sixty."

Come; the Reigate agriculturists are not starving. We believe they mean to petition for a dissolution. It is to be apprehended that, if they complain of their distress to the QUEEN, HER MAJESTY will be pleased to return the following gracious answer:—"Pray, gentlemen, at the White Hart the other day, what did you have for dinner?"

A PROMINENT BODY.

THE City of London Union is the only one in the Metropolis which relieves the casual poor. Like the figures on the pedestal of NELSON'S Column, the Union stands out in bold relief.



A PROMENADE CONCERT.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Thursday, December 6, 1849.—Did set my Wife, poor Wretch! this Evening to mending my Socks, which is a pretty Employment for her Leisure; and myself to Drury Lane, to MONSIEUR JULLIEN his Concert. The first Part of the Concert all DR. MENDELSSOHN his Musique, which I did long mightily to hear, and, so to do in Comfort, buy a Ticket for the Dress Circle, cost me 2s. 6d., but found the Seats all full, and obliged to stand the whole While, which made me mad, but a pretty full-eyed young Lady being forced to stand too, and close by me, though with her Brother, did comfort me a little, not that she could not sit, but that she was by me. Heard a Symphony that did well please me, seeming to lift me into the Clouds, and was mighty mystical and pretty; and the Musique in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* did give me much Delight, the Twittering throughout the Overture putting me in Mind of Singing-Birds and Fairies and I know not what, and the sleepy Passages very sweet and lulling. Mightily taken with the Prelude to the Mock-Tragedy, *Bottom* his March, as droll Musique as I ever heard; but what did most of all delight me was the Wedding March, a noble Piece, and I did rejoice therein, and do think to hire a Band to play it under our Window on my Wedding Day. MONSIEUR JULLIEN in his white Waistcoat and with his Moustachios mighty spruce and as grand as ever, and did conduct the Musique, but so quietly in the first Part that I could scarce have believed it, and methought showed Reverence for the Composer; which was handsome. But good Luck! to see him presently, when he came to direct "*God Save the Queen*," flourish his Batoon, and act the mad Musician! All the Company rising

and taking off their Hats was a noble Sight, and grand, the While, to hear that majestic Anthem, till presently some most ridiculous and impertinent Variations set all the House a laughing and some hissing, and I do suspect MONSIEUR JULLIEN had a special Audience this Night, that would not away with such Tricks. Between the Parts of the Concert, I into the Pit to walk about among the Sparks, and there a great Press, and the House crammed to the Ceiling. Did visit the Refreshment and Reading Rooms, where young Blades and Lasses drinking of Coffee and eating of Ices, and some reading of the News, and with Shrubs and Statues round about, and the House all White and Gold, and brightly lighted, mighty gay; and the Sparks jaunty, but not, I think, wearing such flaming Neckcloths and Breast Pins as they were wont. Did stay out the second Part only because curious to hear the Row-Polka, and heard some Musique of the *Prophete*, full of Snorting of Brass Instruments and Tinkling of Triangles, and a long Waltz that did give me the Fidgets, and nothing wherein I could take any Delight at all, save in JETTY TREFFZ her singing of "*Trab, trab*," which was pretty. At last, the Row-Polka played, and well-named it seemed to be, and very droll and absurd, with Chiming-in of Voices and other monstrous Accompaniments, making a good ridiculous rough Musique. But many of the Hearers did hiss, methought with Unreason, the Polka being no worse than any other Polka, but better, as less empty, having some Joke in it. Home, the Wedding March running in my Head, and glad to find good Musique drawing so great a House, which I do hope will be a Hint to MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

PUNCH TO THE FRENCH PRESIDENT.

MONS. LE PRESIDENT,

I HAVE to acknowledge an act of enlightened courtesy on your part, towards my illustrious fellow-countryman, MR. ROBERT STEPHENSON, engineer, who, says your *Moniteur*, "has been named a Knight of the Order of the Legion of Honour." Besides the courtesy, there is a delicate touch of satire in the act—though, I fear, too delicate to be felt by the ruling powers of perfidious Albion. We don't honour Literature, Science, or anything of that sort. We now and then acknowledge the existence of prodigious talent, when we happen to want it. We bow down and worship an Iron Duke, but we pay no distinction to an Iron Genius. The battle of Waterloo—the fact is now so historical, that you will pardon my allusion to it—was a splendid affair, no doubt; but, to my poor thinking, of much less account to the interests of mankind, than the tubular bridge across the Menai Strait. That is an iron victory of a somewhat nobler kind. However, nothing like gunpowder to make a reputation. Iron, founded into cannon, makes Dukes: iron, worked with the most marvellous skill, that even Homeric VULCAN must applaud and marvel at, calls for no distinction at the hands of JOHN BULL. He just nods approval, and there an end. It must be confessed you do these things better in France.

A few days ago, we paid off a couple of ships' crews returned from the North Pole, making no more account of the gallant hardihood, the indomitable courage of the noble fellows—of courage exercised in the holiest cause, than if they had been so many stokers of the *Daisy* and the *Moonlight*, plying between London Bridge and Gravesend. I can imagine other treatment for such heroes in France. Why, Sir, they would have received a national acknowledgment. They would have been banqueted at the Hôtel de Ville, or at the Invalides. All France, in the person of the Minister of Marine, would have thanked the tars; sending them home with their hearts throbbing with a new love towards their country. We do nothing of the sort. No: we "accommodate"—so say the newspapers—"the brave fellows at the pay-table." We throw down their wages, and there an end. We discharge them as we would discharge a waterman, who takes us from Battersea to Westminster.

And is this fault only the error of our Government? Certainly not. Our journalists are tainted to rankness with it. They want mutual respect—mutual advocacy of the dignity of their calling. They spatter ink at one another, whilst they vainly endeavour to cover with many coats of whitewash—though the black will come through—even an Old Bailey Barrister—(why is there not a Brazen Lectureship for the reward of living brass as well as the Golden?) to the disadvantage of an honourable fellow-labourer. The hiring of the Old Bailey is pure as a "roselipped cherub": the brother journalist is a knave who eats the bread of lies.

Feeling and lamenting this miserable want of public recognition of the claims of genius—lamenting that those whose proper function it is to teach and vindicate the dignity of intellect, are too prone to ignore its noblest dues,—I learned with the greatest satisfaction that, with a delicacy honourable to yourself, and sabbic of us, you have distinguished that great man—that wonderful conqueror of the impossible—ROBERT STEPHENSON. His iron triumph will live when the triumphs of round shot shall have ended.

However, Paris is now brought within nine hours of London, and we may by-and-by learn better. In the meantime, M. LE PRESIDENT, allow me sincerely to thank you, even for the Legion of Honour!

Receive the assurance of my best consideration,

PUNCH.

P. S. CAREW has just finished his bas-reliefs for the Nelson Pillar. Can you send him anything? Depend upon it, he will get nothing from us.

THE LAP OF LUXURY.

LUXURY is generally supposed to have a very comfortable, as well as a very capacious lap, and, like an omnibus, there seems to be always room for one more, as if the taking up and setting down were so frequent as to admit of a place being always ready for a new occupant. We are afraid, however, that Luxury has not been a careful nurse lately, for several have tumbled out of her lap who had long been accustomed to lie in it.

The Railway Mania caused many a *lapsus* from this desirable lap, and the fortunes are numerous which have become so de-lap-icated, that their former owners have been pitched completely out of the lap they have been accustomed to. For the wound inflicted by a downfall from such laps as these, the lapse of time furnishes the only remedy.

A Pig's Whisper

(Overheard at the Smithfield Cattle Show).

"PRINCE ALBERT has got the prize again this year. Do you know I begin to suspect there's a deal of gammon about his pigs?"

NELSON'S "RELICTS" AND NELSON'S DAUGHTER.

UNDER this title, there is an appeal in the *Times*, in the shape of a letter to the hero-worshippers—an appeal for "an old cook of LORD NELSON'S." She is nearly 80. She is very helpless. She has scarcely food to eat. The writer of the letter feels assured that her case has only to be made known, to be made different. "Surely, even a cat that had belonged to LORD NELSON would not be suffered to want food, if persons knew of it."

We believe, with the writer, that a cat of NELSON'S—a well-authenticated cat—a cat identified, and vouched for by the very best authority—would, at the moment, rejoice in a thousand benefactors and benefactresses. We have little doubt that even the present EARL NELSON himself would, to such a cat, afford food and shelter; even though the cat, from "increasing age and infirmities," were unable to pay for such aid and protection the tribute of a single mouse. There would, on all hands, be little to fear for NELSON'S cat; as for NELSON'S cook, we can only say, we wish her better luck than has fallen to NELSON'S child. But then kitchen bars have a better claim on the sympathies of some folk,—far better, than any sort of bar sinister.

Another correspondent in the *Times* has given an amusing account of one of NELSON'S sheep—a sheep, given with other live stock by CAPTAIN HARDY, from the *Victory*, to CAPTAIN GRIFFITHS, then commanding a frigate. This sheep the sailors would not have killed—they would rather forego fresh meat. The sheep was preserved, finally sent ashore, and "lived for sixteen years upon MR. HENTY'S farm, and the visitors of Worthing used to go see the animal that once belonged to the immortal and illustrious NELSON." Our wonder is, that NELSON'S reverend brother did not pounce upon the animal, butcher it, and flay it for its meat and wool. NELSON left his "one ewe lamb," his HORATIA, to the "care of his country," and how—with shame, as Englishmen, we ask it—how has the country responded to the noble confidence of its tutelary hero? HORATIA, for any care she has received of NELSON'S countrymen, had better been a sheep.

THE FAT CATTLE COMPETITION.



THE competitors for this grand annual affair have been all the year in training for the great event, and the result is, that many have arrived at the glorious goal of plethoric pinguidity. The contest has been somewhat the reverse of a race, for, inasmuch as the latter is decided by the rate at which the animals run, the victory in the enormous struggle of fatness, is to those who are brought most effectually to a dead stand-still.

Among the oxen, a mountainous brute, No. 19, who seemed quite unable, from obesity, to carry off anything, succeeded in carrying off the first prize of £30, though he really looked as if any one pound of the thirty would have been enough to prevent the poor suet-hearted ox from again inhaling a breath of oxygen. It was a close competition between him and No. 4, who was so bulky that he could scarcely raise his head, but he lost the first place, by lifting up his horns at a moment when it was a mere toss-up between the two animals. If the steer had only been able to steer clear of this movement, he would have had an equal chance with his rival.

The pigs came out unusually strong this year, and some of them evinced more than ordinary intelligence; for they looked up with a speaking eye, as if to ask our admiration, and though, of course, they said nothing, we took it all for granted. His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT succeeded, as usual, in obtaining several prizes, and though he only obtained a third prize for one of his pigs, it was beaten by a prodigy of obesity, whose asthmatic wheezing caused it to win by a short neck. The EARL OF RADNOR obtained a gold medal for the best pen of pigs; and we only wish every nobleman were as happy with his pen as LORD RADNOR. Among the implements a deep-draining machine claimed particular attention—a fact that does not tally with the declaration of the farmers that they are too deeply drained already.

AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

It was stated in the *Times*, that the Directors of a Railway Company have effected insurances with the London Guarantee Society for the fidelity of 300 of their clerks. Query: At what rate of interest would the Society guarantee the fidelity of Railway Directors?

BOOT, SHOE, AND CORN MEASURE.



all right in a day or two—the leather would be sure to stretch.” But stretching itself, you are sowing the seeds of a plentiful corn crop, which, when gathered in, may be measured out as follows:—

CORN MEASURE.

1 Corn	makes	One Limp and Bluster.
1 Bluster	”	One Quarrel.
1 Quarrel	”	One Kick.
1 Kick	”	One Sleep in the Station-house.
1 Night in the Station-house	”	One look foolish in the newspapers the next morning.

LADIES should be particular to have their shoes half a size smaller than their feet, and be also very careful, in case any questions are raised as to their being too tight, to say “Oh dear, no! they’re much too large:” for it is a most remarkable fact that no lady was ever known yet to wear a tight shoe.

The soles of Ladies’ shoes should be made as thin as possible, for it stands to reason they last much longer, from the obvious cause that, as a lady is sure to catch cold with them, she will not be able to wear them, so long as she is confined to her bed, or in-doors.

Gentlemen had better not go to the Promenade Concerts with a new pair of boots, as the crowd is not generally very particular whose feet it treads upon, and the density of the mob makes it difficult to detect, much less punish, the delinquent who has nearly crushed your favourite toe.

Bootmakers have great faith in their shoe-leather. A tight pair of boots was never tried on yet but what the suffering martyr was assured “that it would be

YE SHIP BUILDERS OF ENGLAND.

(After CAMPBELL.)

Ye ship-builders of England,
That load our native seas
With craft not fit to brave a year
The battle or the breeze:
Such rubbish do not launch again,
Top heavy, dull, and slow;
As they creep through the deep,
Whatever wind may blow.

The spirits of retrenchment
Shall start from every wave,
For in the sea economy
Through you has found a grave.
Thousands and thousands you have sunk
In ships that will not go;
For they creep through the deep
Whatever wind may blow.

The costly ships of England
For fire-wood yet may burn,
Till to the models of the past
Her shipwrights shall return.
Then, then, ye clumsy ship-builders,
Our song no more will throw
All the blame on your name,
Which now merits every blow.

THE

Greatest Improvement in Light.

We were lately much startled by seeing a “Revolution in Light” announced in a morning paper. For our part we are quite satisfied with the existing laws of light as expounded by NEWTON, whatever may be our opinion of the enactment on that subject which emanated from PITT. The freer the operation of the NEWTONIAN laws of light, indeed, we think, the better, and therefore would remove all impediments to it by repealing the window-tax.

SACRILEGE.

We take the following from the *Yorkshireman*:—

“Nearly £50 had been expended by a gentleman, formerly a Member of Parliament, in the funeral obsequies of his dog Pincher, which had been long ailing.”

The paper then goes on to enumerate the pomps of sepulture; a coffin, covered with black velvet, silver-headed nails and handles, and a solid silver plate! We ask *why* does not our contemporary publish the name of this late Member of Parliament—this criminal against the claims of suffering human nature? With the misery existing about us—the misery withering and crushing young and old—we would gibbet the offender’s name for the contempt of the world. We hold him guilty of sacrilege against the wretchedness of his fellow-man, and denounce him accordingly.

“The undertaker (continues the account) made, not an elm coffin covered with ordinary black cloth, but with real velvet, silver-headed nails and handles, and a solid silver plate, on which was engraved, “Pincher, for nine years the attached and faithful dog of W. G., Esq., Obiit 10th of October, 1849.”

As “W. G.” has buried his dog with more than the lavish expense laid out upon a man, so when the offender departs from a world whose good gifts he so wretchedly misuses—so would we have him buried like a dog. “W. G.” can only save himself from contempt at the expense of his reason. Can he be sane?

THE BAY OF BISCAY INTERPRETED.

A MUSICAL critic in the *Morning Post*, in noticing the “Wednesday Concerts,” talks of “HERR FORMES’s interpretation of DAVY’s nautical ballad “*The Bay of Biscay*.” Interpretation? How so? We must suppose that HERR FORMES had a German audience if he attempted to interpret that truly British ballad.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY. A SONNET.

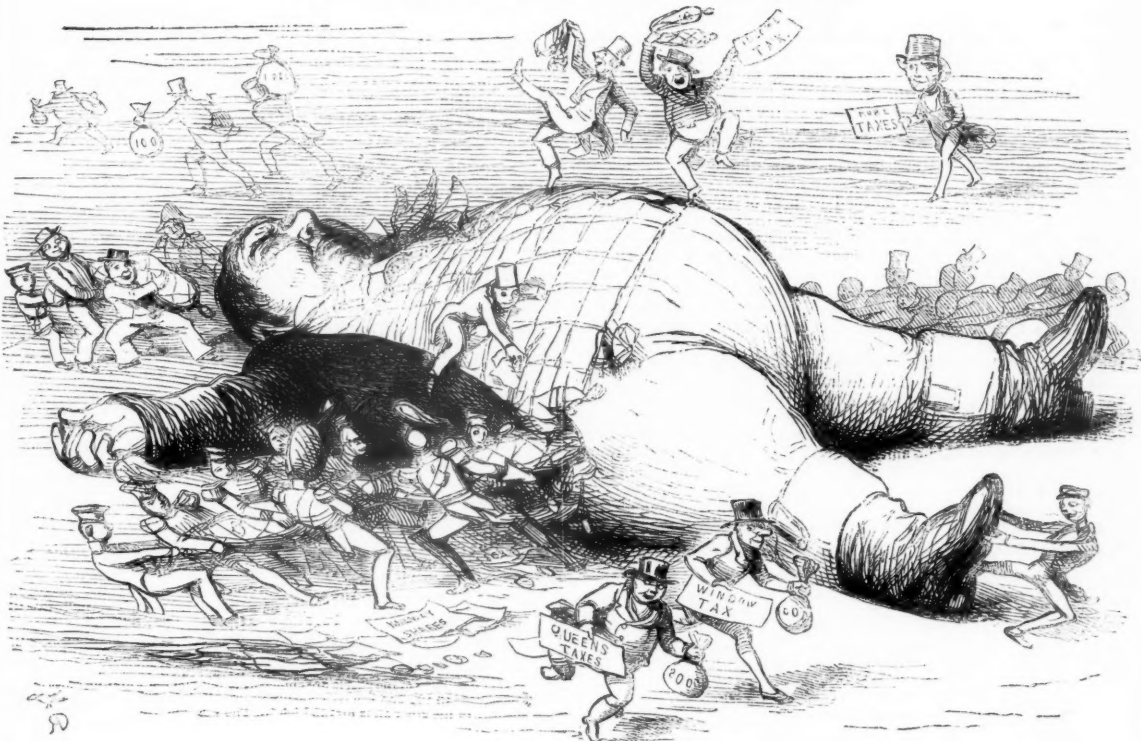
(Composed at the Smithfield-Club Cattle Show.)

CRESSY, Poitiers, Agincourt, Waterloo!
Watchwords, of England’s blood and bone that tell,
Your memories made my heart with triumph swell
As I beheld the Briton’s future thew
In beef yet breathing—pork and mutton too—
At King Street’s Show. One Ox of giant size,
E’en where he stood devoured by eager eyes,
Was the prime darling of the public view,
The golden Medallist. ’Twas o’er his head
Wrote that on clover, cake, grass, turnips, beans,
Carrots, and meal of wheat he had been fed.
Thus was his life a chronicle of meals.
Who will record more memorable scenes,
Reader, that our biography reveals?

CROWDED TO SUFFOCATION.

We perceive by the advertisements and play-bills that one or more Theatres in London every night are “crowded to suffocation.” This is an awful fact, indeed, if it is a fact at all, and we implore some humane Member of the Legislature to move for a return of all the persons suffocated in any given week at any metropolitian play-house. The allegation cannot be mere puff, for the critics sometimes tell us, as they did the other day of JULLIEN’s Masquerade, that the place was “crowded to suffocation.” How long are our Theatres to be turned into black-holes of Calcutta, or how long are we to be horrified by the announcement of suffocations, which have no existence anywhere, but in the criticisms (?) and the tops of the playbills?

THE HORRORS OF BOXING DAY.



THE day is rapidly approaching when every one who wants at Christmas what he calls a Box, prepares to make a demand on JOHN BULL's chest. We have already noticed some of the most alarming symptoms of a contemplated attack upon our pockets, and all those who wish to get their hands in, are commencing their practice in this harassing species of rifle exercise. The dustman begins to call more loudly and more punctually for his dust, while he is already on the lookout for a dog with a dent in one eye, to prove the eye-dent-it-eye of the "regular" claimant of our household ashes. The waits are heard at midnight going through their classical quartette concerts on three trionbones and a drum, and we know the result of this brazen conduct will be a demand on Boxing-day from "your constant waits," who, in many cases, will have to wait long enough before they obtain the reward of their constancy.

Our postman, whose independence all the year (although very much under-paid) has been so great that we have frequently mistaken him for a colonial minister in the Windsor uniform—which by the way is the postman's costume to a shade—our postman, we repeat, who has all the year scarcely condescended to greet us with an odd nod, has evidently with a view to his annual box, been making a series of low bows, which for some time we thought were ironically meant, until we remembered the compliments of the season, and it occurred to us that another kind of compliment would be looked for in exchange.

Our newspaper boy, instead of pitching our daily print into our area, as he has done since last Boxing-day, without even troubling himself to ring the bell, has begun to stand at our door, vociferating, in a sonorous tone of voice, the word "Pa-per," with an emphasis which smacks strongly of an expectation of the usual gratuity. The beadle, whom we have never seen since last Christmas, and whom, during the year, we are accustomed to regard as a myth, has come across us, like a phantom, in his gold-laced coat, with crimson cape. And we have heard of the bellman—a functionary who comes, like the grottos, "only once a year,"—having purchased a rhyming dictionary, to enable him to come out strongly in his "copy of verses" for the coming holidays. The milkman has begun for a while to put a little less of the *pallida mors*, or deadly whitewash, into his milkpails; and even the butcher boy is on his best behaviour, for he has only broken our bell-wire once a week for the last month, instead of every other day, as he has been in the habit of doing when Boxing-day was not imminent. Poor JOHN BULL, at the "festive season,"—as it is humorously called—is like GULLIVER at the mercy of the Lilliputians, for every little extortioner takes the opportunity of having a pull at his pocket. It is a pity that he has allowed himself to be tied down by custom to such exactions as are usually practised upon him at Christmas, and, though he has been loosening the bonds for some time past, he has not yet cast them off altogether.

MAGPIE MOURNING.

MR. MAGPIE deals in black and white. MR. MAGPIE would make the most of his commodities. MR. MAGPIE is a tradesman, and in the pursuit of thrift, will say anything. MR. MAGPIE's tongue—like the tongues of magpies—being cut with silver to be made eloquent. Do we blame MR. MAGPIE? Certainly not. He picks up his early worm upon a royal grave, as in Magpie instinct bound to do. Magpies must live.

Our quarrel is with the Magpies—not of the shop, but of the Press. It is well enough for Mourning Magpie to chatter about "all-absorbing feelings," the while he cocks his head, and has his cold blue eye upon the slit of his till; it is only the nature of the biped (not in feathers) to make his nest cozy and warm, at all ventures. Therefore, let

MR. MAGPIE perch upon a royal hearse, and call all the world about him, while he chatters lamentation, and now calls out "QUEEN DOWAGER," and now "PRINCESS CHARLOTTE." Nay, let MR. MAGPIE, if he have tongue and brass enough, insinuate that he—MAGPIE—has been made the depository of Court secrets as to Court Mourning, upon which lie, let him rejoice consumedly, but—let not Press Proprietors, for so much money paid over the counter, print in Magpie black and white, the trading abomination. If MAGPIE will turn the commercial penny upon mock misery and Brummagem woe,—at least, let the newspaper proprietor stand with [ADVERTISEMENT] before the grossness, to give warning of the nastiness of thrift; not make himself, by lack of warning, part and parcel of the trading indecency. Let the advance guard of £ s. d. show that it is wholly an affair of pocket, and not of pocket-handkerchiefs.

BAKER STREET A PENAL SETTLEMENT.

THE Capers lately going on at the Cape, seem likely to be imitated—and not without cause—by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Baker Street, who are looking with alarm at the degradation into which the whole locality is thrown, by having in its centre what may be fairly termed a penal settlement.

The reception by MADAME TUSSAUD of all the very worst of criminals—not simply in their habits as they lived, but in their attire as they hung—is found to be giving a sort of reputation to the whole locality, and inoculating it—we had almost said, *vaccinating* it—with a morally poisonous atmosphere.

We should not be at all astonished to hear of the formation of an Anti-Convict Association in Baker Street as at the Cape, for the purpose of protesting against the reception of any more of those characters who are now, as a matter of course, conveyed straight from the jail and the scaffold to the Wax Work colony. Not even Norfolk Island can make such a show of murderers, as MADAME TUSSAUD boasts of in her bills, where she displays the names of the MANNINGS and RUSH, as the manager of a theatre would parade the combination of two or three "stars" on the same evening.

We remember hearing of instructions having been given to an author to write a melodrama on the Thurtell Murder, with special orders to bring in the "identical gig," but we had hoped these days of depraved taste were past, and that the public would no longer be induced by the tremendous announcement of "three murders in one night," to "come early" to any place of public amusement. MADAME TUSSAUD is doing her best to revive the days of this morbid appetite for that which must be repugnant to every healthy taste; and we could not, therefore, refuse our sympathy to any rising among the Baker Street population, with the view to the rescuing of the place from the odium attaching to a penal settlement.



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE "CHAMBER OF HORRORS."

We have heard rumours of an Anti-Convict Association having already met, and of resolutions having been formed to strike a blow at the evil in a legitimate way, by refusing the supplies to the Convict establishment. If the whole public would support the Bakerites in such a laudable resolve, and abstain from furnishing the funds necessary for maintaining an establishment of which murderers are the prominent feature, and where, if one malefactor waxes worse than another, he is sure to find the reader admission;—if, we say, the Baker Street Anti-Convict Association could only obtain the co-operation of the public in stopping away, and checking the tide of respectable emigration towards the spot, it would soon be found "not to pay" as a penal settlement,

and the most hardened of the criminals in the collection would very shortly melt into some more respectable character.

It is not altogether impossible that on the arrival of the next cargo of Convicts at the Bazaar, the Anti-Convict Association will be prepared to assume a determined attitude, in order to prevent the introduction of further depravity into their degraded neighbourhood. Should an effort be made to supply the Convicts with clothes through the agency of CALCRAFT, the hangman, it is not unlikely that the communication will be cut off, or that the functionary in question will himself be compelled to cut off rather rapidly.

BEWARE OF CHEAP TAILORS.

THE series of papers, "Labour and the Poor," continues in the *Morning Chronicle* with even growing interest. Never before was London so well turned inside out. Never were revelations of the tyranny of money, of the sufferings, and withal the heroism of the poor, so excellently, and we may add, so usefully put forth. After perusing the home horrors of the artisan, the victim of rapacious competition which devours the vitals of the workman, and degrades him to the condition of a brute, people—especially the easy and well-to-do—should wince at the thought of buying cheap penorths. As for the noblemen who buy their clothes, and the liveries of their servants, of men now known to screw down their workmen below subsistence point—for they do not live, they only linger in life—their coronets, with these revelations before their eyes, should, we think, somewhat burn their arithmetical brows.

However, for the especial comfort of those who delight in the cheapest of slops, let us help to circulate the subjoined, from the account given by the *Morning Chronicle's* "Special London Correspondent," to whose sagacity society is indebted for the comprehensive idea of the inquiry, and whose large intelligence and untiring energy in the development of this monster wickedness, this wide-wasting misery, society cannot too gratefully acknowledge.

The persons, especially the rich patrons of the man-eating slop-seller—for he is no less—are answerable as accessories to the selfish iniquity that destroys the operative, that makes the terrible distinction between the comfort and the ghastly wretchedness of his condition. The "Correspondent" observes:—

"The very dwellings of the people are sufficient to tell you the wide difference between the two classes. In the one you occasionally find small statues of SHAKESPEARE beneath glass shades; in the other all is dirt and fetor. The working tailor's comfortable first-floor at the West-end is redolent with the perfume of the small bunch of violets that stands in a tumbler over the mantel-piece; the sweated wretched garret is rank with the stench of filth and herrings. The 'honourable' part—the two classes are distinguished 'honourable' and 'dishonourable'—of the trade are really intelligent artisans, while the slop-workers are generally almost brutified with their incessant toil, wretched pay, miserable food, and filthy homes."

Thus, when a man rejoices in the very, very cheap garments, purchased of NEBUCHADNEZZAR and Co., his self-complacency should be somewhat lowered by the thought of the moral wretchedness and domestic filth he has done his part to create in the patronage of the aforesaid NEBUCHADNEZZAR, who—in prose and doggerel—blatantly "defies competition."

An individual case of misery is given; one that depicts the condition of the class of slop-workers—the serfs of MESSRS. NEBUCHADNEZZAR. Doing 12 hours' work a day, the man could clear 7s. 6d. a week. This man was sick in what was his bed. The "Correspondent" visited him:

"Look here," cried one of his friends, dragging a coat from off the sick man's bed. "See here; the man has no covering, and so he throws this garment over him as a shelter." [It was a new pilot coat that was to be taken in that evening for the shop.] I expressed my surprise that the bed of the sick man should be covered with the new garment, and was informed that such in the winter time was a common practice among the workpeople. When the weather was very cold, and their blankets had gone to the pawnshop, the slop-workers often went to bed, I was told, with the sleeves of the coat they were making drawn over their arms, or else they would cover themselves with the trousers or paletots, according to the description of garment they had in hand. The ladies' riding-habits in particular, I was assured, were used as counterpanes to the poor people's beds, on account of the quantity of cloth in the skirts."

The sick man is stopt in the narrative of his sufferings. Suddenly there was

"A loud voice below stairs. One of the slop-servants had come to demand a certain garment. It had been pawned when completed to keep the sick man's family from starving, and when the poor fellow was told the cause of the noise below stairs, he trembled like a leaf, and the perspiration again started in large drops to his forehead."

With the few facts above stated, the customers of NEBUCHADNEZZAR, and tradesmen of his "defying" class, must wear their coats and trousers with unexpected sensations. "THE MARQUESS OF —" must feel his flesh creep when he thinks that his coat-sleeves have covered the arms of the sleeping tailor in his loathsome garret: "LORD —" blood must tingle when he surveys his trousers, or pulls about him his paletôt, once the night covering of the wretched slop-workers. And then the "ladies' riding-habits!" What a thought to check the triumph of a canter in Rotten Row, to imagine that the flowing robe has been used as a counterpane for the filthy slop-worker and his squalid little ones.

Beware of cheap tailors! Shun the doors of the NEBUCHADNEZZARS!



PIN MONEY.



NEEDLE MONEY.

THE GUARDS AND THE LINE.



SOME dissatisfaction is expressed every now and then by the soldiers of the line, at the superior advantages possessed by the Officers of the Guards, and there is frequently a disposition shown to sneer at the latter's services. Perhaps the sneerers are not aware of the actual duties of the Guardsmen, which may be more exhausting than might generally be supposed, and we therefore, as an act of mere justice, beg to ask whether the severe duties of parade, the fatigues

of a forced march from the Bird Cage Walk to St. James's Palace, the harassing exploit of standing in a circle for conversational purposes during the playing of the band, the trying moment of planting the British Flag in the British hold-fast, in the British post in the centre of the Colour Yard, and other achievements which the Officers of the Guards are daily called upon to perform, are to be forgotten in the estimate we form of these highly-favoured regiments? We say nothing of the Italian Opera campaign, which has lately been rendered doubly arduous by the opening of an opposition establishment.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

SCENE 8.—*The parlour of a Margate lodging-house. No. —, Montpellier Terrace, on the ground floor, "commanding a fine view of the sea," which view presents a blank wall, with an assortment of chimney-pots, an oyster-shop, with the door of a tap-room, and in the extreme distance, a small portion of a bathing-machine. A violent ringing of bells heard. Enter the UNPROTECTED FEMALE, in her negligé de matin, and a state of concentrated indignation.*

Unprotected Female. It's no use ringing that bed-room bell. They won't come, if I tore every wire in the house out by the roots. (*Seizing the parlour bell-pull, and tugging at it without any results, beyond a great vibration of the bell-wires.*) Oh, it's shameful! A pound a week for apartments, and not a bell that will ring! (*Opening the door and calling.*) Martha! Martha! (*Seating herself with the resignation of a victim.*) Oh, that's a deaf girl they've got, on purpose not to answer. I hope I'm to be allowed some breakfast. There's that fire, as black and nasty—(*Pokes fire in an unguarded manner, and produces an eruption of smoke.*) Ugh! I'm to be smothered next. (*Throws up the window.*) Oh, it's dreadful! I'll go home this very day.

Small Boy (passing by, looks into the window). Good mornin', old lady, 'ope you slept well?

Unprotected Female. Get away, you wicked boy, do—or I'll call the police.

Enter LITERAL SERVANT.

Literal Servant (in a state of incredible slatternliness). Please, Mum, was it you as ringed, or the upstairs?

Unprotected Female. Why, wasn't my jug of hot sea-water brought up, this morning, you careless thing?

Literal Servant. Please, Mum, I'll ask Missus. [*Going.*]

Unprotected Female. Stop, you careless thing. Why isn't the cloth laid for breakfast?

Literal Servant. Please, Mum, I'm goin' to. (*Going, returns.*) Please, Mum, you said as how you'd 'ave srimps. Please, Mum, there ain't none fresh. But Missus said, you could 'ave a shop egg, and it was good enough for the likes of you, and please, Mum, I was to say, if you axed, it were fresh laid at tuppence each.

Unprotected Female (with sarcastic point). No doubt. I'm very much obliged to your Mistress, and I'll take an opportunity of thanking her.

[*Exit LITERAL SERVANT.*]

Unprotected Female. Oh, I ought to have known how it would be. But the week's out to-day.

[*A green baize band which has been for some time preparing for action outside, begins a grand military Fantasia, with the trombones coming all-but into the windows.*]

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious goodness! Stop! I'll call the police. (*Brass Band goes on crescendo.*) Police! Police! (*Brass Band still goes on crescendo, and the cry of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE is at once swallowed up by the ophicleide.*) Oh, I'd better be smothered than this. [*Shuts the window.*]

[*Re-enter LITERAL SERVANT, and begins to arrange the breakfast table.*]

Unprotected Female. Well?

Literal Servant. Oh, please Mum, Missus said if you must 'ave your 'ot salt-water, she'd like to know why you didn't take lodgings in a bathing-machine at once.

Unprotected Female (swallowing her indignation with a good deal of smoke). Thank you, I'm sure.

[*LITERAL SERVANT places the tea-caddy and sugar-basin on the table.*]

Unprotected Female (seizing sugar-basin, and going through a rapid process of mental arithmetic). There's six lumps gone since yesterday. I put four a-top of each other, there, and they've been touched. Oh, you wicked girl!

Literal Servant. Oh, please Mum, we finds our own sugar. Please Mum, Missus says we musn't never touch the lodgers'. She look to that herself, she do.

Unprotected Female (calculating the solid content of the tea-caddy). And there's at least six spoonfuls of green gone out of here, and ever so much black! Be kind enough, please, to tell your Mistress, with my respectful compliments, that I'm robbed, and that my week's up, and that I'd rather go, if she has no objections.

Literal Servant. Yes, Mum, that's wot all the lodgers says. [*Exit.*]

Unprotected Female (sits down to breakfast in great bitterness of spirit. Looks threateningly at the kettle, which remains perfectly silent on the black fire). And as for boiling water, that's quite out of the question, of course! (A sharp knock at the door.) Come in.

Enter LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER, with great humility, followed by LITERAL SERVANT, in fear and trembling.

Unprotected Female. Oh! p'rhaps, Mim, you call this a comfortable breakfast! Would you like to help yourself, Mim?

[*Pointing to the sugar-basin and tea-caddy.*]

Lodging-House Keeper. I'm quite at a lost to understand your base insinuations, Mem.

Unprotected Female. Thank you—I don't wish for anything more, Mim—not even a shop egg, Mim!

Lodging-House Keeper. Would you please to explain, Mem? Allusions is quite beneath me, especially in regard of sugar-basins and inferior tea, Mem.

[*With great severity.*]

Unprotected Female. I can't submit to be robbed, Mim; I ain't used to it, Mim.

Lodging-House Keeper. There's witnesses (*to LITERAL SERVANT*), I've been slandered by a female. But I'm 'appy to say there's law for persings in all situations; if reduced to let apartments, having known better days, Mem, and the equal of other persings.

Unprotected Female. Your bill would oblige—for the week—Mim. I'm up to-day, I'm thankful to think.

Lodging-House Keeper. Wich you shall have it, Mem, at once, and glad to think a party's character is not to be took away for nothing, Mem. Good morning, Mem, I shall see my lawyer, Mem, in the course of the day, Mem.

[*Exit followed by LITERAL SERVANT.*]

Unprotected Female (bursting into tears). Oh, the wicked woman! I don't care if they put me in gaol for it, but that sugar she did take, and the tea too! I'll swear to it; and I don't care. (*A rap at the window.*)

One of the brass band presents his cap for the reward earned by annoying the neighbourhood. Get away, do, you noisy wretches! (*The brass bandsman, terrified by her looks, retires.*) But I won't sit here to be robbed and smothered, and threatened with attorneys. (*Rises and proceeds to put on her bonnet and shawl.*) I'll go and take a turn on the jetty, and see MR. JONES, and ask his advice. He's sure to be there. Oh, for a lonely woman, it's dreadful to have to deal with such people.

[*Exit in deep dejection, but determined.*]

SCENE changes to the jetty. The UNPROTECTED FEMALE is discovered in deep consultation with MR. JONES, from whose experience she seems to derive great consolation.

Mr. Jones. Yes, my dear Ma'am, it's a most unpleasant situation for an unprotected and inexperienced female. Ah, why—but no matter. [*Sighs.*]

Unprotected Female. Why, what, MR. JONES? ah, indeed. [*Sighs also.*]

Mr. Jones. We'll settle this horrid harpy for you, my very dear Madam. Don't let that annoy you. Turn your thoughts to the sweet scene before us—to the vessels, Ma'am, and the steamers, passing and repassing. By Jove, Ma'am, a Briton enjoys this sort of exciting scene. "Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves." One feels so fresh and free! (*MR. JONES waxes warm in his enthusiasm, and bursts suddenly into Byron.*)—

"And I have loved thee, Ocean, and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be,
Borne by thy bubbles onwards; from a boy
I waned with thy breakers, they to me were a delight—"

[*MR. JONES pauses, partly from imperfect recollection of what follows, partly from a remorseful consciousness of his extreme sea-sickness in coming down.*]

Unprotected Female (gazing on MR. JONES with admiration). Ah, you men! you're all so daring and adventurous!

Mr. Jones (gallantly seizing her hand). Oh, my dear Madam, "When lovely woman—"

[He tries to remember something appropriate, but can't; and fills up the blank with a look and a squeeze of the hand of the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.]

Unprotected Female. What a poor unprotected woman is exposed to, nobody would think.

Mr. Jones (significantly). Why should any woman be unprotected? Why should you be unprotected?

Unprotected Female. Ah!

[With a long-drawn sigh.]

Mr. Jones. Ah!

[With another long-drawn sigh.]

[During the above conversation the tide has been gradually submerging the jetty, unobserved by either MR. JONES or the UNPROTECTED FEMALE.]

Mr. Jones. What would one not dare to be the protector of such a woman?

Unprotected Female. Oh—now—MR. JONES! *[TURNS her head bashfully away, and suddenly perceives that the tide has risen, overflowed the jetty, and cut them off from the shore.]* Oh! oh! oh!

Mr. Jones (suddenly making the same discovery). Hallo! by JOVE! The tide! The tide! We shall all be drowned! *[Rushes to the signal-post, and climbs to the platform, followed hard by UNPROTECTED FEMALE.]* Don't, Ma'am, don't be a fool. There's not room for two! You'll be the death of both of us.

Unprotected Female (clinging to MR. JONES's boots). Oh—MR. JONES! Oh, JONES! Oh, dear JONES! Save me, save me!

Mr. Jones (wildly waving his hat). Huzza! Here's a boat! Two, three, boats! I'll save you, Ma'am, or perish in the attempt!

[Seizes the UNPROTECTED FEMALE heroically. The boats approach. MR. JONES and the UNPROTECTED FEMALE are about to throw themselves on board.]

Boatman (backing water). 'Ow much?

Mr. Jones. Our eternal gratitude!

Boatman. Wot'll you give?

Mr. Jones.

Unprotected Female. Everything!

Boatman. That's answer. A pound for yerself, and ten and six for the lady. We'll allays saves the ladies at 'arf price, pretty creturs!

Mr. Jones. You extortionate rascals—thirty shillings for five minutes pull! I won't give it.

Unprotected Female. Oh, gracious goodness, do!

Boatman. Werry well—it's your look out—and Hoccan have mussy on ye, that's all!

Mr. Jones. Here, you!

[To the other boatmen.]

2nd Boatman (shaking his head). No—it's JACK's job. Fust come, fust saved.

Unprotected Female. Here, here—I'll give it!

[They return. JONES puts her on board in a fainting state. Scene closes.]

THE ORGAN AND MONKEY NUISANCE.



"SIR, "Suppose you were making up your accounts for Christmas, or transacting business with anybody, or were at breakfast with your whole family about you, how would you like to have a crowd of vagabonds and tatterdemalions, inclusive of a baker's apprentice, an Irish beggar-woman and family, an old clothes-man of the Hebrew Persuasion, and a whole ragged school of urchins, congregate before your window, and look in upon you? How should you feel, on finding the interior of your apartment thus suddenly converted into a scene in a farce? This, Sir, is the present predicament in which I am plac'd nearly every morning by a varlet of an Italian boy, who goes about with a grinding organ and a filthy monkey, and causes the beast to jump into the sill of my sitting-room window, which unfortunately faces the street. As the Police will not abate this nuisance, I hope your cudgel will; if not, let the assault cost what it may, my cane must.

"Your constant reader,

"THE FATHER OF A FAMILY."

"P. S. Couldn't the Alien Act be put in force against these Italian imps? They are far more mischievous than any Socialist."

Sport versus Poaching.

UNDER the heading of "Extraordinary Sport," the *Chester Courant* says, that on Friday, last week, EARL GROSVENOR, M.P. for the city, killed sixty-five head of game on the Eaton estate. Considering how many "head" of human beings are killed in poaching affrays, *Punch* could wish that LORD GROSVENOR were shooting continually. His Lordship would soon bring down the game, and with it, the commitments under the Game Laws.

THE JOLLY UNDERTAKERS.

In these hard times, with all around
For bare subsistence striving,
We in employment still abound,
Are prosperous and thriving.
The shoemaker's and tailor's trade,
The butcher's and the baker's,
Will kick the beam, together weigh'd
Against the Undertakers.

Chorus.

Yes, my hearties, we're the parties
Who are money-makers;
Gaily working, smiling, smirking,
Jolly Undertakers.

We envy not the Lawyer's place,
However large his fee, Sirs;
Our friend, the Doctor, by his case,
Gets less a deal than we, Sirs.
Oh! we're the lads to make you pay,
To charge through thick and thin, Sirs;
Yes, we're the boys that know the way
And time to stick it in, Sirs.

Chorus.—Yes, my hearties, &c.

With grief we find the party wild
With whom we have transaction,
A widow who has lost her child,
Nigh driven to distraction:
A gent, who's ramping raving mad,
Because his wife's departed:
An orphan, or a mourning dad,
And either broken-hearted.

Chorus.—Yes, my hearties, &c.

When tears the choking utterance drown,
When sighs convulse the bosom,
That's just the time when we comes down
On customers—and does 'em.
'Bout items folks just then are not
'Partic'lar to a shade, Sirs,
We strikes 'em while their grief is hot,
That's how our money's made, Sirs.

Chorus.—Yes, my hearties, &c.

At squand'ring wealth upon the dead
Some parties rail with passion,
And say, such waste is buried bread:
But, Sirs, it is the fashion
These things to manage with display,
As though from a conviction
That what we bury don't decay,
And that the Soul's a fiction!

Chorus.—Yes, my hearties, &c.

HOW DOES A RAILWAY LOOK UNDER A COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION?

WHY it looks anything but pleasant.

You would scarcely know it to be the same railway that it was a short twelvemonths ago. But it was happy then; and now it has scarcely a smiling feature left. It looks prematurely old and rusty. All its lines, that ought still to have the bounding elasticity of youth about them—for they are barely out of their teens—are hard and deeply sunken, and seem like heavy lines of care, giving its young face a look of wrinkled childhood, as unpleasant to contemplate as the Railway Share List.

Yet we can recollect when it was gay, very gay, and had a joke for everyone. During the week it was so followed, you fancied it was a perpetual Greenwich Fair Day, or an everlasting Derby. On a Sunday it was run after by thousands, and was so proud, it was a difficulty sometimes to get near it. Hundreds were content to remain outside, and to look at it with long faces through the railings, thinking themselves too happy if they heard its merry whistle. Mothers held up their innocent babies to see it; old men hung for hours upon their crutches to get a passing peep at it; and the little dogs assembled regularly, to bark as its Engine dashed buoyantly along. The very cows leaped for joy directly they heard its hysterical scream of ecstatic delight; and horses, sheep, and pigs, and even countrymen, all felt within them a new impulse, and were violently moved, jumping over hedges and ditches sometimes, in their mad excitement, so much were they carried away by the animal spirits of the giddy thing before them.

All that came near it felt its joyful influence. The porters frisked about. The smart superintendent slammed the doors with almost a musical air; the sprightly lampman mostly carried "a light in his laughing eye;" and the chivalrous guard wore his knowing cap cocked saucily on one ear, and had generally a flower in the corner of his mouth.

Every now and then, a busy, fat, rounded, Nassau-balloon of a man, would attract attention by some lively salty, at which were invariably discharged by all around him several loud Ha! ha's! like the favourable report of double-barrelled guns. He was a Director, and always had a first-class carriage to himself. He was too big to be shovelled in with the small dust of other passengers. How proud that great man always looked! and no wonder, considering what spaniels, almost licking the bright DAY AND MARTIN off his boots, all the splendid-looking officials were to him. If he left his sandwich-box behind him, the train was stopped. If he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief, the train went back for it. If he was too late for dinner, another engine was sent forward to clear the road for him. A director was something like a director in those days. As he spoke, all hats flew off with the practised energy of a sudden gust of wind. Purses flowed into his pocket, like sewers into the Thames. Gentleman ran his errands; mothers kissed the tips of his gloves; Lords dunned him for favours; Dukes prayed that "he would take charge of a few thousands they really did not know what to do with;" and Bishops were not too proud to beg of him to be the larder for their supernumerary loaves and fishes. What is a director at present? Run, ask the deserted banks of the Hudson!

The railway altogether is different now. It looks haggard, careworn, seedy—as if it had been going too "fast," and began to show the ill effects of its career.

At times it appears positively unhappy, and long attenuated groans are heard to issue from its deep tunnels, as if the guilty creature had something on its mind that was driving it to an early grave.

The officials are no longer the same. Their eyes scan their shoe-strings—the porters hang their heads on their heaving chests; the arms of the Telegraphic Signs droop pointedly to "Danger," and everything has a lowering, downcast air, as if it were quite impossible just at present, for anything connected with railway property to be looking up. The engine is put on a half-allowance of coals. The stokers, the policemen, greasemen, guards, all walk about with an air of injured innocence, as much as to say, "It wasn't I, Sir, who did it."

The little gardens attached to the stations are withered and neglected, and are too plainly vegetating only in the hope that is ever blooming in the bosom of MR. MICAWBER, of something "turning up."

Look into one of the once noisy offices. An unwholesome silence pervades the place, broken only by the fitful scratchings of steel pens. The desks are groaning (grateful word) under the oppressive weight of false ledgers. Mysterious conferences take place in sly corners in muffled whispers. Papers are exchanged, long bills examined, heaps of vouchers sifted and re-sifted; but it is cruelly impossible, the balance WILL NOT come. They begin afresh: when out of the surrounding darkness, in which it is almost vain to distinguish one figure from another, the first streak of a fraud begins to dawn upon them, and, gradually looming larger, bursts at last into the broad, blushing light of day. A chill runs through all, which rises into horror, then sinks into despair, as fraud fast follows fraud. There seems no end to the train.

Suddenly a clerk is called away. He is summoned for examination. He goes out with the grace of a man that is summoned to an inquest. As he leaves his comrades their faces grow longer. On his return he is surrounded and eagerly questioned. Their faces grow longer still, and at last drop lower than their own shares, as they learn that their fellow clerk is dismissed! They wonder with fear whose turn it will be next? From that moment a big Sack hangs over the office-door.

And what is that fearful room with the closed door, that every one passes on tiptoe? Not a person dares look at it. The station-keeper subdues his whistle as he approaches the awful sanctuary. All hurry past it, holding their breaths. From time to time, the door is opened and closed as carefully as if it were a sickroom, and out issues a pale, wan-looking clerk, the apparent messenger of Death. What can it be? Does the Plague dwell there? No, not quite so bad as that, but the Committee of Investigation sits in it from day to day! BLUE BEARD'S closet was not more dreaded. Few Directors that enter that chamber ever leave it alive.

The scene gets too painful,—so let us turn to the glorious Director. But where is he? That is the question, for he cannot be found. He is summoned but he cannot attend,—he is too ill, and true enough, for he is said by report to be no longer himself, having fallen away completely to nothing; a fit end for one whose greatness was only the stuffing of others, millions of geese having been plucked for the enrichment of one.

When will this state of things come to a terminus? We hope soon, for among the many strange things travellers see in their travels, none is more strange, and none certainly more sad, than that of a Railway under a Committee of Investigation.

HERE ARE YOUR FINE FRENCH WATERLOOS!



OUR *London Directory* is full of meaning and suggestion to the philosopher of quick perceptions. The study all depends upon a man's address.

What applies to the *London Directory*, holds equally good with the *Almanac des 25 mille Adresses*. The latter is full of the most cunning truths that play at bo-peep with the reader round the corner of every page. The following, which we first spied on the Rue Rivoli, and after pursuing it along the different Quais, finally caught at the Hôtel de Ville, is well worth a five minutes' romp with any one who is fond of a little intellectual fun.

In running through the pages of that most amusing Christmas volume, we were surprised at the number of streets which have been christened after their several victories. The city seemed as if it had been built upon one immense battle-field. The victories succeeded one another so rapidly, that we could not refrain from smiling at the military vanity of the thing. After smiling most good-humouredly at this national egotism, we recollected how fond the French were of laughing at us for the continual advertisement that is repeated all over London, of Waterloo! Waterloo! Nothing but Waterloo, from the finest bridge in the world, down to the smallest potato-can in the New Cut.

If we are fond of our Waterloo, how much fonder are our laughing neighbours of their Waterloos—some of which are so extremely weak and diluted, that we must, in the same spirit of laughter, call them Milk-and-Water-loos.

We subjoin a sample list of a few of these victories, which, like NAPOLEON, take their rise from the Directory:—

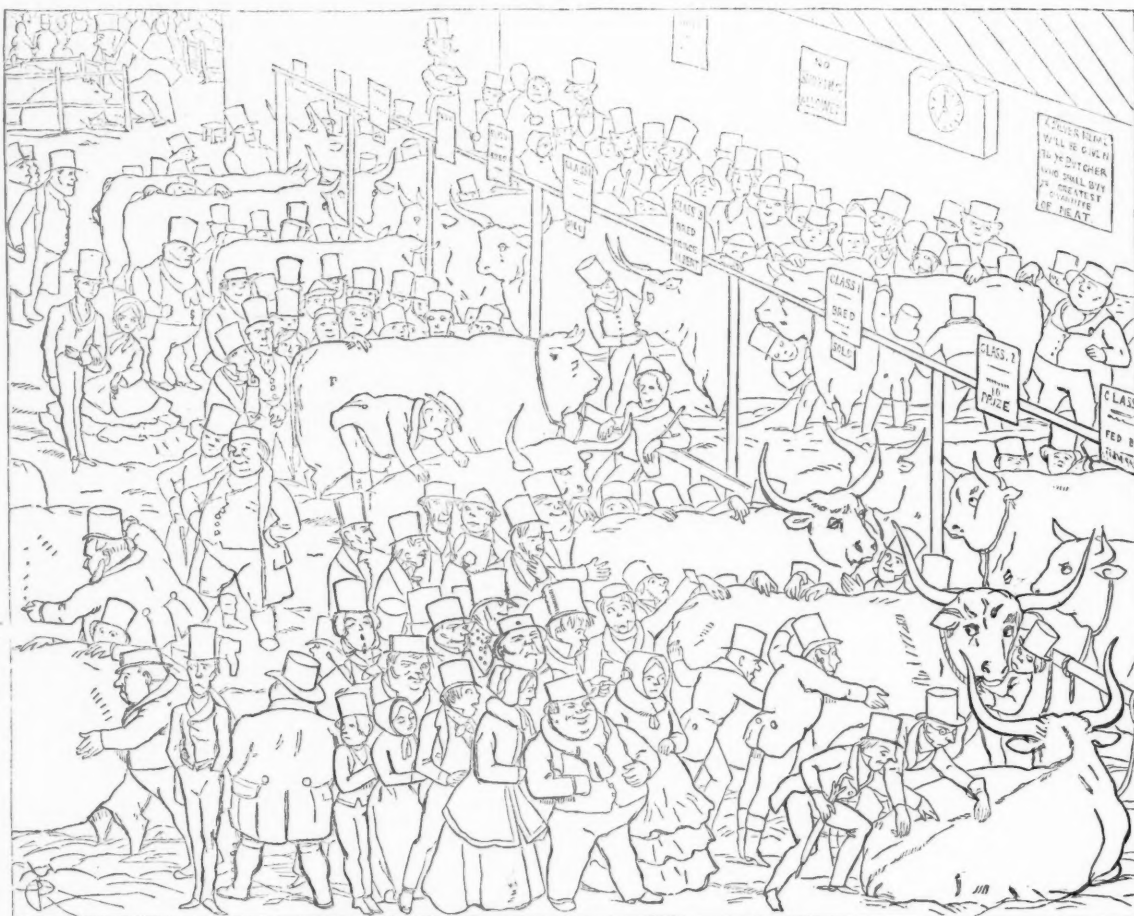
Quai d'Arcole.	Rue Neuve de Trévise.
Pont d'Arcole.	Quai de Jéna.
Grande Rue d'Austerlitz.	Pont de Jéna.
Pont d'Austerlitz.	Passage Isly.
Quai Napoléon.	Quai Montebello.
Rue Mazagran.	Rue d'Erftuth.
Impasse Mazagran.	Rue Moscow.
Passage Mazagran.	Rue de Navarin.
Rue Mogador.	Rue de Rivoli.
Cité de Trévise.	Rue d'Ulm.
Rue de Trévise.	Rue d'Auboukir.

&c. &c., &c. &c., &c., &c., &c.

Paris, in fact, is quite running over with a deluge of Waterloos. It spreads from the Place des Victoires all the way up to the Champ de Mars, and would probably overflow entire France if it were not checked in time at the top of the Champs Elysées by the Arc de Triomphe.

Left-Handed Compliment.

THE newspapers, speaking of the sailors who were to have borne the QUEEN DOWAGER'S body to the grave, say—"They behaved with great propriety." Of course, it was expected that they would sing a song or dance a hornpipe; and the reporters were correspondingly surprised at the tars' "propriety!"



THE CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION OF PRIZE CATTLE.

Mr. Pips his Diary.

Tuesday, December 11th, 1849. To the Bazaar in King Street, unto the Smithfield Club Show, to feast my Eyes upon the Fat Cattle, before I do feast in Substance upon some of their Meat if I do live till Christmas. But Lack! what a Crowd of Ragamuffins before the Door, chiefly observable Pickpockets: besides whom, Fellows with Puff Advertisements; and so many Policemen, that I never before did see any Exhibition so beset with Vagabonds and Constables. Methinks the Knaves do through there, hoping easily to pick the Farmers' Purses, counting on the Dulness of Country Folk. With my Hands in my Coat-Tail Pockets into the Show-Room; cost me 1s.: and down a Broad Walk, strewn with Litter, betwixt two Rows of huge Oxen, tethered; most of them lying down for very Fat, and panting as in a Pleurisy. Mightily diverted to read on a Paper posted above the Head of each, besides the Name of his Breeder and Feeder, Oil-Cake, Clover, Grass, Hay, Carrots, Mangold-Wurzel, Turnips, Meal and Beans, the Things wherewith he had been fed, or more truly, stuffed. But the Bullocks and Oxen this Year, not such Heaps of mere Blubber as I have before seen, but more shapely, and bred for their Beef, which DR. TRENCHMAN, in a pretty Discourse of Philosophy do convince me is the final Cause of an Ox. MR. WAGSTAFFE do say that the Paper over their Heads is an Account of their Education and Course of Study at Eton School, which is a pretty, if not old, Conceit. But the Bill above some do, as well as their Schooling, set forth their Prizes

for Merit, won for their Breeder by growing in Grease. And Lack! to see one great Ox that had gained the Gold Medal, and the Press about him gazing at him open-mouthed and eyed, and punching him in the Ribs and poking his Shoulders, and pulling him by the Horns and Tail till he did presently, by a shake of his Head, well nigh stave in with his Horns the Hat of a Spark that was handling his Dewlap. Strange, among the Company, with the Drovers and Butchers, to behold some pretty Maids, who, methought, should have cared to see Beef only upon Table. To the Sheep; pleased me but little, only to see their delicate and dainty Feeding, and to think they would make brave Mutton. So to the Pig-Pens; and did take Pleasure in the Pigs more than in all the rest of the Show, for their droll Squeaking and Squealing for sheer Hunger, though served continually, when Lack! to see them gobble up their Mess of Milk and Meal! Those of the Swine not eating, fast asleep, and with Chinks only in the Place of their Eyes had the oddest Visages, and with their little Snouts and Legs sticking out of their swollen Bodies, and lying higgledy-piggledy, looked the most comical of all, and to hear them grunt when any did stir them, made me laugh heartily. Up into the Gallery to view the Farming Machinery, which do seem Instruments of Torture to rack the Earth with their Teeth and Wheels. Home, well content with the Show, and especially with the Hogs, and hope that Noblemen and Squires will stick to the British Ox, which methinks is an Animal of better Account than the British Lion.

NELSON'S DAUGHTER ADOPTED BY FRANCE.

OUR LITTLE BIRD, who has never yet been found at fault, informs us that LOUIS NAPOLEON has forwarded a brief address, to be inserted, in the course of a day or two, in the official *Moniteur*, to the following effect:—

"The President of the French nation, in discharge of the high and solemn function with which he has been invested by the people, desires to vindicate in an especial manner the magnanimity and generosity of France. Genius and valour are of too sublime and dear account in the heart of every Frenchman, not to be worshipped and acknowledged under whatsoever sky, and among whatsoever people, they may be developed. They may have been in their operation hostile, nay, mischievous to France; the greater the magnanimity of Frenchmen to do them rightful homage when their active influence shall be a portion of history—shall belong to the irrevocable Past. France cuts down the enemy, but she respects, nay, honours the scar that her sword has left.

"NELSON was the foe of France. The unmitigable, insatiate foe. But NELSON was the child of valour; the incarnation of that heroic principle that is the sacred fire in the heart of man. NELSON conquered France on the Nile, off Trafalgar. A French bullet struck the hero, who fell and died upon the breast of Victory. Peace be with him, and eternal greenness freshen his laurels!

"NELSON bequeathed a child to the care of England. And England, in her prudery, ignores the bequest. Consistent England, that gilds the name of NELSON with a munificent pension, and leaves the blood of NELSON to chill in penury and neglect! Let France, then, adopt HORATIA—let France take to her bosom the sacred legacy, rejected by England. Thus nobly will France avenge the discomfiture of the Nile—thus, on the very hearth of England, re-conquer the memory of Trafalgar.

"Let all good Frenchmen aid in the magnanimous work. All may contribute something. Not a sou that will not bring a drop of blushing blood to the cheek of BRITANNIA.

"The President charges himself with the receipt of subscriptions to be received at the bureau (to be hereafter indicated) at the Elysée."

We guarantee the above as a faithful, nay, a severe translation of the official document about to appear. What *will* the Iron Duke—DUKE MULCIBER—say to it, asks

OUR LITTLE BIRD.

JUSTICE FOR THE ARMY.

The subjoined paragraph appeared last week in the *Times*:—

"We are enabled to announce, upon what we consider the most substantial authority, that in the ensuing Session of Parliament a strenuous effort will be made to alter the constitution of naval and military courts-martial, so as to render them more courts of equity than, as hitherto, courts of honour. In this movement the lead will be taken by LORD BROUGHAM."

At present courts-martial are, in every respect, as unlike as possible to courts of equity, and partake a great deal too much of the dunder-head, if not the drum-head character. May LORD BROUGHAM succeed in assimilating the former courts to the latter in all particulars but one! If, however, they are rendered altogether like the Court of Chancery, the inconvenience will be that there will certainly be no end of them. Still this difficulty will be easily met by making the illustrious HARRY himself the Lord Chancellor at War, in which case he will doubtless give a suitable quick march to the proceedings of these military tribunals.

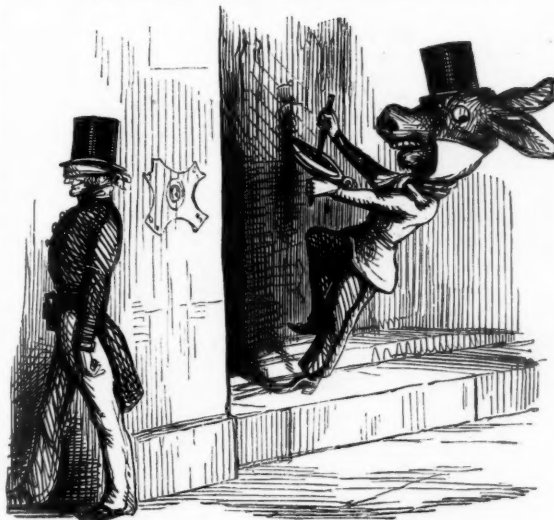
Protectionists Protected.

THE *Times*' Express from Paris announces the acquittal of certain persons who had been "prosecuted by the Attorney-General for having conspired to overthrow the Government." Fancy LORD STANLEY and MR. DISRAELI being tried on a like accusation. Protectionists should at least be thankful that we enjoy free trade in politics.

DISCOVERY IN DENTAL SURGERY.

MR. PUNCH, 85, Fleet Street, begs to introduce an ENTIRELY NEW DESCRIPTION OF TEETH, being the Teeth of the Facts which Protectionist Orators are continually making their assertions in.

WHO'S THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?



EVERYBODY has heard by this time of the new mansion in Piccadilly, built for himself by MR. HOPE, and everybody has also heard with disgust that some shabby dog, or, as our artist insinuates, some mischievous donkey, has wrenched off, under cover of nocturnal darkness, the highly-finished knocker. Some mystery has been excited as to who is the thief; and though we cannot hit upon the man—we wish we could, for the blow should be a severe one—we can hazard a guess, at any rate. In the first place, he must have been a fellow without a single rap, or he never would have stolen a knocker. It is a pity, by the by, that, when he was at the knocker, there was no one at the bell to ring his nose for him.

THE CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

THIS Annual, which is elegantly bound in the choicest pig-skin, has been brought out with the usual unflinching effect. It is full of the nicest things; and, when cut up, will be worthy to lie upon any gentleman's table. The frontispiece is very pointed; and, when the head is boldly taken off, it will form one of the handsomest plates of BACON we have feasted our eyes upon for a long time. The body of the Annual promises a rich treat; but we have not had leisure yet to go through it. We feel not the slightest doubt, however, that, when we dip into it, we shall find it has got the real stuff in it.

This splendid annual is also adorned with a nice little tale, which, towards the end, takes a most unexpected turn, and concludes with a well-rounded flourish. The other parts will be devoured by every person of true taste, and altogether, we have rarely seen so bulky a volume that contained so many tid-bits.

The thing, by this time, is looked upon as a perfect prize, and is no sooner seen than it fetches £5, which we consider a small sum for a work that has so much in it. It was on view for three days, at the Smithfield Cattle Show. We need scarcely inform our readers that the title of this splendid Christmas Annual, which has been continued now for so many years with the greatest success, is—PRINCE ALBERT'S FIG.

Probable Etrennes on New Year's Day at Paris.

MESSRS. THIERS, PIERRE BUONAPARTE, ET CIE., went out on New Year's Day, and having met several of their friends in the Bois de Boulogne, made the usual advances to them, and then presented Fire. These pointed little presents were not only received, but returned, on the opposite side, in the warmest manner. After these little *affaires de cœur*, the parties shook hands and separated the best of friends.

OUR FRIENDS THE MOSQUITOS.

THERE appears to exist at the Foreign Office a disposition to embroil this country with the American Government in behalf of the KING OF THE MOSQUITOS. Surely England might as well leave to fight his own battles a potentate who can raise a swarm of such subjects about the ears of any aggressor.

CHRISTMAS-BOXING THE COMPASS.



CHRISTMAS-BOXES have for ages ranked amongst the festivities of the season, though the festivity must come more home to those who have to receive them, than those who have to pay them. Gentlemen have long indulged in the festivities of the latter kind, and they now intend (for the times are so bad, and we should like to know when they were not?) to try a small taste of the festivities of the former quality.

We have been told of an instance of a nobleman, who keeps his carriage, but does not have his liveries made of LONG NOSES AND SON, whose intention it is to start on Boxing-Day, and regularly take the round of all his tradesmen in order to solicit Christmas-Boxes of them.

He will first call on his butcher, and demand a few Bank notes of him, for the enormous price he has charged him all through the year for meat.

He will next call on his grocer, on his bootmaker, on his fruiterer, and poulterer, and demand of them a few Christmas-boxes, handing in his card and crest as proofs that he is the regular gentleman whom they have had the honour of serving and overcharging for the last twelvemonths.

After that he will call on his undertaker,—but no, he will defer that call as long as he can, as he would rather be without a box of any kind from him, for fear of getting into the wrong box.

By these means the Fine English Gentleman of the present day may be able to live within the compass of his means, without being compelled to box the compass in all manner of means in order to bring himself round at the end of the year.

The nobleman in question will be known by the mark of a strawberry-leaf on his left arm. No other is genuine.

ENGLAND'S AND NELSON'S EXPECTATIONS REALISED.

We are happy to announce that NELSON and England are at last about to have their expectations realised, for every man and every boy engaged on the column in Trafalgar Square is beginning to do his duty. For some time the shaft was at a standstill for want of capital, but, more recently, the column has actually been standing destitute in Trafalgar Square for want of a little out-door relief, in the shape of the base-relief needed for the pedestal.

This relief is at last forthcoming, and though it has been dealt out with rather a slow hand, we are happy to say that the Nelson monument is not much longer destined to be a "baseless fabric," but it may, ere very long, be expected to form one of the leading columns of the Times. The lions are now being prepared as a grand addition to the existing lions of London, and the delay in their execution arises from the very long paws there must always be when the monarch of the forests, as well as the potentates of the woods and forests, may happen to be concerned.

THE DANGERS OF DINING.

THE Humane Society will doubtless be glad of having a sphere for its benevolent exertions, additional to that which may be afforded by skating in case of frost, suggested at this festive season. The most fatal consequences are often known to happen from incautiously venturing on the rich dishes that abound at Christmas dinners. Let the Humane Society appoint medical officers, whose duty shall be to go from house to

house to ascertain where a dinner-party is about to take place, inspect the bill of fare, and when the table is laid out, mark each suspicious item with the notice "Dangerous." It would be well also if similar officials attended at great banquets, provided with the requisite appliances and remedies in case of indisposition from over-indulgence. This would not be giving encouragement to rashness. Some people may risk a ducking for the sake of a glass of grog; but nobody would commit a surfeit to get a black dose or a bumper of antimonial wine.

CHRISTMAS IS NOT WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

NOBODY burns the yule log,
All the old customs are banished!
Where is the scavenger's dog?
The regular dustman has vanished.
A thorough legitimate play
For the season *George Barnwell* was thought to be;
That kind of thing's all done away:
Christmas is not what it ought to be.

The London apprentice no more
Appears on the stage in white trousers;
His uncle would raise but a roar
Of mirth if they murder'd him now, Sirs.
Poor *George's* excessive remorse
The Gall'ry would order cut short to be;
With laughter the house would be hoarse:
Christmas is not what it ought to be.

Pantomime's quite on the wane,
Though vainly they try to enrich it,
By calling, again and again,
For "*Hot Coddins*" and "*Tippetywitchet*."
The stealing of poultry by clown
Has ceased irresistible sport to be,
If he swallowed a turkey it wouldn't go down:
Christmas is not what it ought to be.

The butcher, the baker, the sweep,
Employing their men as their proxies,
No longer a harvest can reap,
By a cool application for boxes.
Such impudent claims on the purse
By many are doomed set at naught to be;
And here we our burden reverse,
Singing, "Christmas is quite what it ought to be."

Though wholesome the downfall may be
Of customs whose end is extortion,
At Christmas the hand should be free,
Not numbed by the coldness of caution.
Of beef, of plum pudding, of beer,
Permit not the neediest short to be:
To all here's a happy new year,
Whose Christmas has been what it ought to be.

GOOD SPORT!

UNDER the above promising title, we find recorded in the *Sunday Times*, that "two Gents lately shot, in Glen Urquhart, 436 rabbits."

Now, what the sport of shooting near upon 500 animals in one day can be, we cannot possibly imagine. But, of course, we all have different notions of sport. We really believe there are milk-hearted gentlemen who would drive oxen from Smithfield Market to the slaughter-house, and there dispatch them by the hundred, and call it "capital sport." What these lovers of sport are to do, when the Game Laws are abolished, we are at a painful loss to imagine. They must take to the shambles, or hire a fine preserve in Cephalonia, with the right of shooting over 2000 peasants, or follow the French army in Algeria, in order to sport upon the Moors. If 500 rabbits are considered Good Sport, we suppose 1000 would be looked upon as the Height of Heavenly Bliss. If we recollect right, there is no shooting in Utopia. This omission would be fatal to the two Gents; for they could not conceive a Paradise without rabbits.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.



"The Book of Booty, with Steel Engravings." Published and to be had of all Butchers, Undertakers, Waiters, and a large number of House-hold Servants.

This "Book of Booty" is a very seasonable work, and will no doubt be in the hands of all families. Indeed, no housekeeper's library can be complete without it. The contributors, it is plain, write under assumed names,—but there is no mistaking the identity of the authorship. The

tale entitled "Sirloin Bull" is from the steel skewer of a very eminent butcher, who, in his sharp and trenchant way, pleasantly shows the manner of "cutting up," as he calls it, the monster public into the most profitable joints. The portrait of the Butcher is in the line manner, in the style of Mr. Doo.

"The Ostrich Plume," by an Undertaker, who boasts that he serves "the nobility and gentry," is a charming development of burial profits. The grave is shown to be the true California, and the moral and religious necessity of silk hat-bands insisted upon with particular solemnity. There is also salt in the motto adopted by the Undertaker, and intentionally addressed to the young and enterprising of the trade,—it is this: "The Early Blackbird catches the early worm."

"The Pickled Walnut," by a Waiter of 40 Years' standing, is a withering denunciation of the meanness of the Diners-Out, who have appeared in the *Times*—couched in the spicy guise of apologue. A melancholy wag, indicating his right to coppers in a Latin thesis on "Date Obolus Bellyario,"—signs himself an "Im-pennytent Waiter." This is very poor, and shows the desperation of the class.

Punch cannot enumerate all the articles in "The Book of Booty." He must, however, allude to the "Christmas Box," whose antiquity and household value are variously asserted by various pens from the Butler to the Kitchen-maid.

It is needless for Punch to recommend at this season "The Book of Booty"; for he, indeed, will be a remarkable man who shall be able to avoid it.

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE BARRISTER.

I'm a little Barrister, taking little fees;
Raising knotty little points, and signing little pleas;
Making little motions in a little Court;
Causing by my speeches not a little sport.

I'm a little Barrister, in my little wig,
Feeling rather little, when looking very big;
No one knows my modesty—but my little self,
For I feel I'm little more than on a little shelf.

I'm a little Barrister, in my little gown,
Getting now, I must avow, not a little brown:
As I'm called a Junior, you would little guess,
I'm fifty and a little more—rather than little less.

I'm a little Barrister, in my little home,
Up to which at Camden Town I from Chambers roam;
With my little children climbing up my knee,
As with a mutton chop I make a dinner of my tea.

Though annoyed with little notes demanding little bills,
I do my little utmost to conquer little ills;
But often to my countenance there comes a little smile,
As I think that all our troubles last a very little while.

THE KING OF THE MOSQUITOS.

THE last advices from the Mosquitos contain an account of an interview between an American sea-captain and the Mosquito King. His Majesty appears to be an extraordinary animal, a sort of odd-fish, and quite worthy to take his place by the side of the Queen Bee in natural history. His costume is described as rather picturesque than finished, though he was clothed from top to toe, or rather from head to heel, for he wore a cocked hat and a pair of gilt spurs; the uniformity of this formal being broken only by a red sash round his waist.

The report adds, that the Sovereign was rather intoxicated, and, in fact, the KING OF THE MOSQUITOS had been evidently very busy in bussing bottles. He was seated on an empty cask, by way of throne, having no doubt absorbed the contents into the system, for he rolled about in the course of conversation, and his throne, by a sudden revolution, rolled from under him. The Mosquito Monarchy is evidently in a rather unstable condition, and we scarcely wonder at it when we find a spirit of fermentation—the cask had contained whisky—taking possession of the head of the nation.

THE RIGHTS OF THE WORM.

A "Mute" Dialogue.

SCENE.—Long Acre. CRAWL and CREEP, Undertaker's Mutes, standing at the Street-door of No. —.

Crawl (suppressing an impulse to whistle). They're a precious long while inside afore they bring out the gin.

Crep. Shouldn't wonder if they ain't going to cut off our gin too. Pretty games they want to play with funerals, now!

Crawl. Cut off our gin! Well, what's Christian 'terment coming to, after that?

Crep. Shouldn't wonder. Why, there's a pack of heathens writing in the *Times* against the use of feathers. No feathers at a funeral! Where do such people, when they die, expect to go to?

Crawl. Well, once I should as soon thought of seeing a peacock without his tail, as a decant burying without feathers. Feathers is what respectability goes for! What next?

Crep. It's all the wickedness of the times that gets worse and worse. The fact is, human natur' is now so bad and so greedy, that it grudges every penny spent upon the dead, that it may lay it out upon itself. It's what they call Mammon-worship and—'pon my soul, I think they do intend to stop our gin!

Crawl. We'll give 'em five minutes more, and then knock.

Crep. It's a worship of money, that makes people despise what I call the rights of the worm. There's infidels as grudges a cambric pillar for the dear deceased, and thinks it wrong he should have a mattress, when so many of the living have nothing better than door-steps. They think five pounds too much for a nice lead coffin—and five pound ten a waste upon a stout elm case, as will last for ever, covered with the best superfine cloth, in which there isn't a bit of shoddy, or what the perfane call devil's dust.

Crawl. It's disgustin'.

Crep. They make no more account of a hearse and mourning-coach than common vehicles. I expect to see the day when hearses and mourning-coaches will be upon any coach-stand, to be called off when wanted, to do the job by the distance.

Crawl. Like a hack or a Hansom.

Crep. Percisely. And then for nails and ornaments to coffins, that our fathers' fathers were buried in, like Christian people, I expect to see nothing but four deals in the rough, to be bought at a minute, like a packing-case. Agin, for the silk hatbands for the undertaker, and the sextin, and the clerk—things that don't come to more than a dirty guinea and a half—they'll come down to dyed calico, if they don't repeal 'em altogether. And then, as I say for feathers, feathers is almost a sight for sore eyes.

Crawl. Well, it's my 'pinion—and I've long been coming to it—that the cholera, that some folks say was brought upon us—which was a godsend for our bis'ness—was not pervoked by the money given to the Catholics, or the words taken from the money, I mean the florin; but all on account of the want of proper respect that's coming up to the dear deceased in the argiment of funerals. Depend upon it, as for the cholera, feathers was at the bottom of it.

Crep. I shouldn't at all wonder. Well, they never will bring this gin!

Crawl. Give 'em one more minute. After all, what is fifty pound upon a burying? How often, too, is it money so well laid out? Fifty pounds is little enough for the rights of the worm. I'm blessed if I don't knock now.

Crep. Hush! I hear 'em coming.

[The door is opened, and the Maid appears with gin-bottle, glasses, and cake.

Crawl. Here you are, my beauty! Thought you was never coming. Can't eat any cake, but the children at home will. (Pockets lumps of cake. With glass in hand, winking to CREEP.) Here's to you, old fellow. Here's "the rights of the worm."

Crep (with glass). Same to you; and many on 'em.

[Drinks. Servant Maid retires, door closes; and the Mutes, until the hour be ended, continue their instructive dialogue.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

It is reported that MR. JOHN O'CONNELL is about to retire from public life. It is a thousand pities this announcement comes so late; it would have made a fine opening for some of the pantomimes. His retirement will leave a dreadful blank in the House of Commons, though, as far as that goes, the talented gentleman will be no worse off than whilst he remained in it.

How to Cook your Goose.—SEND it up by a railway, and if it arrives on Christmas Day, you may rest assured by the time you see it, which may be a week afterwards, or, probably, never at all, that your goose will be most deliciously cooked, and in many cases not only cooked, but eaten also.

OTHELLO (THE UNDERTAKER'S) FAREWELL.



O now for ever,
Farewell the mourning coach! Farewell the scarf!
Farewell the plumed hearse and the bad gloves,
That make a funeral's profit! O farewell!
Farewell the sable steeds, and the black crape,
The spirit-swilling mutes, the expensive pall,
Pride, pomp, and vanity of gainful death:
And you, ye Undertakers, whose long bills
The beak of snipe or woodcock counterfeit,
Farewell! your knavish occupation's gone.

Nebuchadnezzar the Tailor Measures the Marquess.

"The robe, most Noble Marquess, about the same length as usual?"
"The same."
"Velvet, Spitalfields, or Genoa?"
"Genoa."
"The fur, Most Noble—Ermine or rabbit?"
"Rabbit—real rabbit. And, you hear, Mr. NEBUCHADNEZZAR, you will lock the fellow that makes the robe in a room by himself, and swear him, upon your ledger, to secrecy. Things are come to a pretty pass when a man with his £400,000 a year can't go to Houndsditch for his tailor, without finding himself in the newspapers."
"Shameful, my Lord. Infamous! Talk about free trade! My notion of free trade, is freedom to grind the journeyman. Your most humble, my Lord." [Exit Tailor on his way to measure the "Poor Man's Friend".]

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

AMONG the Waits that make their appearance at this season of the year, we have observed the following:—

MR. DISRAELI waiting for something to turn up.
The Farmers waiting for Protection.
The Railway Shareholders waiting for a dividend.
Naval Veterans waiting for promotion.
Every Body waiting for the good time coming.

THE HEAVIEST CHRISTMAS WAIT OF ALL.—Ninepence for a pound weight of Butcher's Meat!

THE SHOPS AT CHRISTMAS.

How they blaze out on the Winter night, how warmly and how cheerfully!

How loungers feed their eyes at them, how small boys peep askance and fearfully!

How poverty, heart-sick for work, beguiles perforce its angry leisure With gazing through those windows sadly, at their pomp, and pride, and pleasure!

See those velvets, darkly damasked, TITIAN-like, so warm and mellow; Shawls of Indian wool barbaric, barred with black, and red, and yellow; Silks and satins gem-like changing, filmy gauzes flung in showers, Ribbons winding, rainbow-hued, like tropic snakes through tropic flowers.

Here's another, through its curtains see those nimble hands preparing Silk and satin, gauze and velvet, into forms for ladies' wearing— Armoury of women's weapons, hung with killing caps and bonnets, Future frames for many a face that, thanks to them, may prompt its sonnets.

Then the goldsmith's gorgeous window, all with precious metals glowing, Carven chalice, frosted flagon, s'ately candelabra showing; Mellow gold of ancient fashion, flashing bracelets, bronzes sober; Stately mazers, telling tales of ruby wine or brown October.

Then the grocer's spicy store-house, tempting poor men's Christmas money,

Crystal sugar, candied citron, clotted currants, raisins sunny, With its porcelains quaintly figured, chests and caddies, and devices, Brute and human Chinese monsters, and the well-penned cards of prices.

Then the glory of the Twelfth Cakes what words may suffice for telling?

Or the blue-rosetted prize-joints, with their tallowy mountains swelling? Or the poultryer's, turkey tapestried; or the oyster-shops, where study Gets perplexed amid the barrels, and the rows of lobsters ruddy?

Yes, the Christmas shops are splendid, and to all the senses cheering, Though the fog be hanging yellow, or the sleet through streets careering; And there is a wholesome pleasure to our hard-worked English reason, With all gifts of man's contriving thus to grace the joyous season.

Were't not well to pass a moment from the wares and wealth we write of,

To some sights and scenes, that Christmas joy should, least of joys, make light of?

From the shops turn to the streets, and mark, amid their motley thronging,

The many shrunken cheeks, whereto there seems no joy belonging.

See that man, with wife and children, creeping, separate and sadly, Never looking at those splendours, or if glancing, glancing madly; As if cursing all that wealth that spares no penny from its heaping, To help them to more food and clothes, and fire, and place for sleeping.

That gorgeous velvet, that makes pale all tissues where they've laid it— What if the weaver's passing by, whose wasted fingers made it? Oh, richly broidered are those scarves; but think of her who, sighing, Drew the sore stitches—o'er her work for hunger slowly dying.

Capital vies with capital, to add wonders to our city, Each underbidding each, without remorse, or ruth, or pity; Still doth labour crowd the market, and still takes the task that's proffered—

Curses, and works, and curses still the less'ning pittance offered.

And so about our splendours hangs a blight that spreads, till neither Employer or employed is found, but each is wroth with either; Till no love remains of high to low—no trust of low in higher, And the more we grasp the golden fruit, the abyss yawns ever nigher.

Yes, these are sorry thoughts to be haunting Christmas season, For lack of human brotherhood is to Christmas special treason; When Love to man did light on earth, and there was joy in heaven— Oh, for the spirit of that time more English hearts to heaven!

"Stands Scotland where it Did!"

"WHA sae base as be a slave?" says the Caledonian ballad; but that Liberty has received her death-blow in Scotland is proved by the *Caledonian Mercury*. Our Northern contemporary states that—

"THOMAS DOWLING, a dumb man, was, on Saturday, convicted of committing a breach of the peace, and sentenced to ten days' imprisonment."

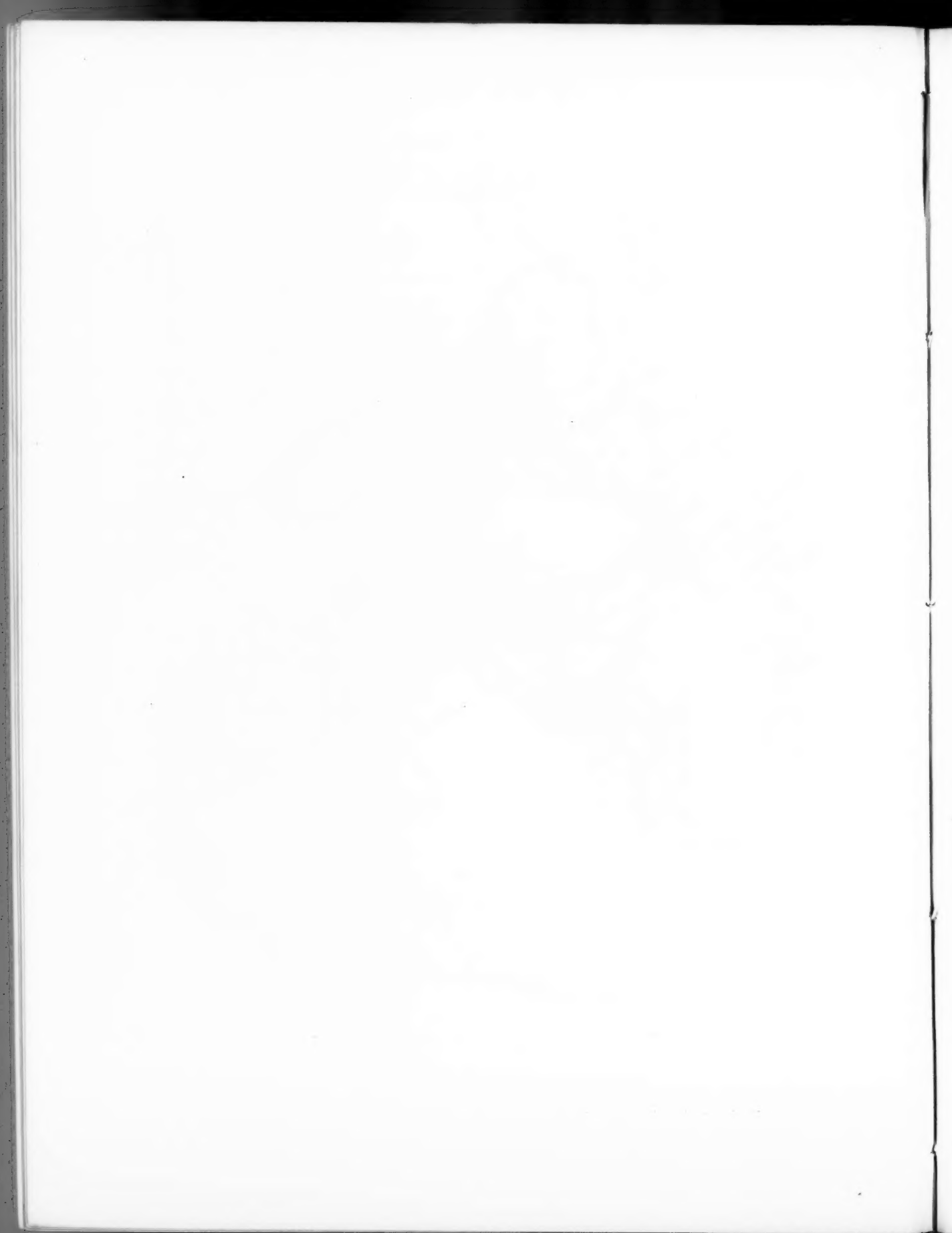
Farewell to Scottish freedom, no longer secured by the Palladium of a fair and impartial trial by jury. THOMAS DOWLING, being dumb, was, of course, condemned without a hearing.

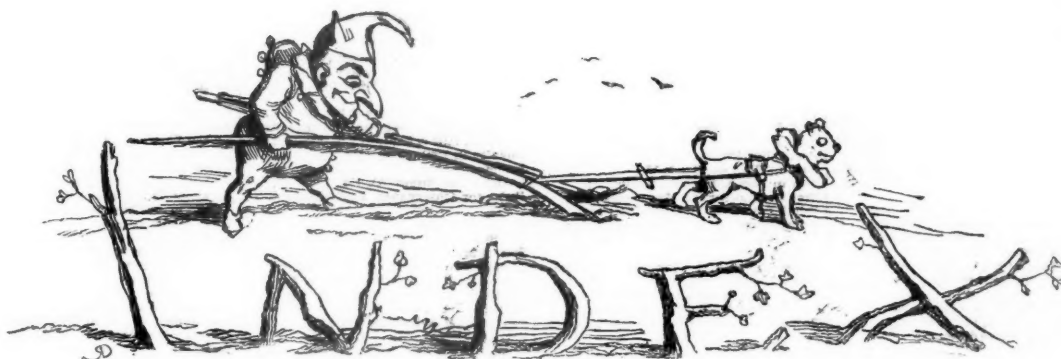


"OUR BUTCHER."

(A VERY ILL-USED PERSON, NO DOUBT.)

Butcher. "HERE 'S TIMES. WHY, WE SHALL BE OBLIGED TO CHARGE FAIR PRICES NEXT."





- Act of Justice (An), 53
 Advice to Young Men about to Commit themselves, 161
 Agricultural Fonestics, 73
 Alarming Height of Puffery, 171
 Alarming Prospects of the British Drama, 55
 Alarming State of Things (An), 69
 Alarmist Linendrapers, 166
 All's Well that Ends Well, 13
 American Stripes, 96
 Anatomical School of Linendrapery, 61
 Anecdotes of the Thames, 205
 Animal Biography, 236
 Another Gratuitous Exhibition, 135
 Another Tale of a Tub, 175
 Antiquity of Eureka Shirts, 84
 Anything for a Change, 131
 Archeological Impudence, 73
 Aristocracy for the Million, 141
 Arouse Ye then, my Merry, Merry Men, 134
 "Aroynt thee, Witch," 133
 As Good as his Word, 154
 Ascleian History of the Indian War, 10
 Bad'un too Bad'un, 154
 Baker Street a Penal Settlement, 141, 238
 Bakings Carefully Attended to in all Courts of Law, 24
 Balloons! Balloons! 69
 Banishes of Drury Lane, 4
 Bare Probability, 44
 Barely Civil, 189
 Bargee's Ballad (A), 179
 Battle of Chatham (The), 44
 Bearded with his own Corn, 155
 Beware of Cheap Tailors, 238
 Bible Slavery, 183
 Bill for the Better Behaviour of Brougham (A), 59
 Blow to 'Bus Conductors (A), 59
 Bluebottles in the Vatican, 179
 Bombardment at the Surrey Zoological, 31
 Bombastes à la Française, 64
 Bone for Bonnycastle (A), 179
 Bonne Rouchie to Continental Readers, 120
 Boot, Shoe, and Corn Measure, 236
 Boys' Distribution, 56
 'Bus Conductor's Guide (The), 76
 "Buts" of Parliament, 35
 "Butcher's Pet" (The), 36
 "Butcher Ward" (The), 166
 Buy your Leaves, 205
 Branded by Honours, 170
 Bravo, Mazzini, 35
 Breakers Ahead on a Railway, 191
 Britannia's Thanksgiving Day Dream, 206
 British Bull-Fight (A), 103
 Brougham's Agricultural Designs, 110
 CAN Nothing be done to Save Him? 190
 Career of a Railway Parcel (The), 169
 Carpet Bag-Ishness, 166
 Case Deserving of Sympathy, 31
 Case of the Station Clerks (The), 56
 Casus Belli with France (A), 61
 Cathedral with a Bad Name (A), 71
 Chance for High-Born Ladies (A), 91
 Change for Twopenny, 191
 Charley Philip and the *Morning Chronicle*, 233
 Cheap Bibles and Bible Binders, 144
 Cheap Excursion to Smithfield and Back for One Shilling, 55
 Chess, the Cheap Defence of Nations, 256
 Christmas Annual (The), 247
 Christmas-Boxing the Compass, 248
 Christmas is Not What it Ought to Be, 248
 Christmas Waits, 250
 Civic Procession (The), 201
 Clerical Leapfrog, 184
 Comfort the Cure for Drunkenness, 203
 Con. for the Continent, 36
 Conscience, Avaunt, 164
 Coves of Cork, 54
 Cowardly! Cowardly! Custard! 14
 Crowded to Suffocation, 236
 Crown of Hungary in the Melting-Pot, 123
 Crown Offerings, 75
 Cry of the Station Clerks, 21
 Curious Fact in Letter Writing, 194
 Curiosities of Sporting Literature, 135
 DANCING Chancellors (The), 130
 Dangers of Dining (The), 248
 Daniel Lambert of Ads. (The), 233
 Dead Take-in (A), 150
 Debtor and Creditor, a Tragedy, 126
 Definitions, 3
 Disagreement of the Doctors, 190
 Disparity in Dental Surgery, 247
 Disparity amongst Thieves, 159
 Domestic Bliss v. Dinners, 109
 Donkey-Boys of England (The), 130
 Don't Register! Register! 105
 Down, Down, Derry Down, 34
 Dramatic Degrees of Comparison, 125
 Drop for Flighty Fools (A), 50
 Dropping the Ladies Half a Line, 49
 Dual-ity of the French Mind (The), 225
 Dunup Estates (The), 231
 Dustman (The), 169
 Education in Germany, 185
 Education in the Army, 49
 Elegy, Written in a London Churchyard (An), 111
 Episcopal Antipodes, 74
 England's and Nelson's Expectations Realised, 248
 Europe Going Back Again, 141
 Every Englishman's Few his Castle, 201
 Exit Commander Pittman, 131
 FASHIONS for Old Bailey Ladies, 180
 Fat Cattle Exhibition (The), 235
 Fine Sweet Havannahs, 144
 Flying Dutchman (The), 228
 Fog Screamer (The), 232
 Follow my Leader, 159
 Freeze Cartoons, 201
 French Lying in Rome, 99
 Friend to Fleas (A), 40
 Friendly Word for Mr. Roper (A), 193
 Fun at Farmers' Feeds (The), 189
 Gains Districts (The), 111
 Garden Grounds of England (The), 232
 Gibbet and the Death-Bed (The), 203
 Gibbet Cure (The), 54
 Give the Old Gentlemen their due, 139
 Giving the Rains to the Imagination, 55
 Glat of Glat (The), 232
 Grand Banquet to Mr. Punch, 15
 Grand Election for the Premiership of England, 16
 Grand Metropolitan Steeple Chase from Putney to St. Paul's, 199
 Grand Vegetable Basquet to the Potato on his Recovery, 205
 Great Tailor for "Bucks" (The), 176
 Great Wash (The), 232
 Greatest Curiosity of Advertising Literature (The), 211
 Greatest Pill-ar of the State, 175
 Gross mistake of Compensation (The), 161
 Good Cheer to Lady Franklin, 226
 Good Men, Spare that Tree, 161
 Good Price for a Good Article (A), 219
 Good Sport! 248
 Guards and the Line, 243
 Guy Fawkes and his Friends, 195
 Guy Fawkes Wanted (A), 163
 HALP a Word about a bit of Ireland, 26
 "Ham" Sandwich for Revolutionists, 45
 Hamlet in the London Churchyard, 145
 Hanwell Examination Paper, 3
 Handwriting and Character, 231
 "Happiness was Born a Twin," 139
 He won't be Beat, 21
 Head and Front and Back of their Offend-ing, 29
 Health to H. B. (A), 61
 Her Majesty's Servants, 71
 Here are your Fine French Waterloos, 245
 Heroes of the North Pole, 233
 He's Always Rising to Sink, 194
 Hibernia to Victoria, 103
 Historian in Leicester Square (The), 165
 Horn-Book for Musical Critics, 101
 Horrid Murder in Baker Street, 123
 Horrible Case of Domicide, 95
 Horrors of Boxing-Day, 237
 Horse Guards' Clock, 204
 How a Railway looks under a Committee of Investigation, 245
 How Prejudice Linger, 66
 How to do the Obstreperous Colonies, 151
 How the Cabinet has Slain '19,000! 215
 Humours of the Navy, 235
 Hurried Peep into the Catalogue of the Ety Gallery, 51
 I. O. U. Column (The), 169
 Idolatry in England in the Nineteenth Century, 39
 If the Black Cap Fits, Wear It, 193
 Imaginary Visit to Holland (An), 155
 Inconveniences of being Fat, 85
 Infant Undergraduates, 163
 In for it—How to Get out of it, 115
 Irish Orange Flower, 151
 Is that a Site to Show Anybody? 14
 Italian Hurdy-Gurdy (The), 74
 It's Astonishing how Distance Grows, 174
 JASPER Judge Right Royally Judged, 116
 Jolly Undertakers (The), 244
 John O'Connell Capped, 159
 Just the Place to Shift your Ground, 221
 Justice for the Army, 247
 Keep your Advice to Yourself, 65
 Kilkenny Cats in Paris, 175
 King Coal and his New Palace, 173
 King of the Mosquitos (The), 249
 Kitchen-Garden of English Literature (The), 169
 Kitchen Stuff at Guildhall, 213
 LADY Match-makers, 79
 Lamentable Case of Distress (A), 84
 Lap of Luxury (The), 235
 Largest Bread Basket in the World, 144
 Last Squeak of Smithfield (The), 234
 Late Mr. Kenny (The), 51
 Late Queen Dowager (The), 225
 Lay of the Last Feargus (The), 193
 Lay of the Little Barrister (The), 249
 Leaf of History for Macaulay (A), 25
 Legal Darkness, 94
 Legal Time-Tables, 264
 Legend of Florina (A), 283
 Legs against Omnibus, 195
 Lend Me Five Hundred Pounds, 184
 Lesson of the Scaffold (The), 210
 Let Erin forget the Days of Old, 86
 Libel on Father Mathew, 46
 Liberty's French Hornpipe, 71
 Licensed Shoplifters, 151
 Light of the Church (A), 95
 "Lights! Lights! I say!" 164
 Lightly Trip it, Trip it Merrily, 110
 Literature of Swindling (The), 123
 Literature of the Shop Windows, 121
 Little and Good, 135
 Little Nut for the Alarmists, 23
 Logic at Reigate, 233
 London Clay (The), 113
 London Correspondent (The), 33
 Long may it Rain, 36
 Londonderry at the Horse Guards, 75
 Look out for Squalls, 111
 Louis Napoleon and his Council, 235
 Louis Napoleon Code of Health (The), 135
 Louis Napoleon's Last Throw, 184
 Lucky Escape for Somebody (A), 14
 MAJOR Mourning, 237
 Making Him doubly Smart, 120
 Making Things Pleasant, 183
 Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe in 1849, 12, 22, 32, 42, 52, &c., &c.
 Mannings at Home (The), 213
 Marc Antony of the Second Life Guards (The), 66
 Marked You Her Eye? 70
 Matrimonial Error, 110
 Matrimonial Arbitration instead of War, 9
 Matrimony at Reduced Prices, 79
 Maxims to be Read by Those that don't Walk, 209
 Milk for the Million, 193
 Milkman (The), 232
 Military Intelligence, 46
 Military Little-Go (The), 45
 Military March of Intellect, 71
 Modern Orpheus (The), 6
 Monomaniacs of the Exchequer, 181
 Monster Panorama Mania (The), 14
 Moral Teaching of the Gallows, 76
 More Agricultural Fonestics, 69
 More Eligible Opportunities, 79
 More Omnibus Reforms, 50
 More Seaside Intelligence, 129
 Most Wonderful Instance of Clairvoyance (The), 155
 Motto for Moses, 169
 Mourner of Cremorne (The), 121
 Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town, 1, 13, 23, 32, 43, &c.

- Mr. Disraeli's Great Feature, 26
Mr. Dunup on Postal Reform, 150
Mr. Justice Talford, 45
Mr. Pips his Diary, 12, 22, 32, 42, 52, &c.
Murder of Mr. Cockrobin, 119
Murder Worship, 201
Music by Electric Telegraph, 225
Musical Letter Writers (The), 86
Mysteries of the Trade Circular, 175
Nation Committed to Newgate (A), 181
National Happy Family, 25
Natural History of the Oxford Spider, 65
Nebuchadnezzar the Tailor Measures the Marquess, 250
Needs must when Smithfield Drives, 131
Nelson Column (The), 175
Nelson's Daughter Adopted by France, 247
Nelson's Living Image, 125
Nelson's Relics and Nelson's Daughter, 245
Never Say Die, 232
New Morality (The), 154
New Recruiting Sergeant (The), 195
New Voice in Parliament (A), 199
New Word Wanted (A), 184
Newest Thing for a long Time (The), 80
News from the Seat of War, 73
Nice Look Out (A), 171
Nobility of Whitewash (The), 60
None have it (The), 51
None but the Brave deserve the Fare, 124
Not a Bad Judge, 93
Nothing can Come of Nothing, 228
Novel Steeple Chase, 232
November Fogs Seen Through at Last, 194
Nursemaid's Friend (The), 94
Oasesquies of the Palace Court, 4
Offer to Embrace all England (An), 165
Oh! Mons. most Monstrous, 39
Oh! Rest Thee, my Darlings, 94
"Oh! Wilt Thou Sew my Buttons On," 226
Old Bailey Court Circular, 143
Old Bailey Ladies, 180
Old Barrister's Remonstrance (The), 194
Omnibus Racing Intelligence, 55
Omnibus Reform, 4
Orange Donkeyism, 180
Ordnance Conchology, 194
Organ and Monkey Nuisance (The), 244
Othello (The Undertaker's) Farewell, 250
Our Anglo-Italian Climate, 54
Our Friends the Mosquitos, 247
Our Guy, 165
Our "Insulted" Pockets, 169
Our Little Bird, 63, 83, &c.
Our Own Correspondent, 11
Pao from the Middlesex Sessions' Minute Book (A), 199
Panic among the Small Joke-mongers, 125
Pas de Patineurs (The), 39
Passport System come to a Pretty Pass, 99
Penny-a-Line Atrocities, 140
Perils of Penmanship (The), 223
Pig's Whisper (A), 235
Pleasant Neighbourhood, 155
"Please, Sir, We've Come to Bore You," 44
Poison Shop (The), 95
Portable Inventions, 91
Portraits Taken Here in any Quantity, 64
Post Office Moths, 195
Powers That Be (The), 155
Precautions against Pestilence, 121
Preparations for the Masquerade, 232
Privileges of Parliament (The), 145
Prize Servant of All-Work (A), 94
Probable Etrennes on New Year's Day at Paris, 247
Profession and the Prevalent Epidemic (The), 165
Progress of Parliamentary Joking, 24
Proper Time for Public Executions, 214
Proposal for a new Loan by Mr. Dunup, 166
Prorogation Speech (A), 55
Protection for Everybody, 19
Protectionists' Pumps, 175
Puffers and the Poets (The), 64
Pun Negative (The), 34
Punch Pelted with Mud, 221
Punch Puzzled, 54
Punch to the French President, 235
Punch's Cheap Excursion Up and Down the Nile, 70, 79, 91
Punch's Free Admission to the Exhibitions of London, 20, 35
Punch's Free Admission to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, 35
Punch's Law Reports, 219
Punch's Medico-Chirurgical Society, 80
Punch's Own Foreign Intelligence, 40
Punch's Own Railway, 171
Punch's Peace Prize Essays, 84
Punch's Prorogation of the Opera Season, 60
Punch's Review, 150, 249
Punch's Songs of the Heart, 105
Queen in Ireland (The), 55
Queen Victoria's Statue, 209
Questions for Christendom, 191
Questions for Law Students, 203
Real Blessing to Anybody, 99
Rebecca's Wanted in London, 45
Reciprocity. An Idyll, 15
Red Republican Martyrs, 11
Regent Street Melodrama, 190
Registered Sheriff (A), 16
Repairs Neatly Executed, 96
Revival of the Mendicant Trade, 225
Richest Layman in England, 161
Rights of the Worm (The), 249
Roasted Orange, 191
Romance of the Sewers (The), 99
Rowland Hill Among the Attornies, 225
Rowland Hill is requested to tremble, 221
Royalty in Exile, 189
Rubbing up the Old Plate, 144
Ruins among Ruins (A), 155
Rules for Observance in Ordinary Life, 231
SACRILEGE, 236
Sad State of the City Narcissus, 228
Sale of Mr. Dunup's Effects, 216
Scenes from the Life of an Unprotected Female, 174, 185, 200, 211, &c., &c.
School of Jack Ketch (The), 90
Seaside Intelligence, 41
Sentiment v. Influenza, 221
Serve Us Right, 109
Shakespeare in America, 195
Shops at Christmas (The), 250
Shut-up One (The), 115
Siege Operations at Mr. Dunup's, 50
Simon Summed Up, 195
Six v. Half-a-Dozen, 64
Skating Season (The), 231
Slandered British Lamb (The), 106
Slang of the Song Writers, 11
Sleepiest Medlar on Record (The), 74
Smashing Business (The), 214
Smithfield of the Future (The), 231
Smithfieldite Excursion (A), 80
"Stands Scotland where it Did?" 250
Stock of Admirals, Captains, &c. (A), 164
Stocks and Stones, 209
Stop Her, 94
Storm in a Tea Cup (A), 149
Striking Errors at the Mint, 165
Strong Gale (A), 213
Study of Bad Heads (A), 226
Social Comforts of Socialists, 233
Song of the Sensitive 'Bus-Man, 165
Soyer on the Diet of Hungary, 161
Spes et Opes, 140
Swift and Sure, 115
THAMES Drinking Song, 159
Thames Steam Condensers, 84
There is no Place like the Home Office, 15
There is some Pleasure in being in Parliament, 16
They're At It Again, 125
Three Things We Cannot Do, 161
Throwing Coals on Fire at the Coal Exchange, 189
Thunder and 'Oons, 129
Ties and Neck-Ties of Home, 176
To Ascertain the State of the Country, 23
To Bumbledom Belligerents, 116
To Drive Away Crickets, 66
To Persons Fond of Rest, 94
To the Women of Reading, 65
Too Good to be True, 249
Town and Country Sunday, 156
Travelling Made Uneasy, 151
Treat for Travellers (A), 65
Tricks upon Travellers, 149
UNE VÉNIENNE, 93
Voice from the Stomach (A), 180
Ups and Downs of a Picture (The), 231
Walk Up! It's only One Penny, 185
Wanted, a Sponsor for a Paletot, 149
War Congress (The), 85
War, the Best Teacher of Peace, 111
War Song of the Wild 'Bus-Man, 146
Washing the Metropolis of its Blacks, 231
Water that John Drinks (The), 144
"We haven't Dined Since Yesterday," 190
We Like to Encourage Genius, 19
We Live in Stirring Times, 94
We Wonder if Talent will Ever be Recognised? 215
What is Communism? 44
What it Costs to Play at Soldiers, 125
What Mr. Jones saw at Paris, 100
What shall We Have Next? 205
What's the Row at Drury Lane? 227
Whatever will Become of Us? 31
"Where's Your Manners?" 19
Wherry Ridiculous, 74
Whisperings in the Insolvent Court, 227
Who's That Knocking at the Door? 247
Willful Waste of Water, 174
Witty Antics and Antiquities, 2
Wyld Goose Chase over the Globe (A), 189
Woman's Plea for Mercy (A), 170
Wonderful Ass (A), 95
Word for Mr. Walker (A), 135
Wreck of the Royal George, 34
Ys Ship-Builders of England, 235
You Can't Make a Furze, &c., 160



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